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ROBIN HOOD.

In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,  
But he ' of ROBIN HOOD hath heard' and Little Johu ;  
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done  
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's son,  
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made  
In praise of ROBIN HOOD, his outlaws, and their trade.

DRAYTON.

ROBIN HOOD:  
A  
COLLECTION  
OF ALL THE ANCIENT  
POEMS, SONGS, AND BALLADS,  
NOW EXTANT,  
RELATIVE TO THAT CELEBRATED  
**English Outlaw;**  
TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED  
HISTORICAL ANECDOTES OF HIS LIFE.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND  
BROWN, PATERNOSTER-RROW; AND T. BOYS,  
LUDGATE-HILL.

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1820.

WOBURN HOUSE

1852

WOBURN HOUSE, WOBURN, BEDFORDSHIRE.

1852



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J.M'Creery, Printer,  
Black-Horse-Court, London.

TO

HIS GRACE

WALTER FRANCIS MONTAGU DOUGLAS  
SCOTT,

Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry,  
&c. &c. &c.

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS GRACE'S MOST OBLIGED,

AND

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CAMBRIDGE

IN THE  
FACULTY OF  
DIVINITY

THE  
M.A. DEGREE

IN  
THEOLOGY

AND  
HISTORY

THE  
FACULTY

## P R E F A C E.

---

*THE* late eminent antiquary, Mr. Joseph Ritson, collected, with much labour and care, all the historical and poetical remains he could discover relating to that celebrated character, ROBIN HOOD, which he published in the year 1795, in two small 8vo. volumes. The present Publication is a reprint of that Work, which is now become exceedingly scarce and expensive. It being, however, the aim of the present Editor to produce a book which could with propriety be put into the hands of young persons, he has retained only a portion of Mr. Ritson's notes. The rest have been omitted as either irrelevant or inadmissible in a work designed for this class of readers. The Editor conceives, and confidently anticipates, that this little volume will prove peculiarly acceptable at the present moment, in consequence of the hero, and his merry companions, having been recently pourtrayed in the most lively colours by the masterly hand of the author of IVANHOE.

March, 1820.

# PREFACE

The first of the two volumes of the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine* is devoted to the history of the Society and to the history of the medical profession in general. The second volume is devoted to the history of the medical profession in London. The first volume is written by the late Sir James Spence, and the second volume is written by the late Sir James Spence and the late Sir James Spence. The first volume is written by the late Sir James Spence, and the second volume is written by the late Sir James Spence and the late Sir James Spence.

LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. B. Lippincott, 7, Strand, W.C. 1891.



## MR. RITSON'S PREFACE.

---

**T**HE singular circumstance, that the name of an outlawed individual of the twelfth or thirteenth century should continue traditionally popular, be chanted in ballads, and, as one may say,

**Familiar in our mouth as household words,**

at the end of the eighteenth, excited the editor's curiosity to retrieve all the historical or poetical remains concerning him that could be met with : an object which he has occasionally pursued for many years ; and of which pursuit he now publishes the result. He cannot, indeed, pretend that his researches, extensive as they must appear, have been attended with all the success he could have wished ; but, at the same time, it ought to be acknowledged that many poetical pieces, of great antiquity and some merit, are deservedly rescued from oblivion.

The materials collected for "the life" of this celebrated character, which are either preserved

at large, or carefully referred to, in the "notes and illustrations," are not, it must be confessed, in every instance, so important, so ancient, or, perhaps, so authentic, as the subject seems to demand; although the compiler may be permitted to say, in humble second-hand imitation of the poet Martial:

Some there are good, some middling, and some bad;  
But yet they were the best that could be had.

Desirous to omit nothing that he could find upon the subject, he has everywhere faithfully vouched and exhibited his authorities, such as they are: it would, therefore, seem altogether uncandid or unjust to make him responsible for the want of authenticity of such of them as may appear liable to that imputation.

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\* \* \* The VIGNETTE in the Title is designed from the  
ballad of Robin Hood and the Tanner.

THE  
LIFE  
OF  
ROBIN HOOD.

---

IT will scarcely be expected that one should be able to offer an authentic narrative of the life and transactions of this extraordinary personage. The times in which he lived, the mode of life he adopted, and the silence or loss of contemporary writers, are circumstances sufficiently favorable, indeed, to romance, but altogether inimical to historical truth. The reader must, therefor, be contented with such a detail, however scanty or imperfect, as a zealous pursuit of the subject enables one to give; and which, though it may fail to satisfy, may possibly serve to amuse.

No assistance has been derived from the labours of his professed biographers (a); and even the industrious Sir John Hawkins, from whom the public might have expected ample gratification upon the subject, acknowledges that "the history of this popular hero is but little known, and all the scattered fragments concerning him,

could they be brought together, would fall far short of satisfying such an enquirer as none but real and authenticated facts will content. We must," he says, "take his story as we find it." He accordingly gives us nothing but two or three trite and trivial extracts, with which every one, at all curious about the subject, was as well acquainted as himself. It is not, at the same time, pretended, that the present attempt promises more than to bring together the scattered fragments to which the learned historian alludes. This, however, has been done, according to the best of the compilers information and abilities; and the result is, with a due sense of the deficiency of both, submitted to the readers candour.

ROBIN HOOD was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, (A) in the reign of king Henry the second, and about the year of Christ 1160 (B). His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZTOOTH, which vulgar pronunciation easily corrupted into ROBIN HOOD (C). He is frequently stiled, and commonly reputed to have been EARL OF HUNTINGDON; a title to which, in the latter part of his life, at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension (D). In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition; insomuch that, his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests, with which immense tracts, especially in the northern parts of the kingdom, were at that time covered (E). Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, Sher-

wood, in Nottinghamshire, and, according to some, Plompton-park, in Cumberland (F). Here he either found, or was afterward joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances;

“ Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth  
Thrust from the company of lawful men;” (\*F)

who appear to have considered and obeyed him as their chief or leader, and of whom his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were LITTLE JOHN, (whose surname is said to have been *Nailor*), WILLIAM SCADLOCK (Scathelock or Scarlet), GEORGE A GREEN, pinder (or pound-keeper) of Wakefield, MUCH, a millers son, and a certain monk or frier named TUCK (G). He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was MARIAN (H).

His company, in process of time, consisted of a hundred archers; men, says Major, most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack (I). His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, “ whersoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and ‘hardines,’ he would desgyse himself, and, rather then fayle, go lyke a begger to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting, never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe [them] to lyve after his fashion” (J): a practice of which numerous instances are recorded in the more common and popular songs, where, indeed, he seldom fails to receive a sound beating. In shooting with the long bow, which

they chiefly practised, "they excelled all the men of the land; though, as occasion required, they had also other weapons" (K).

In these forests, and with this company, he for many years reigned like an independant sovereign; at perpetual war, indeed, with the king of England, and all his subjects, with an exception, however, of the poor and needy, and such as were "desolate and oppressed," or stood in need of his protection. When molested, by a superior force, in one place, he retired to another, still defying the power of what was called law and government, and making his enemies pay dearly, as well for their open attacks, as for their clandestine treachery. It is not, at the same time, to be concluded that he must, in this opposition, have been guilty of manifest treason or rebellion; as he most certainly can be justly charged with neither. An outlaw, in those times, being deprived of protection, owed no allegiance: "his hand 'was' against every man, and every mans hand against him." These forests, in short, were his territories; those who accompanied and adhered to him his subjects:

The world was not his friend, nor the worlds law:

and what better title king Richard could pretend to the territory and people of England than Robin Hood had to the dominion of Barnsdale or Sherwood is a question humbly submitted to the consideration of the political philosopher.

The deer with which the royal forests then abounded (every Norman tyrant being, like Nimrod, "a mighty hunter before the lord") would



afford our hero and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year; and of fuel, for dressing their venison, or for the other purposes of life, they could evidently be in no want. The rest of their necessaries would be easily procured, partly by taking what they had occasion for from the wealthy passenger, who traversed or approached their territories, and partly by commerce with the neighbouring villages or great towns.

It may be readily imagined that such a life, during great part of the year at least, and while it continued free from the alarms or apprehensions to which our foresters, one would suppose, must have been too frequently subject, might be sufficiently pleasant and desirable, and even deserve the compliment which is payed to it by Shakspeare, in his comedy of *As you like it*, (Act 1. scene 1.) where, on Olivers asking, "where will the old duke live?" Charles answers, "They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the OLD ROBIN HOOD OF ENGLAND; . . . and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Their gallant chief, indeed, may be presumed to have frequently exclaimed with the banished Valentine, in another play of the same author (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*):—

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!  
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,  
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:  
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,  
 And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,  
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes."

He would, doubtless, too often find occasion to add :

“ What hallooing and what stir is this to-day?  
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,  
 Have some unhappy passenger in chace :  
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do,  
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.”

But, on the other hand, it will be at once difficult and painful to conceive,

———— When they did hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
 In that their pinching cave, they could discourse  
 The freezing hours away !

Their mode of life, in short, and domestic œconomy, of which no authentic particulars have been even traditionally preserved, are more easily to be guessed at than described. They have, nevertheless, been elegantly sketched by the animating pencil of an excellent, though neglected poet.—(*Drayton's Polyolbion, Song xxvi.*)

“ The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,  
 And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befell,  
 When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,  
 How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd;  
 How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,  
 And cunningly escaped, being set to be surpriz'd.  
 In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,  
 But he hath heard some talk of him and little John ;  
 And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,  
 Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's son,  
 Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made  
 In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws, and their trade.  
 An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,  
 Still ready at his call, that bow-men were right good,

All clad in Lincoln green, (L) with caps of red and blue,  
 His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,  
 When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,  
 The warbling ecchos wak'd from every dale and hill.  
 Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders  
 cast,

To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,  
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,  
 Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man :  
 All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong :  
 They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth-yard long.  
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,  
 With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,  
 At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick, and rove,  
 Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove ;  
 Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :  
 At long-outs, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the  
 pin :

Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,  
 With birch and brazil piec'd to fly in any weather ;  
 And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,  
 The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.  
 And of these archers brave, there was not any one,  
 But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,  
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,  
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.  
 Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he  
 Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.  
 From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant store,  
 What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor :  
 No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,  
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :  
 The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,  
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin griev'd :  
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,  
 But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,  
 Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,  
 Was sovereign of the woods ; chief lady of the game :  
 Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,  
 With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there,  
 Amongst the forests wild ; Diana never knew  
 Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew."

That our hero and his companions, while they lived in the woods, had recourse to robbery for their better support is neither to be concealed nor to be denied. Testimonies to this purpose, indeed, would be equally endless and unnecessary. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him, "*ille famosissimus sicarius,*" that most celebrated robber, and Major terms him and Little John, "*famatissimi latrones.*" But it is to be remembered, according to the confession of the latter historian, that, in these exertions of power, he took away the goods of rich men only; never killing any person, unless he was attacked or resisted: that he would not suffer a woman to be maltreated; nor ever took any thing from the poor, but charitably fed them with the wealth he drew from the abbots. I disapprove, says he, of the rapine of the man; but he was the most humane, and the prince of all robbers. In allusion, no doubt, to this irregular and predatory course of life, he has had the honour to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, the champion and deliverer of his country; and that, it is not a little remarkable, in the latter's own time (M).

Our hero, indeed, seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, in a word, all the clergy, regular or secular, in decided aversion,

"These byshoppes and thyse archebyshoppes,  
Ye shall them bete and bynde,"

was an injunction carefully impressed upon his followers: and, in this part of his conduct, perhaps, the pride, avarice, uncharitableness, and ypocrisy of the clergy of that age, will afford

him ample justification. The abbot of Saint Marys, in York (N), from some unknown cause, appears to have been distinguished by particular animosity; and the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, (O) who may have been too active and officious in his endeavours to apprehend him, was the unremitted object of his vengeance.

Notwithstanding, however, the aversion in which he appears to have held the clergy of every denomination, he was a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain (frier Tuck no doubt) for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun, as an instance of those actions which the historian allows to deserve commendation. One day, as he heard mass, which he was most devoutly accustomed to do, (nor would he, in whatever necessity, suffer the office to be interrupted,) he was espied by a certain sheriff and officers belonging to the king, who had frequently before molested him, in that most secret recess of the wood where he was at mass. Some of his people, who perceived what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, which, out of reverence to the sacrament, which he was then most devoutly worshiping, he absolutely refused to do. But the rest of his men having fled for fear of death, Robin, confiding solely in him whom he reverently worshiped, with a very few, who by chance were present, set upon his enemies, whom he easily vanquished; and, being enriched with their spoils and ransom, he always held the ministers of the church and masses in greater veneration ever after, mindful of what is vulgarly said;

Him god does surely hear  
Who oft to th' mass gives ear.

They who deride the miracles of Moses or Mahomet are at full liberty, no doubt, to reject those wrought in favour of Robin Hood. But, as a certain admirable author expresses himself, "an honest man and of good judgment believeth still what is told him, and that which he finds written."

Having, for a long series of years, maintained a sort of independant sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published, offering a considerable reward for bringing him in either dead or alive; which, however, seems to have been productive of no greater success than former attempts for that purpose (P). At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, and desirous to be relieved, in a fit of sickness, by being let blood, he applyed for that purpose to the prioress of Kirkleys-nunnery in Yorkshire, his relation, (women, and particularly religious women, being, in those times, somewhat better skilled in surgery than the sex is at present), by whom he was treacherously suffered to bleed to death. This event happened on the 18th of November, 1247, being the 31st year of king Henry III. and (if the date assigned to his birth be correct) about the 87th of his age. (Q) He was interred under some trees, at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave, with an inscription to his memory (R).

Such was the end of Robin Hood: a man who, in a barbarous age, and under a complicated tyranny, displayed a spirit of freedom and inde-

pendence, which has endeared him to the common people, whose cause he maintained, (for all opposition to tyranny is the cause of the people,) and, in spite of the malicious endeavours of pitiful monks, by whom history was consecrated to the crimes and follies of titled ruffians and sainted idiots, to suppress all record of his patriotic exertions and virtuous acts, will render his name immortal.

*“ Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,  
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,  
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.”*

With respect to his personal character: it is sufficiently evident that he was active, brave, prudent, patient; possessed of uncommon bodily strength, and considerable military skill; just, generous, benevolent, faithful, and beloved or revered by his followers or adherents for his excellent and amiable qualities. Fordun, a priest, extols his piety; Major (as we have seen) pronounces him the most humane and the prince of all robbers; and Camden, whose testimony is of some weight, calls him, “*prædonem mitissimum,*” the gentlest of thieves. As proofs of his universal and singular popularity: his story and exploits have been made the subject as well of various dramatic exhibitions (S), as of innumerable poems, rimes, songs, and ballads (T): he has given rise to divers proverbs (U); and to swear by him, or some of his companions, appears to have been a usual practice: he may be regarded as the patron of archery (Y): and, though not actually canonized, (a situation to which the miracles wrought in his favour, as well in his lifetime as

after his death, and the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed (Z), give him an indisputable claim,) he obtained the principal distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, which were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century; not by the populace only, but by kings or princes and grave magistrates; and that as well in Scotland as in England; being considered, in the former country, of the highest political importance, and essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people, the efforts of government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection (AA): his bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers, were preserved, with peculiar veneration, till within the present century (BB); and not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst, still retain his name (CC): a name which, in the middle of the present century, was conferred as an honorable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar (DD).

After his death his company was dispersed (EE). History is silent in particulars: all that we can, therefor, learn is, that the honour of Little Johns death and burial is contended for by rival nations (FF); that his grave continued long "celebrious for the yielding of excellent whetstones;" and that some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor*, which he himself bore, and they from him, were in being so late as the last century (GG).

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## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

REFERRED TO IN

### THE FOREGOING LIFE.

(a) "FORMER biographers, &c.]" Such, that is, as have already appeared in print, since a sort of manuscript life in the Sloane library will appear to have been of some service. The first of these respectable personages is the author, or rather compiler, of "The noble birth and gallant achievements of that remarkable outlaw Robin Hood; together with a true account, of the many merry extravagant exploits he played; in twelve several stories: newly collected by an ingenious antiquary. London, printed by W. O." [William Onley.] 4to. black letter, no date. These "several stories," in fact, are only so many of the songs in the common *Garland* transposed; and the "ingenious antiquary," who strung them together, has known so little of his trade, that he sets out with informing us of his heros banishment by king Henry the *eighth*. The above is supposed to be the "small merry book" called *Robin Hood*, mentioned in a list of "books, ballads, and histories, printed for and sold by William Thackeray at the Angel in Duck-lane", (about 1680,) preserved in one of the volumes of old ballads (part of Bagfords collection) in the British museum.

Another piece of biography, from which much

will not be expected, is, "The lives and heroick atchievements of the renowned Robin Hood, and *James Hind*, two noted robbers and highwaymen. London, 1752." 8vo. This, however, is probably nothing more than an extract from Johnsons *Lives of the highwaymen*, in which, as a specimen of the authors historical authenticity, we have the life and actions of that noted robber, SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

The principal if not sole reason why our hero is never once mentioned by Matthew Paris, *Benedictus abbas*, or any other ancient English historian, was most probably his avowed enmity to churchmen; and history, in former times, was written by none but monks. From the same motives that Josephus is pretended to have suppressed all mention of Jesus Christ, they were unwilling to praise the actions which they durst neither misrepresent nor deny. Fordun and Major, however, being foreigners, have not been deterred by this professional spirit from rendering homage to his virtues.

(A) ["—was born at Locksley in the county of Nottingham."] "Robin Hood," says a MS. in the British Museum, (*Bib. Sloan.* 715.) written, as it seems, towards the end of the sixteenth century, "was borne at Lockesley in Yorkshyre, or after others in Nottinghamshire." The writer here labours under manifest ignorance and confusion, but *the first row of the rubric* will set him right:

" In *Locksly town*, in merry *Nottinghamshire*,  
 In merry sweet *Locksly town*,  
 There bold *Robin Hood* was *born* and was bred,  
 Bold *Robin* of famous renown."\*

\* See part II. ballad I.

Dr. Fuller (*Worthies of England*, 1662, p. 320.) is doubtful as to the place of his nativity. Speaking of the "Memorable Persons" of Nottinghamshire, "Robert Hood," says he, "(if not by birth) by his chief *abode* this country-man."

The name of such a town as *Locksley*, or *Loxley* (for so, we sometimes find it spelled), in the county of Nottingham or of York, does not, it must be confessed, occur either in sir Henry Spelmans *Villare Anglicum*, in Adams's *Index villaris*, in Whatleys *Englands gazetteer*,\* in Thorotons *History of Nottinghamshire*, or in the *Nomina villarum Eboracensium* (York, 1768, 8vo). The silence of these authorities is not, however, to be regarded as a conclusive proof that such a place never existed. The names of towns and villages, of which no trace is now to be found but in ancient writings, would fill a volume.

(B)—"in the reign of king Henry the second, and about the year of Christ 1160.] "Robin Hood," according to the Sloane MS. "was borne . . . in the dayes of Henry the 2nd, about the yeare 1160." This was the 6th year of that monarch; at whose death (*anno* 1189) he would, of course, be about 29 years of age. Those writers are therefor pretty correct who represent him as *playing his pranks* (Dr. Fullers phrase) in the reign of king Richard the first, and, according to the last named author, "about the year of our lord 1200." Thus Major (who is followed by Stowe, *Annales* 1592, p. 227.) "*Circa hæc tempora* [sci. Ricardi I.] *ut auguror, &c.*" A MS. note in the Museum

\* All three mention a *Loxley* in Warwickshire, and another in Staffordshire ("near Needwood forest; the manor and seat of the Kinardsleys").

(*Bib. Har.* 1233.) not, in Mr. Wanleys opinion, to be relied on, places him in the same period, “*Temp. Rich. I.*” Nor is Fordun altogether out of his reckoning in bringing him down to the time of Henry III. as we shall hereafter see; and with him agrees that “noble clerke maister Hector Boece,” who in the nineteenth chapter of his “*threttene buke,*” says, “About this tyme was that waithman Robert Hode with his fallow livil Johne, &c.” (*History of Scotland*, Edin. 1541. fo.) A modern writer, (*History of Whitby*, by Lionel Charlton, York, 1779, 4to.) though of no authority in this point, has done well enough to speak of him as living “in the days of abbot Richard and Peter his successor;” that is, between the years 1176 and 1211. The author of the two plays upon the story of our hero, of which a particular account will be hereafter given, makes him contemporary with king Richard, who, as well as his brother prince John, is introduced upon the scene; which is confirmed by another play, quoted in note (D): Warner, also, in his *Albions England*, 1602. p. 132. refers his existence to “better daies, first Richards daies.” This, to be sure, may not be such evidence as would be sufficient to decide the point in a court of justice; but neither judge nor counsel will dispute the authority of that oracle of the law sir Edward Coke, who pronounces that “This Robert Hood lived in the reign of king R. I.” (*3 Institute*, 197.)

(C) “His extraction was noble, and his true name ROBERT FITZOUTH”.] In “an olde and auncient pamphlet,” which Grafton the chronicler had seen, it was written that “This ma

descended of a noble parentage." The Sloane MS. says "He was of . . . . parentage;" and though the material word is illegible, the sense evidently requires *noble*. So, likewise, the Harleian note: "It is said that he was of noble blood." Leland also has expressly termed him "*nobilis*." (*Collectanea*, I. 54.) The following account of his family will be found sufficiently particular. Ralph Fitzothes or Fitzooth, a Norman, who had come over to England with William Rufus, married Maud or Matilda, daughter of Gilbert de Gaunt earl of Kyme and Lindsey, by whom he had two sons: Philip, afterward earl of Kyme, that earldom being part of his mothers dowry, and William. Philip the elder, dyed without issue; William was a ward to Robert de Vere earl of Oxford, in whose household he received his education, and who, by the kings express command, gave him in marriage to his own niece, the youngest of the three daughters of the celebrated lady Roisia de Vere, daughter of Aubrey de Vere, earl of Guisnes in Normandy, and lord high chamberlain of England under Henry I. and of Adeliza, daughter to Richard de Clare, earl of Clarence and Hertford, by Payn de Beauchamp baron of Bedford her second husband. The offspring of this marriage was, our hero, ROBERT FITZTOOTH, commonly called ROBIN HOOD. (See Stukeleys *Palæographia Britannica*, No. I. *passim*.)

(D) "He is frequently stiled . . . EARL OF HUNTINGDON, a title to which, for the latter part of his life at least, he actually appears to have had some sort of pretension." In Graftons "olde and auncient pamphlet," though the author had, as already noticed, said "this man descended of

a noble parentage," he adds, "or rather beyng of a base stocke and linage, was for his manhood and chivalry advaunced to the noble dignitie of an erle."

In the MS. note (*Bib. Har.* 1233) is the following passage: "It is said that he was of noble blood no lesse then an earle." Warner, in his *Albions England*, already cited, calls him "a county." The titles of Mundy's two plays are: "The downfall," and "The death of ROBERT EARLE OF HUNTINGTON." He is likewise introduced in that character in the same authors *Metropolis coronata*, hereafter cited. In his epitaph we shall find him expressly stiled "ROBERT EARL OF HUNTINGTON."

In "A pleasant commodie called *Look about you*," printed in 1600, our hero is introduced, and performs a principal character. He is represented as the young earl of Huntington, and in ward to prince Richard, though his brother Henry, the young king, complains of his having "had wrong about his wardship." He is described as

"A gallant youth, a proper gentleman;"

and is sometimes called "pretty earle," and "little wag."

"*Fau.* But welcome, welcome, and young HUNTINGTON, Sweet ROBYN HUDE, honors best flowing bloome."

"-----an honourable youth,

Vertuous and modest, Huntingtons right heyre."

And it is said that

"*His father* GILBERT was the smoothst fac't lord

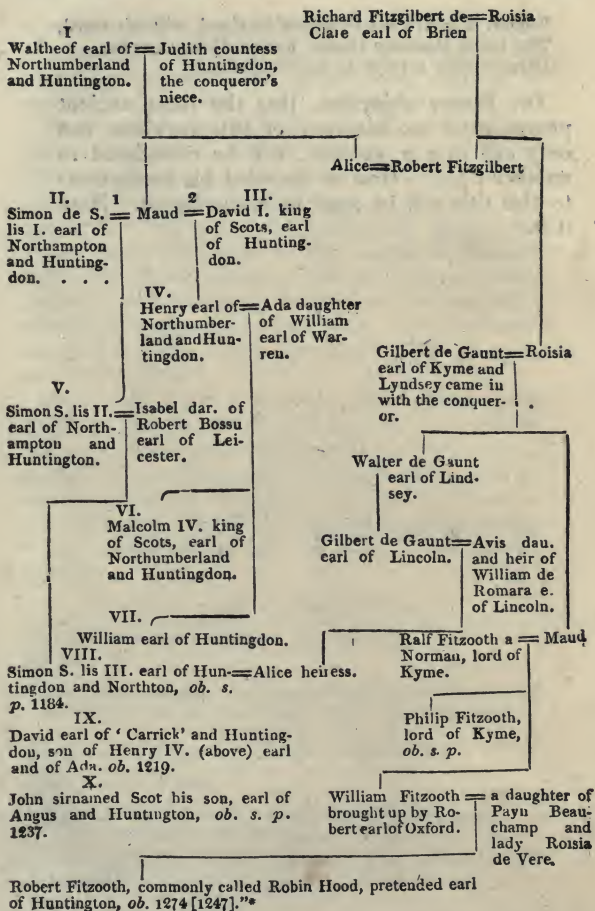
"That ere bare armes in England or in Fraunce."

In one scene, "Enter Richard and Robert with coronets."

**"Rich.** Richard the Prince of England, with his ward,  
The noble ROBERT HOOD, EARLE HUNTINGTON,  
Present their service to your majestic."

Dr. Percys objection, that the most ancient poems make no mention of this earldom, but only call him a yeoman, will be considered in another place. How he founded his pretensions to this title will be seen in his pedigree. Here it is.

## The Pedigree of Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon.



\* Stukeleys *Palaographia Britannica*, No. II. p. 115.



In an interleaved copy of *Robin Hoods garland* formerly belonging to Dr. Stukeley, and now in the possession of Francis Douce, esquire, opposite the 2nd page of the 1st song, is the following note in his own hand.

“ Guy earl of Warwick.

George Gamwell  
of Gamwell Hall *magna*  
esq.

Joanna =

Fitz Odoth

Robin Fitz Odoth

Gamwell the kings forester in Yorkshire,  
mentioned in Camden.

See my answer No. II. of lady Roisia,  
where is Robin Hoods *True Pedigree*.”

(E) “ In his youth he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, &c.”] Graftons pamphlet, after supposing him to have “ advanced to the noble dignitie of an erle,” continued thus: “ But afterwarde he so prodigally exceeded in charges and expences, that he fell into great debt, by reason whereof, so many actions and sutes were commenced against him whereunto he answered not, that by order of lawe he was outlawed.”\* Leland must undoubtedly have had good authority for calling him “ *nobilis ille exlex*.”† Fordun supposes him in the number of those deprived of their estates by K. Hen. III. “ *Hoc in tempore,*” says he, “ *de exheredatis surrexit & caput erexit ille famosissimus siccarius Robertus Hode & littill Johanne cum eorum complicibus.*” (p. 774.) The Sloane MS. says he was “ so ryotous that he lost or sould his patrimony & for debt became an outlawe:” and the Harleian note mentions his “ having wasted his estate in

\* Graftons chronicle, p. 85.

† *Collec.* I. 54.

riotous courses." The former authority, however, gives a different, though, it may be, less credible, account of his being obliged to abscond. It is as follows: "One of his first exploitys was the going abrode into a forrest & bearing with him a bowe of exceeding great strength he fell into company with certayne rangers or woodmen, who fell to quarrel with him, as making shoue to use such a bowe as no man was able to shoote withall. Wherto Robin replyed that he had two better then that at Lockesley, only he bare that with him nowe as a byrding bowe. At length the 'contention' grewe so hote that there was a wager layd about the kylling of a deere a greate distance of, for performance whereof Robin offered to lay his head to a certayne some of money, the advantage of which rash speach the others presently tooke. So the marke being found out, one of them, both to make his hart faynt and hand unsteady, as he was about to shoote urged him with the losse of head if he myst the marke. Notwithstanding Robyn kyld the deere, and gave every man his money agayne, save to him which at the poynt of shooting so upbraided him with danger to loose his hed for that wager; & he sayd they would drinke togeyther: whereupon the others stomached the matter and from quarrelling they grewe to fighting with him. But Robin, getting him somewhat of, with shooting dispatch them, and so fled away; and then be-taking himselfe to lyve in the woods, &c."\*

That he lurked or infested the woods is agreed by all. "*Circa hæc tempora,*" says Major, "*Ro-*

\* See *Robin Hoods progress to Nottingham*, part II. ballad 2.

*bertus Hudus Anglus & parvus Joannes, latrones famatissimi, in nemoribus latuerunt.*"

Dr. Stukeley says that "Robin Hood took to this wild way of life, in imitation of his grandfather Geoffrey de Mandeville, who being a favorer of Maud empress, K. Stephen took him prisoner at S. Albans, and made him give up the tower of London, Walden, Plessis, &c. upon which he lived on plunder." (*MS. note in his copy of Robin Hoods garland.*)

(F) "Of these he chiefly affected Barnsdale, &c." "Along on the lift hond," says Leland, "a iii. miles of betwixt Milburne and Feribridge I saw the wooddi and famos forrest of *Barnsdale*, wher thay say that Robyn Hudde lyvid like an owtlaw." *Itinerary*, V. 101.

"They haunted about *Barnsdale forrest*, *Compton* [r. *Plompton*] *parke*,\* and such other places." *MS. Sloane.*

"His principal residence," says Fuller, "was in *Shirewood forrest* in this county [Notts], though he had another haunt (he is no fox that hath but one hole) near the sea in the North-riding in Yorkshire, where *Robin Hoods bay* still retaineth his name: not that he was any pirat, but a land-thief, who retreated to those unsuspected parts for his security." *Worthies of England*, p. 320.

In *Thorotons Nottinghamshire*, p. 505. is some account of the ancient and present state of Sherwood forest; but one looks in vain, through that dry detail of land-owners, for any particulars re-

\* *Plompton park*, upon the banks of the *Penterill*, in *Cumberland*, was formerly very large, and set apart by the kings of England for the keeping of deer. It was disafforested or disparked by Henry the 8th.

lating to our hero. "In *anno domini* 1194. king Richard the first, being a hunting in the forrest of Sherwood, did chase a hart out of the forrest of Sherwood into Barnesdale in Yorkshire, and because he could not there recover him, he made proclamation at Tickill in Yorkshire, and at divers other places there that no person should kill, hurt, or chase the said hart, but that he might safely retorne into forrest againe, which hart was afterwards called a *hart-royall proclaimed*. (Manhoods *Forest laws*, 1598, p. 25. from "an auncient recorde" found by him in the tower of Nottingham castle.)\*

(\*F) "Here he either found, &c.]" After being outlawed, Grafton tells us, "for a lewde shift, as his last refuge, [he] gathered together a companye of roysters and cutters, and practised robberyes and spoyling of the kinges subjects, and occupied and frequented the forestes or wild countries." See also the following note.

(G) "LITTLE JOHN, WILLIAM SCADLOCK, GEORGE A GREEN, pinder of Wakefield, MUCH a millers son, and a certain monk or friar named TUCK.]" Of these the preeminence is incontestably due to *Little John*, whose name is almost constantly coupled with that of his gallant leader, "*Robertus Hode & littill Johanne*," are mentioned together

\* Drayton, (*Polyolbion*, song 26.) introduces Sherwood in the character of a nymph, who, out of disdain at the preference shewn by the poet to a sister-forest,

"All selfe-praise set apart, detern'eth to sing  
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king  
Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range,  
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,  
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court."

by Fordun, as early as 1341 ; and later instances of the connexion would be almost endless. After the words, " for debt became an outlaw," the Sloane MS. adds : " then joyninge to him many stout fellowes of lyke disposition, amongst whom one called *Little John* was principal or next to him, they haunted about Barnsdale forrest, &c." See notes (FF) (GG).

With respect to *frier Tuck*. " Thogh some say he was an other kynd of religious man, for that the order of freys was not yet sprung up," (*MS. Sloan.*) yet as the Dominican friers (or friers preachers) came into England in the year 1221, upward of 20 years before the death of Robin Hood, and several orders of these religious had flourished abroad for some time, there does not seem much weight in that objection : nor in fact, can one pay much regard to the term *frier*, as it seems to have been the common title given by the vulgar (more especially after the reformation) to all the regular clergy, of which the friers were at once the lowest and most numerous. If *frier Tuck* be the same person who, in one of the oldest songs, is called *The curtal frier of Fountainsdale*, he must necessarily have been one of the monks of that abbey, which was of the Cistercian order. However this may be, *frier Tuck* is frequently noticed, by old writers, as one of the companions of Robin Hood, and as such was an essential character in the morris-dance, (see note (H)). He is thus mentioned by Skelton, laureat, in his " goodly interlude" of *Magnificence*, written about the year 1500, and with an evident allusion to some game or practice now totally forgotten and inexplicable,

“ Another bade shave halfe my berde,  
 And boyes to the pylery gan me plucke,  
 And wolde have made me *freer Tucke*,  
 To preche oute of the pylery hole.”

In the year 1417, as Stow relates, “ one by his counterfeite name, called *frier Tucke*, with manie other malefactors, committed many robberies in the counties of Surrey and Sussex, whereupon the king sent out his writs for their apprehension.” (*Annales*, 1592.)

*George a Green* is *George o' the Green*, meaning perhaps the *town-green*, in which the *pound* or *pinfold* stood of which he had the care. He has been particularly celebrated, and “ as good as *George a green*” is still a common saying. Drayton, describing the progress of the river Calder, in the west-riding of Yorkshire, has the following lines :

“ It chanc'd she in her course on ‘ Kirkley’ cast her eye,  
 Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie ;  
 Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield stood,  
 She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,  
 But of his merry man, the pinder of the town  
 Of Wakefield, *George a Green*, whose fames so far are  
 blown  
 For their so valiant fight, that every freemans song  
 Can tell you of the same, quoth she, be talk'd on long,  
 For ye were merry lads, and those were merry days.”

Besides the companions of our hero enumerated in the text, and whose names are most celebrated and familiar, we find those of *William of Goldsborough*, (mentioned by Grafton,) *Right-hitting Brand*, (by Mundy,) and *Gilbert with the white hand*, who is thrice named in the *Lyttell*

*geste of Robyn Hode*, and is likewise noticed by bishop Gawin Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*, printed at Edinburgh in 1579, but written before 1518:

“Thair saw I Maitlaine upon auld Beird Gray,  
Robene Hude, and Gilbert with the quhite ‘hand,’  
How Hay of Naughton slew, in Madin land.”\*

As no mention is made of Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudeslie, either in the ancient legend, or in more than one of the numerous songs of Robin Hood, nor does the name of the latter once occur in the old metrical history of those famous archers, reprinted in Percys *Reliques*, and among *Pieces of ancient popular poetry*, it is to be concluded that they flourished at different periods, or at least had no connection with each other. In a poem, however, intitled “Adam Bell, Clim of the Clough, and YOUNG William of Cloudesley, the second part,” 1616. 4to. b. I. (*Bib. Bod. Art. L. 71.* being a more modern copy than that in *Selden C. 39*, which wants the title, but was probably printed with the first part, which it there accompanies, in 1605; differing considerably therefrom in several places; and containing many additional verses;) are the following lines (not in the former copy):

\* *Scottish poems*, i. 122. The last verse is undoubtedly sense as it now stands; but a collation of MSS. would probably authorise us to read:

“Quhom Hay of Naughton slew in Madin land,”

" Now beare thy fathers heart, my boy,  
 Said William of Cloudesley then,  
 When i was young i car'd not for  
 The brags of sturdiest men.  
 The pinder of Wakefield, George a Green,  
 I try'd a sommers day,  
 Yet he nor i were victors made  
 Nor victor'd went away.  
 Old Robin Hood, nor Little John,  
 Amongst their merry men all,  
 Nor fryer Tuck, so stout and young,  
 My courage could appall."

(H) " MARIAN." ] Who or whatever this lady was, it is observable that no mention of her occurs either in the *Lytell geste of Robyn Hode*, or in any other poem or song concerning him, except a comparatively modern one of no merit (see part II. song 24). She is an important character, however, in the two old plays of *The death and downfall of Robert earle of Huntington*, written before 1600, and is frequently mentioned by dramatic or other writers about that period. The morris dance, so famous of old time, was (as is elsewhere noticed) composed of the following constituent characters: *Robin Hood, Little John, frier Tuck, and maid Marian*.

(I) " His company, &c." ] " By such bootyes as he could get," says the writer of the Sloane MS. " his company encreast to an hundred and a halfe."

(J) " the words of an old writer." ] The author of the Sloane manuscript; which adds: " after such maner he procured the pynner of Wakefeyld to become one of his company, and a freyr called Muchel [r. Tuck]...Scarlock he induced upon



this occasion: one day meeting him as he walket solitary & like to a man forlorne, because a mayd to whom he was affyanced was taken from [him] by the violence of her frends, & given to another that was old & welthy, whereupon Robin, understanding when the maryage-day should be, came to the church as a *begger*, & having his own company not far of, which came in so soone as they hard the sound of his horne, he tooke the bryde perforce from him that [bare] in hand to have marryed her, & caused the preist to wed her & Scarlocke togeyther." (See part II. song 8.) This MS. of which great part is merely the old legend or *Lytell geste of Robyn Hode* turned into prose, appears to have been written before the year 1600.

(K) "In shooting, &c.]" *MS. Sloan.* Grafton also speaks of our heros "excelling principally in archery or shooting, his manly courage agreeing thereunto."

Their archery, indeed, was unparalleled, as both Robin Hood and Little John have frequently shot an arrow a measured mile, or 1760 yards, which, it is supposed, no one, either before or since, was ever able to do. "Tradition," says master Charlton, "informs us that in one of 'Robin Hoods' peregrinations, he, attended by his trusty mate Little John, went to dine [at Whitby-abbey] with the abbot Richard, who, having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long bow, begged them after dinner to shew him a specimen thereof; when, to oblige the abbot, they went up to the top of the abbey, whence each of them shot an arrow, which fell not far from Whitby-laths, but on the

contrary side of the lane ; and in memorial thereof, a pillar was set up by the abbot in the place where each of the arrows was found, which are yet standing in these our days ; that field where the pillar for Robin Hood's arrow stands being still called *Robin Hood's field*, and the other where the pillar for Little John's arrow is placed, still preserving the name of *John's field*. Their distance from Whitby abbey is MORE THAN A MEASURED MILE, which seems very far for the flight of an arrow, and is a circumstance that will stagger the faith of many ; but as to the credibility of the story, every reader may judge thereof as he thinks proper ; only I must here beg leave to observe that these very pillars are mentioned, and the fields called by the aforesaid names, in the old deeds for that ground, now in the possession of Mr. Thomas Watson." (*History of Whitby*, York, 1779. p. 146.)

Dr. Meredith Hanmer, in his *Chronicle of Ireland*, (p. 179.) speaking of Little John, says, "There are memorable acts reported of him, which I hold not for truth, that he would shoot an arrow A MILE OFF, and a great deale more ; but them," adds he, "I leave among the lyes of the land."

It has been conjectured that, in the winter-season, our hero and his companions severally quartered themselves in villages or country-houses more or less remote, with persons of whose fidelity they were assured. It is not improbable, at the same time, that they might have tolerably comfortable habitations erected in the woods.

Archery, which our hero and his companions appear to have carryed to a state of perfection,

continued to be cultivated for some ages after their time, down, indeed, to that of Henry VIII. or about the year 1540, when, owing to the introduction of artillery and matchlock-guns, it became neglected, and the bowmen of Cressy and Agincourt utterly extinct: though it may be still a question whether a body of expert archers would not, even at this day be superior to an equal number armed with muskets.

(L) "All clad in Lincoln green—"]

This species of cloth is mentioned by Spenser (*Faerie queene*, VI. ii. 5.)

"All in a woodmans jacket he was clad  
Of *Lincolne greene*, belay'd with silver lace;  
And on his head an hood with aglets sprad,  
And by his side his hunters horne he hanging had."

It is likewise noticed by our poet himself, in another place:

"Swains in shepherds gray, and gyrles in *Lincolne greene*."

See *Polyolbion*, song XXV. where the marginal note says, "*Lincolne* anciently dyed the best *green* in England." Thus *Coventry* had formerly the reputation of dying the best *blue*. See *Rays Proverbs*, p. 178. *Kendal green* is equally famous, and appears to have been cloth of a similar quality. This colour was adopted by foresters to prevent their being too readily discovered by the deer. See Sir John Wynnes *History of the Guedir family*, (*Barringtons Miscellanies*), p. 419. Thus the Scottish highlanders used to wear brown plaids to prevent their being distinguished among

the heath. It is needless to observe that *green* has ever been the favourite dress of an *archer*, *hunter*, &c. See note (Y). We now call it a Saxon or grass green :

“ His coat is of a *Saxon green*, his waistcoat’s of a plaid.”  
O. song.

(M) “ has had the honour to be compared to the illustrious Wallace, &c.] In the first volume of Pecks intended supplement to the *Monasticon*, consisting of collections for the history of Præmonstratensian monasteries, now in the British Museum, is a very curious riming Latin poem, with the following title: “ *Prioris Alnwickensis de bello Scotico apud Dumbarr, tempore regis Edwardi I. dictamen sive rithmus Latinus, quo de WILLIELMO WALLACE, Scotico illo ROBIN WHOOD, plura sed invidiose canit:*” and in the margin are the following date and reference: 22. *Julii* 1304. 32. *E. I. Regist. Prem. fol. 59. a.*” This, it may be observed, is the first known instance of our heros name being mentioned by any writer whatever; and affords a strong and respectable proof of his early popularity.

(N) “ the abbot of St. Marys in York.”] “ In the year 1088 Alan earl of Richmond founded here a stately abbey for black monks to the honour of St. Olave; but it was afterwards dedicated to the blessed virgin by the command of king William Rufus. Its yearly revenues at the suppression amounted to 1550*l.* 7*s.* 9*d.* *Dugd.* 2850*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* *Speed.*” Willis’s *Mitred abbeys*, i. 214. The abbots in our heros time were—

Robert de Harpsham (el. 1184) *ob.* 1198.

Robert de Longo Campo. *ob.* 1239.

William Rondele. *ob.* 1244.

Tho. de Wharterhille. *ob.* 1258.

(O) “the sherif of Nottinghamshire.”] Ralph Murdach was sherif of Derby and Nottinghamshires in the 1st year of king Richard I. and for the 7 years preceding, and William Brewerre in his 6th year, between which and the 1st no name appears on the roll. See Fullers *Worthies*, &c.

(P) “a proclamation was published, &c.”] “The king att last,” says the Harleian MS. “sett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended, &c.” Grafton, after having told us that he “practised robberyes, &c.” adds, “The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he beyng greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamation to be made that whosoever would bryng him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great summe of money, as by the recordes in the Exchequer is to be seene: But of this promise no man enjoyed any benefite. For the sayd Robert Hood, being afterwarde troubled with sicknesse, &c.” (p. 85.)

(Q) “At length, the infirmities of old age increasing upon him, &c.”] Thus Grafton: “The sayd Robert Hood, beyng troubled with sicknesse, came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire called Bircklies [r. Kircklies], where desiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death.” The Sloane MS. says that “[Being] dystempered with could and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted, therefore, to be eased of his payne by letting bloud, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique

& surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe fel an enemy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is also sayd that one sir Roger of Doncaster, bearing grudge to Robyn for some injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in such a maner to dispatch him." See the *Lytell geste of Robyn Hode*, ad finem. The Harleian MS. after mentioning the proclamation "sett furth to have him apprehended" adds, "at which time it happened he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire called Birkleys [r. Kirkleys]; & desiring there to be let blood, hee was beytrayed & made bleed to death."

Kirkleys, Kirklees or Kirklegthes, formerly Kuthale, in the deanry of Pontefract, and archdeaconry of the west riding of Yorkshire, was a Cistercian, or, as some say, a Benedictine nunnery, founded, in honour of the virgin Mary and St. James, by Reynerus Flandrensis in the reign of king Henry II.

"One may wonder," says Dr. Fuller, "how he escaped the hand of justice, dying in his bed, for ought is found to the contrary: but it was because he was rather a merry than a mischievous thief (complementing passengers out of their purses) never murdering any but deer, and . . . 'feasting' the vicinage with his venison." (*Worthies*, p. 320.) See the following note.

(R) "He was intered under some trees at a short distance from the house; a stone being placed over his grave with an inscription to his memory. "*Kirkley monasterium monialium, ubi Rq: Hood nobilis ille exlex sepultus.*" Lelands

*Collectanea*, i. 54. "Kirkleys Nunnery, in the woods whereof Robin Hoods grave is, is between Halifax and Wakefield upon Calder." *Letter from Jo. Savile to W. Camden, Illus. viro epis.* 1691.

"————— as Caldor comes along,  
It chanc'd she in her course on 'Kirkley' cast her eye,  
Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief, doth lie."  
(Poly-Olbion, Song 28.)

See also Camdens *Britannia*, 1695, p. 709.

In the second volume of Dr. Stukeleys *Itinerarium curiosum* is an engraving of "The prospect of Kirkley's abby, where Robin Hood dyed, from the footway leading to Heartishead church, at a quarter of a mile distance. A. The New Hall. B. The Gatehouse of the Nunnery. C. *The trees among which Robin Hood was buried.* D. The way up the Hill where this was drawn. E. Bradley wood. F. Almondbury hill. G. Castle field. Drawn by Dr. Johnston among his Yorkshire antiquitys. p. 54. of the drawings. E. Kirkall, sculp." It makes plate 99 of the above work, but is unnoticed in the letter press.

According to the Sloane MS. the prioress, after "letting him bleed to death, buryed him under a great stone by the hywayes syde:" which is agreeable to the account in Graftons chronicle, where it is said that, after his death, "the prioresse of the same place caused him to be buried by the highway-side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way. And vpon his grave the sayde prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of *Robert Hood, William of Goldesborough*, and others were graven. And

the cause why she buried him there was, for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buried, might more safely and without feare take their jorneyes that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayde tombe was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene there at this present."

"Near unto 'Kirklees' the noted *Robin Hood* lies buried under a grave-stone that yet remains near the park, but the inscription scarce legible." Thoresbys *Ducatus Leodiensis*, p. 91. In the *Appendix*, p. 576. is the following note, with a reference to "page 91:"

"Amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late dean of Yorke, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood:

Here undernead dis laitl stean  
 laiz robert earl of Huntingtun  
 near arcir ver az hie sa geud  
 an pipl kauld im robin heud  
 sick utlawz az hi an iz men  
 vil england nivr si agen.

obit 24 [r. 14] kal dekembris 1247.

The genuineness of this epitaph has been questioned. Dr. Percy, in the first edition of his "Reliques of ancient English poetry," (1765,) says, "It must be confessed this epitaph is suspicious, because in the most ancient poems of Robin Hood, there is no mention of this imaginary earldom." This reason, however, is by no means conclusive, the most ancient poem now extant having no pretension to the antiquity claimed by the epitaph: and indeed the doctor



himself should seem to have afterward had less confidence in it, as, in both the subsequent editions, those words are omitted, and the learned critic merely observes that the epitaph *appears* to him *suspicious*. It will be admitted that the bare suspicion of this ingenious writer, whose knowledge and judgment of ancient poetry are so conspicuous and eminent, ought to have considerable weight. As for the present editors part, though he does not pretend to say that the language of this epitaph is that of Henry the thirds time, nor indeed to determine of what age it is, he can perceive nothing in it from whence one should be led to pronounce it spurious, *i. e.* that it was never inscribed on the grave-stone of Robin Hood. That there actually was some inscription upon it in Mr. Thoresbys time, though then scarce legible, is evident from his own words: and it should be remembered, as well that the last century was not the æra of imposition, as thāt Dr. Gale was both too good and too learned a man either to be capable of it himself or to be liable to it from others.

That industrious chronologist and topographer, as well as respectable artist and citizen, master Thomas Gent, of York, in his "List of religious houses," annexed to "The ancient and modern state of" that famous city, 1730, 12mo. p. 234, informs us that he had been told, "That his [Robin Hoods] tombstone, having his effigy thereon, was order'd, not many years ago, by a certain knight to be placed as a harth-stone in his great hall. When it was laid over-night, the next morning it was 'surprizingly' removed [on or to] one side; and so three times it was laid,

and as successively turned aside. The knight, thinking he had done wrong to have brought it thither, order'd it should be drawn back again ; which was performed by a pair of oxen and four horses, when twice the number could scarce do it before. But as this," adds the sagacious writer, " is a story only, it is left to the reader, to judge at pleasure." *N. B.* This is the second instance of a miracle wrought in favor of our hero !

In Goughs *Sepulchral monuments*, p. cviii. is " the figure of the stone over the grave of Robin Hood [in Kirkless park, being a plain stone with a sort of cross fleuree thereon] now broken and much defaced, the inscription illegible. That printed in Thoresby *Ducat. Leod.* 576, from Dr. Gale's papers, was never on it. The late sir Samuel Armitage, owner of the premises, caused the ground under it to be dug a yard deep, and found it had never been disturbed ; so that it was probably brought from some other place, and by vulgar tradition ascribed to Robin Hood" (refers to " Mr. Watsons letter in Antiquary society minutes"). This is probably the tomb-stone of Elisabeth de Staynton, mentioned in the preceding note.

The old epitaph is, by some anonymous hand, in a work entitled "*Sepulchrorum inscriptiones* : or a curious collection of 900 of the most remarkable epitaphs," Westminster, 1727, (vol. ii. p. 73.) thus not inelegantly paraphrased :

" Here, underneath this little stone,  
Thro' Death's assaults, now lieth one,  
Known by the name of Robin Hood,  
Who was a thief, and archer good ;  
Full thirteen (r. thirty) years, and something more,  
He robb'd the rich to feed the poor :

Therefore, his grave bedew with tears,  
And offer for his soul your prayers."

(S.) "Various dramatic exhibitions."] The earliest of these performances now extant is, "The playe of Robyn Hode, very proper to be played in Maye games," which may probably be as old as the 15th century. That a different play, however, on the same subject has formerly existed, seems pretty certain from a somewhat curious passage in "The famous chronicle of king Edward the first, surnamed Edward Longshankes, &c." by George Peele, printed in 1593.

"*Lluellen* . . . . weele get the next daie from Brecknocke the BOOKE OF ROBIN HOOD, the frier he shall instruct us in his cause, and weele even here . . . wander like irregulars up and down the wilderness, ile be *maister of misrule*, ile be *Robin Hood* that once, cousin 'Rice,' thou shalt be *little John*, and hers frier David, as fit as a die for *frier Tucke*. Now, my sweet Nel, if you will make up the messe with a good heart for *maide Marian*, and doe well with *Lluellen* under the green-woode trees with as good a will as in the good townes, why *plena est curia*.  
*Exeunt.*"

*Enter Mortimor, solus.*

*Mortimor* . . . .Maisters, have after gentle Robin Hood,  
You are not so well accompanied I hope,  
But if a *potter* come to plaie his part,  
Youle give him stripes or welcome good or worse. *Exit.*

*Enter Lluellen, Meredith, frier, Elinor, and their traine. They are all clad in greene, &c. sing, &c. Blyth and bonny, the song ended, Lluellen speaketh.*

*Luellen.* Why so, I see, my mates of olde,  
All were not lies that Bedlams [beldams] told;  
Of Robin Hood and little John,  
Frier Tucke and maide Marian."

Mortimer, as a *potter*, afterwards fights the frier with "flailes."

2. "The downfall of Robert earle of Huntington, afterward called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: with his love to chaste Matilda, the lord Fitzwaters daughter, afterwarde his faire maide Marian. Acted by the right honourable, the earle of Notingham, lord high admirall of England, his servants, ¶ Imprinted at London, for William Leake, 1601." 4to. b. l.

3. "The death of Robert, earle of Huntington, otherwise called Robin Hood of merrie Sherwodde: with the lamentable tragedie of chaste Matilda, his faire maid Marian, poysoned at Dunmowe, by king John. Acted, &c. ¶ Imprinted, &c. [as above] 1601." 4to. b. l.

These two plays, usually called *the first and second part of Robin Hood*, were always, on the authority of Kirkman, falsely ascribed to Thomas Heywood, till Mr. Malone fortunately retrieved the names of the true authors, Anthony Mundy and Henry Chettle. As they seem partly founded on traditions long since forgotten, and refer occasionally to documents not now to be found, at any rate, as they are much older than most of the common ballads upon the subject, and contain some curious and possibly authentic particulars not elsewhere to be met with, the reader will excuse the particularity of the account and length of the extracts here given.

The *first part*, or *downfall of Robert earle of Huntington*, is supposed to be performed at the court and command of Henry the 8th; the poet Skelton being the dramatist, and acting the part of *chorus*. The introductory scene commences thus:

“ *Enter sir John Eltam, and knocke at Skeltons doore.*

*Sir John.* Howe, maister Skelton! what, at studie hard?

*opens the doore.*

*Skel.* Welcome and wisht for, honest sir John Eltam,—

’Twill trouble you after your great affairs,

(i. e. *the surveying of certain maps which his majesty had employed him in ;*)

To take the paine that I intended to intreate you to,  
About rehearsall of your promis’d play.

*Elt.* Nay, master Skelton ; for the king himselte.  
As wee were parting, bid mee take great heede  
Wee faile not of our day : therefore I pray  
Sende for the rest, that now we may rehearse,

*Skel.* O they are readie all, and drest to play.  
What part play you?

*Elt.* Why, I play little John,  
And came of purpose with this greene sute.

*Skel.* Holla, my masters, little John is come.

*At every doore all the players runne out ; some crying where ? where ? others Welcome, sir John : among other the boyes and clowne.*

*Skel.* Faith, little Tracy, you are somewhat forward.  
What, our maid Marian leaping like a lad!

If you remember, Robin is your love,  
Sir Thomas Mantle yonder, not sir John.

*Clow.* But, master, sir John is my fellowe, for I am  
Much the millers sonne. Am I not?

*Skel.* I know yee are sir:—  
And, gentlemen, since you are thus prepar’d,  
Goe in, and bring your dumbe scene on the stage,  
And I, as prologue, purpose to expresse  
The ground whereon our historie is laied.

*Exeunt, manet Skellon.*

*Trumpets sounde, [1] enter first king Richard with drum and auncient, giving Ely a purse and*

sceptre, his mother and brother John, Chester, Lester, Lacie, others at the kings appointment, doing reverence. The king goes in: presently Ely ascends the chaire, Chester, John, and the queene part displeasantly. [2] Enter ROBERT, EARLE OF HUNTINGTON, leading Marian; followes him Warman, and after Warman, the prior; Warman ever flattering and making curtsie, taking gifts of the prior behinde and his master before. Prince John enters, offereth to take Marian; Queen Elinor enters, offering to pull Robin from her; but they in folde each other, and sit downe within the curteines. [3] Warman with the prior, sir Hugh Lacy, lord Sentloe, and Sir Gilbert Broghton folde hands, and drawing the curteins, all (but the prior) enter, and are kindly received by Robin Hoode."

During the exhibition of the second part of the dumbshew, Skelton instructs the audience as follows:

" This youth that leads yon virgin by the hand  
Is our earle Robert, or your Robin Hoode,  
'That in those daies, was carle of Huntington;  
The ill-fac't miser, brib'd in either hand,  
Is Warman, once the steward of his house,  
Who, Judas like, betraies his liberall lord,  
Into the hands of that relentlesse prior,  
Calde Gilbert Hoode, uncle to Huntington.  
Those two that seeke to part these lovely friends,  
Are Elenor the queene, and John the prince,  
She loves earle Robert, he maide Marian,  
But vainely; for their deare affect is such,  
As only death can sunder their true loves.  
Long had they lov'd, and now it is agreed,  
This day they must be troth-plight, after wed:  
At Huntingtons faire house a feste is helde,  
But envie turnes it to a house of teares.  
For those false gwestes, conspiring with the prior;  
To whom earle Robert greatly is in debt,  
Meane at the banquet to betray the earle,

Unto a heavie writ of outlawry :  
The manner and escape you all shall see.

Looke to your entrance, get you in, sir John.  
My shift is long, for I play frier Tucke ;  
Wherein, if Skelton hath but any lucke,  
Heele thanke his hearers oft with many a ducke.  
For many talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bowe.  
But Skelton writes of Robin Hood what he doth truly  
knowe."

After some Skeltonical rimes, and a scene betwixt the prior, the sherif, and justice Warman, concerning the outlawry, which appears to be proclaimed, and the taking of earl Huntington at dinner, "*Enter Robin Hoode, little John following him ; Robin having his napkin on his shoulder, as if hee were sodainly raised from dinner.*" He is in a violent rage at being outlawed, and Little John endeavours to pacify him. Marian being distressed at his apparent disorder, he dissembles with her. After she is gone, John thus addresses him :

" Now must your honour leave these mourning tunes,  
And thus by my areede you shall provide :  
Your plate and jewels ile straight packe up,  
And toward Notingham convey them hence.  
At Rowford, Sowtham, Wortley, Hothersfield,  
Of all your cattell money shall be made,  
And I at Mansfield will attend your coming :  
Where weele determine which waie's best to take.

*Rob.* Well, be it so, a god's name, let it be ;  
And if I can, Marian shall come with mee.

*John.* Else care will kill her ; therefore if you please,  
At th' utmost corner of the garden wall,  
Soone in the evening waite for Marian,  
And as I goe ile tell her of the place.  
Your horses at the Bell shall readie bee,  
I meane Belsavage, whence, as citizens  
That 'meane' to ride for pleasure some small way,  
You shall set forth."

The company now enters, and Robin charges them with the conspiracy, and rates their treacherous proceeding. Little John in attempting to remove the goods is set upon by Warman and the sheriff; and during the fray "*Enter prince John, Ely and the prior, and others.*" Little John tells the prince, he but defends the box containing his own gettings; upon which his royal highness observes,

"You do the fellow wrong; his goods are his:  
You only must extend upon the earles."

*Prior.* That was, my lord, but nowe is Robert Hood,  
A simple yeoman as his servants were."

Ely gives the prior his commission, with directions to make speed, lest "in his country-houses all his heards be solde;" and gives Warman a patent "for the high sheriffewick of Nottingham." After this, "Enter Robin like a citizen;" and then the queen and Marian disguised for each other. Robin takes Marian, and leaves the queen to prince John, who is so much enraged at the deception that he breaks the head of Elys messenger. Sir Hugh, brother to lord Lacy, and steward to Ely, who had been deeply concerned in Huntingtons ruin, is killed in a brawl, by prince John, whom Ely orders to be arrested; but the prince, producing letters from the king, revoking Elys appointment, "lifts up his drawne sworde" and "*Exit, cum Lester and Lacy,*" in triumph. Then, "*Enter Robin Hoode, Matilda, at one door, little John, and Much the millers sonne at another doore.*" After mutual congratulations, Robin asks if it be

"—possible that Warmans spite  
Should stretch so farre, that he doth hunt the lives  
Of bonnie Scarlet, and his brother Scathlock.



*Much.* O, I, sir. Warman came but yesterday to take charge of the jaile at Notingham, and this daie, he saies, he will hang the two outlawes. . . .

*Rob.* Now, by my honours hope, . . .

He is too blame: say, John, where must they die?

*John.* Yonder's their mothers house, and here the tree, Whereon, poore men, they must forgoe their lives:

And yonder comes a lazy lozell frier,

That is appointed for their confessor,

Who, when we brought your monie to their mothers,

Was wishing her to patience for their death."

Here "*Enter frier Tucke;*" some conversation passes, and the frier skeltonizes; after which he departs, saying,

"—— let us goe our way,

Unto this hanging businesse; would for mee  
Some rescue or repreeve might set them free.

*Rob.* Heardst thou not, little John, the friers speach?

*John.* He seemes like a good fellow, my good lord.

*Rob.* He's a good fellowe, John, upon my word.

Lend me thy horne, and get thee in to Much,  
And when I blowe this horne, come both and helpe mee.

*John.* Take heed, my lord: the villane Warman knows  
And ten to one, he hath a writ against you. [you,

*Rob.* Fear not: below the bridge a poor blind man doth  
With him I will change my habit, and disguise, [dwell,

Only be readie when I call for yee,  
For I will save their lives, if it may bee. . . .

*Enter Warman, Scarlet and Scathlocke bound, frier  
Tuck as their confessor, officers with halberts.*

*War.* Master frier, be briefe, delay no time.

Scarlet and Scathlock, never hope for life;

Here is the place of execution,

And you must answer lawe for what is done,

*Scar.* Well, if there be no remedie, we must:

Though it ill seemeth, Warman, thou shouldst bee,

So bloodie to pursue our lives thus cruellie.

*Scat.* Our mother sav'd thee from the gallows, Warman,

His father did preferre thee to thy lord:

One mother had wee both, and both our fathers

To thee and to thy father were kind friends. . . .

*War.* Ye were first outlaws, then ye prooved theeves . . .  
Both of your fathers were good honest men;  
Your mother lives their widowe in good fame:  
But you are scapethrifts, unthrifts, villanes, knaves,  
And as ye liv'd by shifts, shall die with shame."

To them enters Ralph, the sherifs man, to acquaint him that the *carnifex*, or executor of the law, had fallen off his "curtall" and was "crippled" and rendered incapable of performing his office; so that the sherif was to become his deputy. The sherif insists that Ralph shall serve the turn, which he refuses. In the midst of the altercation, "*Enter Robin Hood, like an old man,*" who tells the sherif that the two outlaws had murdered his young son, and undone himself; so that for revenge sake he desires they may be delivered to him. They denying the charge, "Robin whispers with them," and with the sherifs leave, and his mans help, unbinds them: then, sounds his horn; and "*Enter little John, Much . . . Fight; the frier, making as if he helpt the sheriffe, knockes down his men, crying, Keepe the kings peace. Sheriffe* [perceiving that it is "the outlawed earle of Huntington"] *runnes away, and his men.*" (See the ballad of "Robin Hood rescuing the widows sons," part II. num. xxiii.)

"*Fri.* Farewell, earle Robert, as I am a true frier,  
I had rather be thy clarke, then serve the prior.

*Rob.* A jolly fellowe! Scarlet, knowest thou him?

*Scar.* He is of Yorke, and of Saint Maries cloister;  
There where your greedie uncle is lord prior. . . .

*Rob.* Here is no biding, masters; get yee in. . . .  
*John,* on a sodaine thus I am resolv'd,  
To keepe in Sherewoode tille the kings returne,  
And being outlawed, lead an outlawes life. . . .

*John.* I like your honours purpose exceeding well.

*Rob.* Nay, no more honour, I pray thee, little John ;  
Henceforth I will be called Robin Hoode,  
Matilda shall be my maid Marian."

Then follows a scene betwixt old Fitzwater and prince John, in the course of which the prince, as a reason to induce Fitzwater to recall his daughter Matilda, tells him that she is living in an adulterous state, for that

"—Huntington is excommunicate,  
And till his debts be paid, by Romes decree,  
It is agreed, absolv'd he cannot be ;  
And that can never be.—So never wise, &c."

Fitzwater, on this, flies into a passion, and accuses the prince of being already married to "earle Chepstowes daughter." They "*fight ; John falls.*" Then enter the queen, &c. and John sentences Fitzwater to banishment: after which, "*Enter Scathlocke and Scarlet, winding their hornes, at severall doores. To them enter Robin Hoode, Matilda, all in greene, . . . Much, little John ; all the men with bowes and arrowes.*"

Some cordial expressions pass between Robin and Matilda. He commands all the yeomen to be cheerful ; and orders little John to read the articles.

"*Joh.* First, no man must presume to call our master, By name of earle, lorde, baron, knight, or squire :  
But simply by the name of Robin Hoode.—

That faire Matilda henceforth change her name,  
'And' by maid Marians name, be only cald.

Thirdly, no yeoman following Robin Hoode  
In Sherewood, shall use widowe, wife, or maid,  
But by true labour, lustfull thoughts expell.

Fourthly, no passenger with whom ye meete,  
Shall yee let passe till hee with Robin feaste :  
Except a poast, a carrier, or suche folke,  
As use with foode to serve the market townes.

Fifthly, you never shall the poore man wrong.  
Nor spare a priest, a usurer, or a clarke.

Lastly, you shall defend with all your power  
Maids, widowes, orphants, and distressed men.

*All.* All these we vowe to keepe, as we are men.

*Rob.* Then wend ye to the greenewood merrily,  
And let the light roes bootlesse from yee runne,  
Marian and I, as soveraigns of your toyles,  
Will wait, within our bower, your bent bowes spoiles.

*Exeunt winding their hornes."*

In the next scene, we find frier Tucke feignedly entering into a conspiracy with the prior and sir Doncaster, to serve an execution on Robin, in disguise. Jinny, the widow Scarlets daughter, coming in, on her way to Sherwood, is persuaded by the frier to accompany him, "disguised in habit like a pedlers mort." Fitzwater enters like an old man:—sees Robin sleeping on a green bank, Marian strewing flowers on him; pretends to be blind and hungry, and is regaled by them. In answer to a question why the fair Matilda (Fitzwaters daughter) had changed her name, Robin tells him it is

"Because she lives a spotlesse maiden life :  
And shall, till Robins outlawe life have ende.  
That he may lawfully take her to wife ;  
Which, if king Richard come, will not be long."

"Enter frier Tucke and Jinny like pedlers singing," and afterward "Sir Doncaster and others weaponed."—The frier discovers the plot, and a fray ensues. The scene then changes to the court, where the prior is informed of six of his barns being destroyed by fire, and of the different execrations of all ranks upon him, as the undoer of "the good lord Robert, earle of Huntington;" that the convent of St. Marys had elected "Olde father Jerome" prior in his place; and lastly a herald brings his sentence of banishment, which is confirmed by the entrance of the

prior. Lester brings an account of the imprisonment of his gallant sovereign, king Richard, by the duke of Austria, and requires his ransom to be sent. He then introduces a description of his matchless valour in the holy land. John not only refuses the ransom money, but usurps the stile of king : upon which Lester grows furious, and rates the whole company. The following is part of the dialogue :

“ *Joh.* (to Lester) Darest thou attempt thus proudly in  
[our sight?

*Lest.* What is't a subject dares, that I dare not ?

*Sals.* Dare subjects dare, their sovereigne being by ?

*Lest.* O god, that my true sovereigne were ny !

*Qu.* Lester, he is.

*Lest.* Madam, by god, you ly.

*Chest.* Unmanner'd man.

*Lest.* A plague of reverence !”

After this, and more on the same subject, the scene returns to the forest ; where Ely, being taken by Much, “ like a countryman with a basket,” is examined and detected by Robin, who promises him protection and service. On their departure :

“ *Joh.* Skelton, a worde or two beside the play.

*Fri.* Now, sir John Eltam, what ist you would say.

*John.* Methinks I see no jeasts of Robin Hode,

No merry morices of frier Tuck,

No pleasant skippings up und downe the wodde,

No hunting songs, no coursing of the bucke :

Pray god this play of ours may have good lucke,

And the king's majestie mislike it not !

*Fri.* And if he doe, what can we doe to that ?

I promis'd him a play of Robin Hoode,

His honorable life, in merry Sherewod ;

His majestie himselve survaid the plot,

And bad me boldly write it, it was good.

For merry jeasts, they have bene showne before :

*As how the frier fell into the well,  
For love of Jinny, that faire bonny bell :  
How Greeneleafe rob'd the shrieve of Notingham,  
And other mirthful matter, full of game."*

The *second part*, or *death of Robert earle of Huntington*, is a pursuit of the same story. The scene, so far as our hero is concerned, lyes in Sherwood.

The next quotation may be of service to Dr. Percy, who has been pleased to question our heros nobility, because "the most ancient poems make no mention of this *earldom*," and the old legend expressly asserts him "to have been a *yeoman*." It is very true; and we shall here not only find his title established, but also discover the secret of his not being usually distinguished or designed by it.

*Enter Roben Hoode.*

*King.* How now, *earle Robert!*

*Fri.* A forfet, a forfet, my liege lord,  
My masters lawes are on record,  
The court-roll here your grace may see.

*King.* I pray thee, frier, read them mee.

*Fri.* One shall suffice, and this is hee.  
*No man that commeth in this wod,  
To feast or dwell with Robin Hood,  
Shall call him earle, lord, knight, or squire,  
He no such titles doth desire,  
But Robin Hood, plain Robin Hoode,  
That honest YEOMAN, stout and good,  
On paine of forfetting a marke,  
That must be paid to mee his clarke.  
My liege, my liege, this lawe you broke,  
Almost in the last word you spoke;  
That crime may not acquitted bee,  
Till frier Tuck receive his fee."*

Now, the reason that "the most ancient poems make no mention of this *earldom*," and the old

legend expressly asserts him "to have been a yeoman," appears, plainly enough, to be, that as, pursuant to his own injunction, he was never called, either by his followers, or in the vicinity, by any other name than *Robin Hood*, so particularly the minstrels, who were always, no doubt, welcome to Sherwood, and liberally entertained by him and his yeomanry, would take special care never to offend against the above law : which puts an end to the dispute. 2. *E. D.*

Our hero is, at length, poisoned by a drink which Doncaster and the prior, his uncle, had prepared for him to give to the king. His departing scene, and last dying speech are beautiful and pathetic.

*Rob.* Inough, inough, Fitzwater, take your child.  
My dying frost, which no sunnes heat can thawe,  
Closes the powers of all my outward parts ;  
My freezing blood runnes back unto my heart,  
Where it assists death, which it would resist :  
Only my love a little hinders death,  
For he beholds her eyes, and cannot smite.

*Mat.* O let mee looke for ever in thy eyes,  
And lay my warme breath to thy bloodlessé lips,  
If my sight can restraine deaths tyrannies,  
Or keep lives breath within thy bosome lockt."

He desires to be buried

" At Wakefield, underneath the abbey-wall ;"

directs the manner of his funeral ; and bids his yeomen,

" For holy dirges, sing ' him' wodmens songs."

The king, upon the earls death, expresses his sorrow for the tragical event ; ratifies the will ; repeats the directions for the funeral ; and says,

“ Fall to your wod-songs, therefore, yeomen bold,  
And deck his herse with flowers, that lov'd you deere.”

The whole concludes with the following solemne dirge :

“ Weepe, weepe, ye wod-men waile,  
Your hands with sorrow wring ;  
Your master Robin Hood lies deade,  
Therefore sigh as you sing.

Here lies his primer, and his beades,  
His bent bowe, and his arrowes keene,  
His good sworde and his holy crosse :  
Now cast on flowers fresh and greene.

And, as they fall, shed teares and say,  
Well a, well a day, well a, well a day !  
Thus cast yee flowers and sing,  
And on to Wakefield take your way.”

4. “ Robin Hood's penn'orths, by Wm. Haughton.”

5. “ Metropolis coronata, the triumphs of ancient drapery : or, rich cloathing of England, in a second yeeres performance. In honour of the advancement of sir John Jolles, knight, to the high office of lord maior of London, and taking his oath for the same authoritie, on Monday, being the 30. day of October, 1615. Performed in heartie affection to him, and at the bountifull charges of his worthy brethren the truly honourable society of drapers, the first that received such dignitie, in this citie. Devised and written by A. M. [Anthony Mundy] citizen and draper, of London.” 1615. 4to.

This is one of the pageants formerly usual on Lord-mayors-day, and of which several are extant, written as well by our author Mundy, as by Middleton, Dekker, Heywood, and other hackney dramatists of that period. They were thought of such consequence that the city had for some time



(though probably not till after the restoration) a professed laureat for their composition ; an office which expired with Elkanah Settle in 1723-4. They consisted chiefly of machinery, allegorical or historical personages, songs and speeches.

6. "Robin Hood and his pastoral May games." 1624.

7. "Robin Hood and his crew of soldiers."

8. "The sad shepherd, or a tale of Robin Hood."

9. "Robin Hood and his crew of souldiers, a comedy acted at Nottingham on the day of his saCRed majesties corronation. *Vivat rex.* The actors names: Robin Hood, commander ; Little John, William Scadlocke, souldiers ; messenger from the sheriffe. London, printed for James Davis, 1661." 4to.

This is an interlude, of a few pages and no merit ; alluding to the late rebellion, and the subject of the day. The outlaws, convinced by the reasoning of the sherifs messenger, become loyal subjects.

10. "Robin Hood. An opera, as it is perform'd at Lee's and Harpers great theatrical booth in Bartholomew-fair." 1730. 8vo.

11. "Robin Hood." 1751. 8vo.

This was a ballad-farce, acted at Drury-lane theatre.

12. "Robin Hood ; or, Sherwood forest : a comic opera. As "performed at the theatre-royal in Covent-garden. By Leonard Mac Nally, esq." 1784. 8vo.

This otherwise insignificant performance was embellished with some fine music by Mr. Shield. The melody of one song, beginning,

“ I’ve travers’d Judah’s barren sands,”

is singularly beautiful. It has been since reduced to, and is still frequently acted as, an after-piece.

(T)—“ innumerable poems, rimes, songs and ballads.”] The original and most ancient pieces of this nature have all perished in the lapse of time, during a period of between five and six hundred years continuance ; and all we now know of them is, that such things once existed. In the *Vision of Pierce Plowman*, an allegorical poem, thought to have been composed soon after the year 1360, and generally ascribed to Robert Langland, the author introduces an ignorant, idle, and drunken secular priest, the representative, no doubt, of the parochial clergy of that age, in the character of Sloth, who makes the following confession :

“ I cannot parfitli mi paternoster, as the priest it singeth,  
But I can RYMS OF ROBEN HODE, and ‘ *Randolf’ erl of  
Chester,*  
But of our lorde or our lady I lerne nothyng at all.”

Fordun, the Scotch historian, who wrote about 1340, speaking of Robin Hood and Little John, and their accomplices, says, “ of whom the foolish vulgar in comedies and tragedies make lewd entertainment, and are delighted to hear the jesters and minstrels sing them above all other ballads :” and Mair (or Major), whose history was published by himself in 1521, observes that “ The exploits of this Robert are celebrated in songs throughout all Britain.” So, likewise, Hector Bois (or Boethius), who wrote about the same period, having mentioned, “ that waithman Robert Hode with his fallow litil Johne,” adds, “ of

quhom ar mony fabillis and mery sportis sounge  
 among the vulgar pepyll." Whatever may have  
 been the nature of the compositions alluded to  
 by the above writers, several of the pieces printed  
 in the present collection are unquestionably of  
 great antiquity; not less, that is, than between  
 three and four hundred years old. The *Lytell  
 geste*, which is first inserted, is probably the oldest  
 thing upon the subject we now possess; but a le-  
 gend, apparently of the same species, was once  
 extant, of, perhaps, a still earlier date, of which  
 it is some little satisfaction to be able to give even  
 the following fragment, from a single leaf, for-  
 tunately preserved in one of the volumes of old  
 printed ballads in the British museum, in a hand-  
 writing as old as Henry the 6ths time. It ex-  
 hibits the characters of our hero and his *fidus  
 Achates* in the noblest point of view.

“ He sayd Robyn Hod . . . . yne the preson,  
 And owght off hit was gon.

The porter rose a-non certeyn,  
 As sone as he hard Johan call;  
 Lytyll Johan was redy with a sword,  
 And bare hym throw to the wall.

Now will I be jayler, sayd lytyll Johan,  
 And toke the keys in hond;  
 He toke the way to Robyn Hod,  
 And sone he hyme unbond.

He gaffe hym a good swerd in his hond,  
 His hed ther-with for to kepe:  
 And ther as the wallis wer lowest,  
 Anon down ther they lepe.

. . . . .

. . . . .  
 To Robyn . . . . . sayd:

I have *done* the a god torne for an . .  
 Quit me when thow may;

I have done the a gode torne, sayd lytyll [Johan]  
 Forsothe as I the saye ;  
 I have broughte the under the gren wod . . .  
 Farewell & have gode daye.  
 Nay, be my trouthe, sayd Robyn,  
 So schall it never bee ;  
 I make the master, sayd Robyn,  
 Off all my men & me.  
 Nay, be my trowthe, said lytyll Johan,  
 So schall it never bee."

(U)—“ has given rise to divers proverbs:”]  
 Proverbs, in all countries, are, generally speaking, of very great antiquity; and therefore it will not be contended that those concerning our hero are the oldest we have. It is highly probable, however, that they originated in or near his own time, and of course have existed for upwards of 500 years, which is no modern date. They are here arranged, not, perhaps, according to their exact chronological order, but by the age of the authorities they are taken from.

1. *Good even, good Robin Hood.*

The allusion is to *civility* extorted by *fear*. It is preserved by Skelton, in that most biting satire against cardinal Wolsey, *Why come ye not to court?* (Works, 1736, p. 147.)

2. *Many men talk of Robin Hood that never shot in his bow.*

“ That is, many discourse (or prate rather) of matters wherein they have no skill or experience.”

Ray gives it thus:

“ Many talk of Robin Hood, that never shot in his bow,  
 And many talk of little John that never did him know.”

3. *To overshoot Robin Hood.*

“ And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth *as if they had overshoot Robin Hood,*

that Plato banished them [*i. e.* poets] out of his commonwealth." Sir P. Sidney's *Defence of poesie*.

4. *Tales of Robin Hood are good [enough] for fools.*

This proverb is inserted in Camdens *Remains*, printed originally in 1605; but the word in brackets is supplied from Ray.

5. *To sell Robin Hoods pennyworths.*

"It is spoken of things sold under half their value; or if you will, *half sold half given*."

6. *Come, turn about, Robin Hood.*

Implying that to challenge or defy our hero must have been the *ne plus ultra* of courage. It occurs in *Wit and drollery*, 1661.

7. *As crook'd as Robin Hoods bow.*

That is, we are to conceive, when bent by himself.

—"I came once myselfe," says bishop Latimer, (in his sixth sermon before king Edward VI.) "to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holy day, and methought it was an holidayes worke; the churchestode in my way; and I toke my horse and my companye and went thither; I thought I should have found a great companye in the churchestode, and when I came there the churchestode dore was faste locked. I tarried there half an houre and more, and at last the keye was founde; and one of the parishe commes to me, and sayes, Syr, thys ys a busye day with us, we cannot heare you; it is ROBYN HOODES DAYE. The parishe are gone abroad to gather for ROBYN HOODE, I pray you let them not. I was fayne there to geve place to ROBYN HOODE. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, thoughe I

were not; but it woulde not serve, it was fayne to give place to ROBYN HOODES MEN.

“ It is no laughing matter, my friendes, it is a wepyng matter, a heavy matter, under the presence for gatherynge for ROBYN HOODE, a traytoure and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to have his office lesse estemed, to prefer ROBYN HOD before the mynystration of GODS word; and all thys hath come of unpreachyng prelates. Thys realme hath been il provided, for that it hath had suche corrupte judgements in it, to prefer ROBYN HODE to GODDES WORDE. Yf the bysshoppes had bene preachers, there sholde never have been any such thyng, &c.”

(Y)—“ may be called the patron of archery.”] The bow and arrow makers, in particular, have always held his memory in the utmost reverence. Thus, in the old ballad of *Londons ordinary*:

“ The hosiers will dine at the Leg,  
The drapers at the sign of the Brush,  
The fletchers to Robin Hood will go,  
And the spendthrift to Beggars-bush.

The picture of our hero is yet a common sign in the country, and, before hanging-signs were abolished in London, must have been still more so in the city; there being at present no less than a dozen alleys, courts, lanes, &c. to which he or it has given a name. *The Robin-Hood-society*, a club or assembly for public debate, or school for oratory, is well known. It was held at a public house, which had once born the sign, and still retained the name of this great man, in Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.

It is very usual, in the north of England, for a publican, whose name fortunately happens to be *John Little*, to have the sign of Robin Hood and

his constant attendant, with this quibbling subscription :

You gentlemen, and yeomen good,  
Come in and drink with Robin Hood;  
If Robin Hood be not at home,  
Come in and drink with *Little John*.\*

An honest countryman, admiring the conceit, adopted the lines, with a slight, but, as he thought, necessary alteration, viz.

If Robin Hood be not at home,  
Come in and drink with—*Simon Webster*.

Drayton, describing the various ensigns or devices of the English counties, at the battle of Agincourt, gives to

“ Old NOTTINGHAM, an archer clad in green,  
Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,  
Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen;  
*It was the picture of OLD ROBIN HOOD.*”

(Z)—“ the supernatural powers he is, in some parts, supposed to have possessed.”] “ In the parish of Halifax is an immense stone or rock, supposed to be a druidical monument, there called *Robin Hood's penny-stone*, which he is said to have used to pitch with at a mark for his amusement. There is likewise another of these stones, of several tons weight, which the country people will tell you he threw off an adjoining hill with a spade as he was digging. Every thing of the marvellous kind being here attributed to Robin Hood, as it

\* In Arnolds *Essex harmony*, (ii. 98.) he gives the inscription, as a catch for three voices, of his own composition, thus :

“ My beer is stout, my ale is good,  
Pray stay and drink with Robin Hood;  
If Robin Hood abroad is gone,  
Pray stay and drink with little John.”

is in Cornwall to K. Arthur." (Watson's *History of Halifax*, p. 27.)

At Bitchover, six miles south of Bakewell, and four from Haddon, in Derbyshire, among several singular groupes of rocks, are some stones called *Robin Hoods stride*, being two of the highest and most remarkable. The people say Robin Hood lived here.

(AA)—“having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory, &c.”] These games, which were of great antiquity, and different kinds, appear to have been solemnized on the first and succeeding days of May; and to owe their original establishment to the cultivation and improvement of the manly exercise of archery, which was not, in former times, practised merely for the sake of amusement.

“I find,” says Stow, “that in the moneth of May, the citizens of London, of all estates, lightlie in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall *mayinges*, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers *warlike shewes*. with good *archers*, *morrice-dancers*, and other devices for pastime all the day long: and towards the evening they had stage-playes and bonfires in the streetes. . . . These greate *Mayinges* and *Maygames*, made by the governors and masters of this citie, with the triumphant setting up of the greate shafte, (a principal *Maypole* in Cornhill, before the parish church of S. Andrew, therefore called *Undershafte*) by meane of an insurrection of youthes against alianes on Mayday, 1517, the ninth of Henry the eight, have not beene so freely used as afore.” (*Survey of London*, 1598, p. 72.)

The disuse of these ancient pastimes, and the



consequent "neglect of archerie," are thus pathetically lamented by Richard Niccolls, in his *Londons artillery*, 1616:

"How is it that our London hath laid downe  
 This worthy practise, which was once the crowne  
 Of all her pastime, when her *Robin Hood*  
 Had wont each yeare, when *May* did clad the wood,  
 With lustie greene, to lead his yong men out,  
 Whose brave demeanour, oft when they did shoot,  
 Invited royall princes from their courts,  
 Into the wilde woods to behold their sports!  
 Who thought it then a manly sight and trim,  
 To see a youth of cleane compacted lim,  
 Who, with a comely grace, in his left hand  
 Holding his bow, did take his stedfast stand,  
 Setting his left leg somewhat foorth before,  
 His arrow with his right hand nocking sure,  
 Not stooping, nor yet standing streight upright,  
 Then, with his left hand little 'bove his sight,  
 Stretching his arm out, with an easie strength,  
 To draw an arrow of a yard in length."

A description of one  
 drawing a bow.

The lines

"Invited royall princes from their courts  
 Into the wild woods to behold their sports,"

may be reasonably supposed to allude to Henry VIII. who appears to have been particularly attached, as well to the exercise of archery, as to the observance of May. Some short time after his coronation, says Hall, he "came to Westminster, with the quene, and all their traine: and on a tyme being there, his grace, therles of Essex, Wilshire, and other noble menne, to the numbre of twelve, came sodajny in a mornyng into the quenes chambre, all appareled in short cotes of Kentish Kendal, with hodes on their heddes, and hosen of the same, every one of them his bowe and arrowes, and a sworde and a bucklar, like

outlawes, or 'Robyn' Hodes men; whereof the quene, the ladies, and al other there, were abashed, aswell for the straunge sight, as also for their so-dain commyng: and after certayn daunces and pastime made thei departed." (*Hen. VIII. fo. 6, b.*) The same author gives the following curious account of "A maiynge" in the 7th year of this monarch (1516): "The kyng & the quene, accompanied with many lordes and ladies, roade to the high grounde on Shoters hil to take the open ayre, and as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yomen, clothed all in grene, with grene whodes & bowes & arrowes, to the number of ii. C. Then one of them whiche called hymselfe *Robyn Hood*, came to the kyng, desyryng hym to se his men shote, & the kyng was content. Then he whisteled, & all the ii. C. archers shot & losed at once; & then he whisteled again, and they likewyse shot agayne; their arrowes whisteled by craft of the head, so that the noyes was straunge and great, and muche pleased the kyng, the quene, and all the company. All these archers were of the kynges garde, and had thus appareled themselves to make solace to the kyng. Then Robyn Hood desyred the kyng and quene to come into the grene wood, and to se how the outlawes lyve. The kyng demaunded of the quene and her ladyes, if they durst adventure to go into the wood with so many outlawes. Then the quene said, if it pleased hym, she was content. Then the hornes blewe tyll they came to the wood under Shoters-hill, and there was an arber made of bowes, with a hal, and a great chamber, and an inner chamber, very well made and covered with floures and swete herbes, whiche the kyng muche praised. Then sayd Robyn Hood, Sir, outlawes brekefastes

is venyson, and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the kyng and quene sate doune, and were served with venyson and vyne by Robyn Hood and his men, to their great contentacion. Then the kyng departed and his company, and Robyn Hood and his men them conducted; and as they were returnyng, there met with them two ladyes in a ryche chariot drawn with v. horses, and every horse had his name on his head, and on every horse sat a lady with her name written . . . . and in the chayre sate the lady May, accompanied with lady Flora, richely appareled; and they saluted the kynge with diverse goodly songs, and so brought hym to Grenewyche. At this maiyng was a greate number of people to beholde, to their great solace and comfort." (fo. lvi, b.)

That this sort of May-games was not peculiar to London, appears from a passage in Richard Robinsons "Third assertion Englishe historicall, frendly in favour and furtherance of English archery:"

"And, heare because of archery I do by penne explaine  
The use, the proffet, and the praise, to England by the  
same,

Myselſe remembreth of a childe in contreye native mine,  
(1553)

A *May game* was of ROBYN HOOD, and of his traine that  
time, (7. E. 6.)

To traine up young men, stripplings and, eche other  
younger childe,

In shooting, yearely this with solempne feast was by the  
guyld

Or brotherhood of townsmen done, with sport, with joy,  
and love,

To proffet which in present tyme, and afterward did  
prove."

The games of Robin Hood seem to have been occasionally of a dramatic cast. Sir John Paston, in the time of K. Edward IV. complaining of the ingratitude of his servants, mentions one who had promised never to desert him, "and ther uppon," says he, "I have kepyd hym thys iii yer to pleye seynt Jorge, and Robyn Hod and the shryf off Notyngham, and now when I wolde have good horse he is goon into *Bernysdale*, and I with-owt a keeper."

In some old accounts of the church-wardens of Saint Helens, at Abingdon, Berks, for the year 1556, there is an entry *For setting up* ROBINS HOODES BOWER; I suppose, says Warton, for a parish interlude. (See *History of English poetry*, ii. 175.)

In some places these games were nothing more than a morris-dance, in which *Robin Hood*, *Little John*, *Maid Marian*, and *frier Tuck* were the principal personages; the others being a clown or fool, the hobby-horse, (which appears, for some reason or other, to have been frequently forgot,) the taborer, and the dancers, who were more or less numerous. Thus Warner:

"At Paske began our *morrise*, and ere pentecost our *May*,  
Tho *Roben Hood*, *litell John*, *frier Tucke*, and *Marien* deaftly  
play,  
And lerd and ladie gang till kirke with lads and lassies  
gay."

In an old circular wood cut, preserved on the title of a penny-history, (*Adam Bell, &c.*) printed at Newcastle in 1772, is the apparent representation of a morris-dance, consisting of the following personages: 1. A bishop, 2. Robin Hood. 3. The potter (or beggar). 4. Little John. 5. Frier Tuck 6. Maid Marian. Figures 2 and 4 are

distinguished by their bows, and different size. The frier holds out a cross; and Marian has flowing hair, and wears a sort of coronet. But the execution of the whole is too rude to merit a copy.

In Scotland, “ *The game of Robin Hood* was celebrated in the month of May. The populace assembled previous to the celebration of this festival, and chose some respectable member of the corporation to officiate in the character of *Robin Hood*, and another in that of *Little John* his squire. Upon the day appointed, which was a Sunday or holyday, the people assembled in military array, and went to some adjoining field, where, either as actors or spectators, the whole inhabitants of the respective towns were convened. In this field they probably amused themselves with a representation of Robin Hood’s predatory exploits, or of his encounters with the officers of justice [rather, perhaps, in feats of archery or military exercises].

“ As numerous meetings for disorderly mirth are apt to engender tumult, when the minds of the people came to be agitated with religious controversy, it was found necessary to repress the game of Robin Hood by public statute. The populace were by no means willing to relinquish their favourite amusement. Year after year the magistrates of Edinburgh were obliged to exert their authority in repressing this game; often ineffectually. In the year 1561, the mob were so enraged at being disappointed in *making a Robin Hood*, that they rose in mutiny, seized on the city-gates, committed robberies upon strangers; and one of the ringleaders being condemned by

the magistrates to be hanged, the mob forced open the jail, set at liberty the criminal and all the prisoners, and broke in pieces the gibbet erected at the cross for executing the malefactor. They next assaulted the magistrates, who were sitting in the council-chamber, and who fled to the tolbooth for shelter, where the mob attacked them, battering the doors, and pouring stones thro' the windows. Application was made to the deacons of the corporation to appease the tumult. Remaining, however, unconcerned spectators, they made this answer: "They will be magistrates alone; let them rule the people alone." The magistrates were kept in confinement till they made proclamation be published, offering indemnity to the rioters upon laying down their arms. Still, however, so late as the year 1592, we find the general assembly complaining of the profanation of the sabbath, by making of *Robin Hood's plays*." (Arnots *History of Edinburgh*, p. 77.)

(BB)—"His bow, and one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers were preserved till within the present century."] "We omitted," says Ray, "the sight of Fountain's abbey, where *Robin Hood's* bow is kept." (*Itineraries*, 1760, p. 161.)

"Having pleased ourselves with the antiquities of 'Notingham,' we took horse and went to visit the *well* and ancient CHAIR of Robin Hood, which is not far from hence, within the forest of Sherwood. Being placed in the CHAIR, we had a CAP, which they say was his, very formally put upon our heads, and having performed the usual ceremonies befitting so great a solemnity, we receiv'd the freedom of the chair, and were incorporated

into the society of that renowned brotherhood." (Bromes *Travels over England*, &c. 1700, p. 85.)

"On one side of this forest [*sci.* of Sherwood] towards Nottingham," says the author of "The travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales," (*i. e.* Robert Dodsley,) "I was shewn a CHAIR, a BOW, and ARROW, all said to have been his [Robin Hoods] property." (p. 82.)

"I was pleased with a SLIPPER, belonging to the famous Robin Hood, shewn me, fifty years ago, at *St. Anns well*, near Nottingham, a place upon the borders of Sherwood forest, to which he resorted." (*Journey from Birmingham to London*, by *W. Hutton*. Bir. 1785. p. 174.)

(CC)—"not only places which afforded him security or amusement, but ever the well at which he quenched his thirst, still retain his name."] *Robin-Hoods-bay* is both a bay and a village, on the coast of Yorkshire, between Whitby and Scarborough. It is mentioned by Leland as "a fischer tounlet of 20. bootes caullid *Robyn Huddes bay*, a dok or bosom of a mile yn length." (*Itinerary*, i. 53.) "When his robberies," says master Charlton, "became so numerous, and the outcries against him so loud, as almost to alarm the whole nation, parties of soldiers were sent down from London to apprehend him: and then it was, that fearing for his safety, he found it necessary to desert his usual haunts, and, retreating northward, to cross the moors that surrounded Whitby, [one side whereof happens, a little unfortunately, to lye open to the sea,] where, gaining the sea-coast, he always had in readiness near at hand some small fishing vessels, to which he could have refuge, if he found himself pursued; for, in these, putting off to sea, he looked

upon himself as quite secure, and held the whole power of the English nation at defiance. The chief place of his resort at these times, where his boats were generally laid up, was about six miles from Whitby, to which he communicated his name, and which is still called *Robin Hoods bay*. There he frequently went a fishing in the summer season, even when no enemy appeared to annoy him, and not far from that place he had butts or marks set up, where he used to exercise his men in shooting with the long bow."

Near Gloucester is "a famous hill," called "*Robin Hoods hill*;" concerning which there is a very foolish modern song. Another hill of the same name exists in the neighbourhood of Castleton, Derbyshire.

"Over a spring call'd ROBIN HOODS WELL, (3 or 4 miles [on] this side [*i. e.* north] of Doncaster, and but a quarter of a mile only from 2 towns call'd Skelbrough and Bourwallis) is a very handsome stone arch, erected by the lord Carlisle, where passengers from the coach frequently drink of the fair water, and give their charity to two people who attend there." (*Gents History of York. York, 1730, p. 234.*)

Though there is no attendance at present, nor is the water altogether so *fair* as it might and should be, the case was otherwise in the days of honest Barnaby.

*"Veni Doncastir, &c.  
Nescit situs artem modi,  
Puteum Roberti Hoodi,  
Veni, & liquente venu  
Vincto catino catena,  
Tollens sitim, parcum odi,  
Solvens obolum custodi.*

"Thence to Doncaster, &c.



Thirst knows neither mean nor measure,  
*Robin Hood's well* was my tresoure ;  
 In a common dish enchained,  
 I my furious thirst restrained :  
 And because I drank the deeper,  
 I paid two farthings to the keeper."

He mentions it again :

" *Nunc longinquos locos odi,  
 Vale fons Roberti Hoodi.*

" Now I hate all foreign places  
*Robin Hoods well, and his chaces.*"

A different well, sacred either to Robin Hood, or to St. Ann, has been already mentioned.

(DD)—“ conferred as an honorable distinction upon the prime minister to the king of Madagascar”] The natives of this island, who have dealings with our people, pride themselves, it seems, in English names, which are bestowed upon them at the discretion or caprice of the sailors: and thus a venerable minister of state, who should have been called sir Robert Walpole or cardinal Fleury, acquired the name of Robin Hood.

(EE) “ After his death his company was dispersed.”] They, and their successors, disciples or followers, are supposed to have been afterward distinguished, from the name of their gallant leader, by the title of *Roberdsmen*. Lord Coke, who is somewhat singular in accusing him of living “ by robbery, burning of houses, felony, waste and spoil, and principally by and with vagabonds, idle wanderers, night-walkers, and draw-latches,” says that “ albeit he lived in Yorkshire, yet men of his quality took their denomination of him, and were called *Roberdsmen* throughout all England. Against these men,” continues he, “ was the statute of Winchester

made in 13 E. 1. [c. 14.] for preventing of robbery, murders, burning of houses, &c. Also the statute of 5 E. 3. [c. 14.] which 'recites' the statute of Winchester, and that there had been divers manslaughteres, felonies, and robberies done in times past, by people that be called *Roberdsmen*, wasters and draw-latches; and remedy [is] provided by that act for the arresting of them. At the parliament holden 50 E. 3," he adds, "it was petitioned to the king that ribauds and sturdy beggars might be banished out of every town. The answer of the king in parliament was, touching ribauds: The statute of Winchester and the declaration of the same with other statutes of *Roberdsmen*, and for such as make themselves gentlemen, and men of armes, and *archers*, if they cannot so prove theirselves, let them be driven to their occupation or service, or to the place from whence they came." He likewise notices the statute of 7 R. 2 [c. 5.] by which it is provided "that the statutes of *roberdsmen* and draw-latches, be firmly holden and kept:" (3 *Inst.* 197.)

(FF)—"the honour of little Johns death and burial is contended for by rival nations." I. By England. At the village of Hathersage, about 6 miles from Castleton, in Derbyshire, is Little Johns grave. A few years ago some curious person caused it to be opened, when there were found several bones of an uncommon size, which he preserved; but, meeting afterward with many unlucky accidents, he carefully replaced them; partly at the intercession of the sexton, who had taken them up for him, and who had in like manner been visited with misfortunes: upon restoring the bones all these troubles ceased. Such is the tradition at Castleton. E. Hargrove, in his

“Anecdotes of archery,” York, 1792, asserts, that “the grave is distinguished by a large stone placed at the head, and another at the feet; on each of which are yet some remains of the letters I. L.” (p. 26) II. By Scotland. “In Murrayland” according to that most veracious historian, maister Hector Boece, “is the kirke of Pette, quhare the banis of lytill Johne remanis in gret admiratioun of pepill. He hes bene fourtene fut of bycht with square membris effering thairto. Vi. zeris,” continues he, “afore the cumying of this werk to lycht we saw his hanche-bane, als mekill as the haill bane of ane man: for we schot our arme in the mouth thairof. Be quhilk apperis how strang and square pepill grew in our regioun afore thay were effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth.” III. By Ireland. “There standeth,” as Stanihurst relates, “in Ostmantowne-greene an hillocke, named little John his shot. The occasion,” he says, “proceeded of this.

“In the yeere one thousand one hundred foure score and nine, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and little John weere cheefeteins, of all theeves doubtlesse the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and everie man forced to shift for himselfe. Whereupon little John was faine to flee the realme by sailing into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens being doone to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hartilie to trie how far he could shoot at randon; who yeelding to their behest, stood on the bridge of Dublin,

and shot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his posteritie to be woondered, than possiblie by anie man living to be counterscored. But as the repaire of so notorious a champion to anie countrie would soone be published, so his abode could not be long concealed: and therefore to eschew the danger of [the] lawes, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a towne or village called Moravie." Thus Stanihurst, who is quoted by Dr. Hanmer in his *Chronicle of Ireland*, p. 179; but Mr. Walker, after observing that "poor Little John's great practical skill in archery could not save him from an ignominious fate," says, "it appeared, from some records in the Southwell family, that he was publicly executed for robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin."

(GG)—"some of his descendants, of the name of *Nailor*, &c." See the preface to the *History of George a Green*. As surnames were by no means in general use at the close of the twelfth century, Little John may have obtained that of *Nailor* from his original profession.

("Ye boasted worthies of the knuckle,  
To Maggs and to the *Nailor* truckle.")

But however this, or the fact itself may be, a bow, said to have belonged to Little John, with the name of *Naylor* upon it, is now, as the editor is informed, in the possession of a gentleman in the west riding of Yorkshire.

The quotation about *whetstones* is from the Sloan MS. Those, indeed, who recollect the equivocal meaning of the word may think that this production has not been altogether confined to the grave of Little John.

# ROBIN HOOD.

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## PART I.

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### I.

#### A LYTELL GESTE OF ROBYN HODE.

*This ancient legend is printed from the copy of an edition, in 4to. and black letter, by Wynken de Worde, preserved in the public library at Cambridge; compared with, and, in some places, corrected by, another impression (apparently from the former), likewise in 4to. and black letter, by William Copland; a copy of which is among the late Mr. Garrick's old plays, now in the British Museum. The full title of the first edition is as follows: "Here beginneth a mery geste of Robyn Hode and his meyne, and of the proude sheryfe of Notyng-ham;" and the printer's colophon runs thus: "Explycit. Kyngedward and Robyn hode & Lytell Johan Enprented at London in Flete Strete at the sygne of the sone By Wynken de Worde." To Copland's edition is added "a new playe for to be played in Maye games very plesaunte and full of pastyme;" which will be found at large at the end of the volume.*

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LITHE and lysten, gentylnen,  
That be of frebore blode:  
I shall you tell of a good yemàn,  
His name was Robyn Hode.

## A LYTELL GESTE

Robyn was a proude outlawe,  
 Whyles he walked on grounde,  
 So curteyse an outlawe as he was one  
 Was never none y founde.

Robyn stode in Bernysdale,  
 And lened hym to a tree,  
 And by hym stode Lytell Johan,  
 A good yeman was he ;

And also dyde good Scathelock,  
 And Much the millers sone ;  
 There was no ynche of his body,  
 But it was worthe a grome.

Then be spake him Lytell Johan  
 All unto Robyn Hode,  
 Mayster, yf ye wolde dyne betyme,  
 It wolde do you moch good.

Then bespake good Robyn,  
 To dyne I have no lust,  
 Tyll I have some bold baron,  
 Or some unketh gest,  
 That may paye for the best ;  
 Or some knyght or some squyere  
 That dwelleth here by west.

A good maner than had Robyn,  
 In londe where that he were,  
 Every daye or he wolde dyne  
 Three messes wolde he here :

The one in the wershyp of the fader,  
 The other of the holy goost,  
 The thyrde was of our dere lady,  
 That he loved of all other moste.

Robyn loved our dere lady,  
 For doute of dedely synne ;  
 Wolde he never do company harme  
 That ony woman was ynne.

Mayster, than sayd Lytell Johan,  
 And we our borde shall sprede,  
 Tell us whether we shall gone,  
 And what lyfe we shall lede ;

Where we shall take, where we shall leve,  
 Where we shall abide behynde,  
 Where we shall robbe, where we shall reve,  
 Where we shall bete and bynde.

Ther of no fors, sayd Robyn,  
 We shall do well ynough ;  
 But loke ye do no housbonde harm  
 That tylleth with his plough ;

No more ye shall no good yemàn,  
 That walketh by grene wode shawe,  
 Ne no knyght ne no squyer,  
 That wolde be a good felawe.

These byshoppes, and thyse archebyschoppes,  
 Ye shall them bete and bynde ;  
 The hye sheryfe of Notynghame,  
 Hym holde in your mynde.

This worde shall be holde, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 And this lesson shall we lere ;  
 It is ferre dayes, god sende us a gest,  
 That we were at our dynere.

Take thy good bowe in thy hande, said Robyn,  
 Let Moche wende with the,  
 And so shall Wyllyam Scathelocke,  
 And no man abyde with me.

## A LYTELL GESTE

And walke up to the Sayles,  
 And so to Watlynge strete,  
 And wayte after some unketh gest,  
 Up chaunce ye mowe them mete.

Be he erle or ony baròn,  
 Abbot or ony knyght,  
 Brynge him to lodge to me,  
 Hys dyner shall be dyght.

They wente unto the Sayles,  
 These yemen all thre,  
 They loked est, they loked west,  
 They myght no man see.

But as they loked in Barnysdale,  
 By a derne strete,  
 Then came there a knyght rydyng,  
 Full sone they gan hym mete.

All dreri then was his semblaunte,  
 And lytell was hys pryde,  
 Hys one fote in the sterope stode,  
 That other waved besyde.

His hode hangyng over hys eyen two,  
 He rode in symple aray;  
 A soryer man than he was one  
 Rode never in somers day.

Lytell Johan was curteyse,  
 And set hym on his kne:  
 Welcome be ye, gentyll knyght,  
 Welcome are you to me,

Welcome be thou to grene wood,  
 Hende knyght and fre;  
 My mayster hath a byden you fastyng,  
 Syr, all these oures thre.



Who is your mayster? said the knyght.  
 Johan sayde, Robyn Hode.  
 He is a good yeman, sayd the knyght,  
 Of hym I have herde moch good.

I graunte, he sayd, with you to wende,  
 My brethren all in fere;  
 My purpose was to have deyned to day  
 At Blythe or Dankastere.

Forthe than went this gentyll knyght,  
 With a carefull chere,  
 The teres out of his eyen ran,  
 And fell downe by his lere.

They brought hym unto the lodge dore,  
 When Robyn gan hym se,  
 Full curteysly dyde of his hode,  
 And set hym on his kne.

Welcome, syr knyght, then said Robyn,  
 Welcome thou arte to me,  
 I haue abyde you fastyng, syr,  
 All these houres thre.

Then answered the gentyll knyght,  
 With wordes fayre and fre,  
 God the save, good Robyn,  
 And all thy fayre meynè.

They washed togyder and wyped bothe,  
 And set tyll theyr dynere;  
 Brede and wyne they had ynough,  
 And nombles of the dere;

Swannes and fesauntes they had full good,  
 And foules of the revere;  
 There fayled never so lytell a byrde,  
 That ever was bred on brere.

Do gladly, syr knyght, said Robyn,  
 Gramercy, syr, sayd he,  
 Suche a dyner had I not  
 Of all these wekes thre :

If I come agayne, Robyn,  
 Here by this countrè,  
 As good a dyner I shall the make,  
 As thou hast made to me.

Gramercy, knyght, sayd Robyn,  
 My dyner whan I have,  
 I was never so gredy, by dere worthy god,  
 My dyner for to crave.

But pay or ye wende, sayd Robyn,  
 Me thynketh it is good ryght ;  
 It was never the maner, by dere worthy god,  
 A yeman to pay for a knyght.

I have nought in my cofers, sayd the knyght,  
 That I may profer for shame.  
 Lytell Johan, go loke, said Robyn,  
 Ne let not for no-blame.

Tell me trowth, sayd Robyn,  
 So god have parte of the.  
 I have no more but ten shillings, said the knyght,  
 So god have parte of me.

Yf thou have no more, sayd Robyn,  
 I wyll not one peny ;  
 And yf thou have nede of ony more,  
 More shall I len the.

Go now forth, Lytell Johan,  
 The trouthe tell thou me,  
 Yf there be no more but ten shillings,  
 Not one peny that I see.

Lytell Johan spred downe his mantell  
Full fayre upon the grounde,  
And there he founde in the knyghtes cofer  
But even halfe a ponde.

Lytyll Johan let it lye full still,  
And went to his mayster full lowe.  
What tydyng Johan? sayd Robyn.  
"Syr, the knyght is trewe inough."

Fyll of the best wyne, sayd Robyn,  
The knyght shall begynne:  
Moch wonder thynketh me  
Thy clothynge is so thinne.

Tell me one worde, sayd Robyn,  
And counsell shall it be:  
I trowe thou were made a knyght of forse,  
Or elles of yemanry;

Or elles thou hast ben a sorry housband,  
And leved in stroke and stryfe;  
An okerer, or elles a lechoure, sayd Robyn,  
With wronge hast thou lede thy lyfe.

I am none of them, sayd the knyght,  
By god that made me;  
An hondreth wynter here before,  
Myne aunsetters knyghtes have be.

But ofte it hath befal, Robyn.  
A man hath be dysgrate;  
But god that syteth in heven above  
May amend his state.

Within two or thre yere, Robyn, he sayd,  
My neyghbores well it 'kende,'  
Foure hondreth ponde of good money  
Full wel than myght I spende.

## A LYTELL GESTE

Now have I no good, sayd the knyght,  
 But my chyldren and my wyfe;  
 God hath shapen such an ende,  
 Tyll god ' may amende my lyfe.'

In what maner, sayd Robyn,  
 Hast thou lore thy rychès?  
 For my grete foly, he sayd,  
 And for my kindenesse.

I had a sone, for soth, Robyn,  
 That sholde have ben my eyre,  
 When he was twenty wynter olde,  
 In felde wolde juste full feyre:

He slewe a knyght of Lancastshyre,  
 And a squyre bolde;  
 For to save hym in his ryght  
 My goodes beth sette and solde;

My londes beth set to wedde, Robyn,  
 Untyll a certayne daye,  
 To a ryche abbot here besyde,  
 Of Saynt Mary abbay.

What is the somme? sayd Robyn,  
 Trouthe than tell thou me.  
 Syr, he sayd, foure hondred pounde,  
 The abbot tolde it to me.

Now, and thou lese thy londe, sayd Robyn,  
 What shall fall of the?  
 Hastely I wyll me buske, sayd the knyght,  
 Over the salte see,

And se where Cryst was quycke and deed;  
 On the mounte of Caluarè.  
 Fare well, frende, and have good daye,  
 It may noo better be——

Teeres fell out of his eyen two,  
 He wolde haue gone his waye—  
 Farewell, frendes, and have good day,  
 I ne have more to pay.

Where be thy frendes? sayd Robyn.  
 “Syr, never one wyll me know;  
 Whyle I was ryche inow at home  
 Grete bost then wolde they blowe,

And now they renne awaye fro me,  
 As bestes on a rowe;  
 They take no more heed of me  
 Then they me never sawe.”

For ruthe then wepte Lytell Johan,  
 Scathelocke and Much ‘in fere.’  
 Fyll of the best wyne, sayd Robyn,  
 For here is a symple chere.

Hast thou any frendes, sayd Robyn,  
 Thy borowes that wyll be?  
 I have none, then sayd the knyght,  
 But god that dyed on a tree.

Do waye thy japes, sayd Robyn,  
 Therof wyll I right none;  
 Wenest thou I wyll have god to borowe?  
 Peter, Poule or Johan?

Nay, by hym that me made,  
 And shope both sonne and mone,  
 Fynde a better borowe, sayd Robyn,  
 Or mouy getest thou none.

I have none other, sayd the knyght,  
 The sothe for to say,  
 But yf it be our dere lady,  
 She fayled me never or this day.

## A LYTELL GESTE

By dere worthy god, sayd Robyn,  
 To seche all Englonð thorowe,  
 Yet founde I never to my pay,  
 A moch better borowe.

Come now forthe, Lytell Johan,  
 And goo to my tresourè,  
 And brynge me foure hondred pounde.  
 And loke that it well tolde be.

Forthe then wente Lytell Johan,  
 And Scathelocke went before,  
 He tolde out foure hondred pounde,  
 By eyghtene score.

Is this well tolde? sayd lytell Much.  
 Johan sayd, What greveth the?  
 It is almes to helpe a gentyll knyght  
 That is fall in povertè.

Mayster, than sayd Lytell Johan,  
 His clothyng is full thynne,  
 Ye must gyve the knyght a lyveray,  
 To 'lappe' his body ther in.

For ye have scarlet and grene, mayster,  
 And many a ryche aray,  
 There is no marchaunt in mery Englonde  
 So ryche I dare well saye.

Take hym thre yerdes of every coloure,  
 And loke that well mete it be.  
 Lytell Johan toke none other mesure  
 But his bowe tre,

And of every handfull that he met  
 He lept ouer fotes thre.  
 What devilkyns draper, sayd litell Much  
 Thynkyst thou to be?

Scathelocke stode full styll and lough,  
And sayd, By god allmyght,  
Johan may gyve hym the better mesure,  
By god, it cost him but lyght.

Mayster, sayd Lytell Johan,  
All unto Robyn Hode,  
Ye must gyve that knight an hors,  
To lede homé al this good.

Take hym a gray courser, sayd Robyn,  
And a sadell newe;  
He is our ladyes messengere,  
God lene that he be true.

And a good palfraye, sayd lytell Moch,  
To mayntayne hym in his ryght.  
And a payre of botes, sayd Scathelocke,  
For he is a gentyll knyght.

What shall thou gyve him, Lytel Johan? sayd Robyn.  
Syr, a payre of gylte spores clene,  
To pray for all this company:  
God brynge hym out of tene!

Whan shall my daye be, sayd the knyght,  
Syr, and your wyll be?  
This daye twelve moneth, sayd Robyn,  
Under this grene wode tre.

It were grete shame, sayd Robyn,  
A knyght alone to ryde,  
Without squyer, yeman, or page,  
To walke by hys syde.

I shall the lene Lytyll Johan my man,  
For he shall be thy knave;  
In a yemans steed he may the stonde,  
Yf thou grete nede have.

## THE SECONDE FYTTE.

NOWE is the knyght went on this way,  
 This game he thought full good,  
 When he loked on Bernysdale,  
 He blysed Robyn Hode ;

And whan he thought on Bernysdale,  
 On Scathelock, Much, and Johan,  
 He blysed them for the best company  
 That ever he in come.

Then spake that gentyll knyght,  
 To Lytel Johan gan he saye,  
 To morrowe I must to Yorke toune,  
 To Saynt Mary abbay ;

And to the abbot of that place  
 Foure hondred ponde I must pay :  
 And but I be there upon this nyght  
 My londe is lost for ay.

The abbot sayd to his covent,  
 There he stode on grounde,  
 This day twelfe moneth came there a knyght  
 And borowed foure hondred ponde.

[He borowed foure hondred ponde,]  
 Upon all his londe fre,  
 But he come this ylke day  
 Dyssherytye shall he be.

It is full erely, sayd the pryoure,  
 The day is not yet ferre gone,  
 I had lever to pay an hondred ponde,  
 And lay it downe a none.



The knyght is ferre be yonde the see,  
 In Englonde is his ryght,  
 And suffreth hunger and colde  
 And many a sory nyght :

It were grete pytè, sayd the pryoure,  
 So to have his londe,  
 And ye be so lyght of your conseynce  
 Ye do to him moch wronge.

Thou arte euer in my berde, sayd the abbot,  
 By god and saynt Rycharde.  
 With that cam in a fat heded monke,  
 The heygh selerer ;

He is dede or hanged, sayd the monke,  
 By god that bought me dere,  
 And we shall have to spende in this place  
 Foure hondred pounce by yere.

The abbot and the hy selerer,  
 Sterte forthe full bolde,  
 The high justyce of Englonde  
 The abbot there dyde holde.

The hye justyce and many mo  
 Had take into their honde  
 Holy all the knyghtes det,  
 To put that knyght to wronge.

They demed the knyght wonder sore,  
 The abbot and hys meynè :  
 " But he come this ylke day  
 Dysheryte shall he be."

He wyll not come yet, sayd the justyce,  
 I dare well under take.  
 But in sorowe tyme for them all  
 The knyght came to the gate.

Than be spake that gentyll knyght  
 Untyll hys meynè,  
 Now put on your symple wedes  
 That ye brought fro the see.

[They put on their symple wedes,]  
 And came to the gates anone,  
 The porter was redy hymselfe,  
 And welcomed them everychone.

Welcome, syr knyght, sayd the porter,  
 My lorde to mete is he,  
 And so is many a gentyll man,  
 For the love of the.

The porter swore a full grete othe,  
 By god that made me,  
 Here be the best coresed hors  
 That ever yet sawe I me.

Lede them into the stable, he sayd,  
 That eased myght they be.  
 They shall not come therin, sayd the knyght,  
 By god that dyed on a tre.

Lordes were to mete isette  
 In that abbotes hall,  
 The knyght went forth and kneled downe  
 And salved them grete and small.

Do gladly, syr abbot, sayd the knyght,  
 I am come to holde my day.  
 The fyrst word the abbot spake,  
 Hast thou brought my pay?

Not one peny, sayd the knyght,  
 By god that maked me.  
 Thou art a shrewed dettour, sayd the abbot;  
 Syr justyce, drynke to me.

What doost thou here, sayd the abbot,  
 But thou haddest brought thy pay?  
 For god, than sayd the knyght,  
 To pray of a lenger daye.

Thy daye is broke, sayd the justyce,  
 Londe getest thou none.  
 "Now, good syr justyce, be my frende,  
 And fende me of my fone."

I am holde with the abbot, sayd the justyce,  
 Bothe with cloth and fee.  
 "Now, good syr sheryf, be my frende."  
 Nay for god, sayd he.

"Now, good syr abbot, be my frende,  
 For thy curteysè,  
 And holde my londes in thy honde  
 Tyll I have made the gree ;

And I wyll be thy true servaunte,  
 And trewely serve the,  
 Tyl ye have foure hundred pounce  
 Of money good and free."

The abbot sware a full grete othe,  
 By god that dyed on a tree,  
 Get the londe where thou may,  
 For thou getest none of me.

By dere worthy god, then sayd the knyght,  
 That all this worlde wrought,  
 But I have my londe agayne  
 Full dere it shall be bought ;

God that was of a mayden borne  
 Lene us well to spede,  
 For it is good to assay a frende  
 Or that a man have nede.

The abbot lothely on hym gan loke  
 And vylaynesly hym gan 'call,'  
 Out, he sayd, thou false knyght,  
 Spede the out of my hall.

Thou lyest, then sayd the gentyll knyght,  
 Abbot in thy hal;  
 False knyght was I never,  
 By god that made us all.

Up then stode that gentyll knyght,  
 To the abbot sayd he,  
 To suffre a knyght to knele so longe,  
 Thou canst no curteysye;

In joustes and in tournement  
 Full ferre than have I be,  
 And put myselfe as ferre in prees  
 As ony that ever I se.

What wyll ye gyve more? sayd the justyce,  
 And the knyght shall make a releyse;  
 And elles dare I safly swere  
 Ye holde never your londe in pees.

An hondred ponde, sayd the abbot.  
 The justyce said, Gyve him two.  
 Nay, be god, sayd the knyght,  
 Yet gete ye it not soo:

Though ye wolde gyve a thousande more,  
 Yet were 'ye' never the nere;  
 Shall there never be myn eyre,  
 Abbot, justyce, ne frere.

He sterte him to a borde anone,  
 Tyll a table rounde,  
 And there he shoke out of a bagge  
 Even foure hondred ponde.

Have here thy golde, syr abbot, sayd the knyght,  
 Which that thou lentest me ;  
 Haddest thou ben curteys at my comynge,  
 Rewarde sholdest thou have be.

The abbot sat styll, and ete no more,  
 For all his ryall chere,  
 He caste his hede on his sholder,  
 And fast began to stare.

Take me my golde agayne, sayd the abbot,  
 Syr justyce, that I toke the.  
 Not a peny, sayd the justyce,  
 By god that dyed on a tre.

“ Syr abbot, and ye men of lawe,  
 Now have I holde my daye,  
 Now shall I have my londe agayne,  
 For ought that you can saye.”

The knyght stert out of the dore,  
 Awaye was all his care,  
 And on he put his good-clothyng,  
 The other he lefte there.

He wente hym forthe full mery syngynge,  
 As men have tolde in tale,  
 His lady met hym at the gate,  
 At home in Uterysdale.

Welcome, my lorde, sayd his lady ;  
 Syr, lost is all your good ?  
 Be mery, dame, sayd the knyght,  
 And praye for Robyn Hode,

That ever his soule be in blysse,  
 He holpe me out of my tene ;  
 Ne had not be his kyndenesse,  
 Beggars had we ben.

The abbot and I acordyd ben,  
 He is served of his pay,  
 The good yeman lent it me,  
 As I came by the way.

This knyght than dwelled fayre at home,  
 The soth for to say,  
 Tyll he had got foure hondreth ponde,  
 All redy for too paye,

He purveyed hym an hondred bowes,  
 The strenges [were] welle dyght,  
 An hondred shefe of arowes good,  
 The hedes burnyshed full bryght,

And every arowe an elle longe,  
 With pecocke well y dyght,  
 Inocked all with whyte sylver,  
 It was a semly syght.

He purveyed hym an hondreth men,  
 Well harneysed in that stede,  
 And hymselfe in that same sete,  
 And clothed in whyte and rede.

He bare a launsgay in his honde,  
 And a man ledde his male,  
 And reden with a lyght songe,  
 Unto Bernysdale.

As he went at a brydge ther was a wrastelyng,  
 And there taryed was he,  
 And there was all the best yemen,  
 Of all the west countree.

A full fayre game there was upset,  
 A whyte bull up ipyght;  
 A grete courser with sadle and brydil,  
 With golde burneyshed full bryght;

A payre of gloves, a rede golde rynge,  
A pype of wyne, in good fay:  
What man bereth him best I wys,  
The pryce shall bere away.

There was a yeman in that place,  
And best worthy was he,  
And for he was ferre and frend bestad,  
Islayne he sholde have be.

The knyght had reuth of this yeman,  
In place where that he stode,  
He said that yoman sholde have no harme,  
For love of Robyn Hode.

The knyght presed into the place,  
An hondred folowed hym 'fre,'  
With bowes bent, and arowes sharpe,  
For to shende that company.

They sholdred all, and made hym rome,  
To wete what he wolde say,  
He toke the yeman by the honde,  
And gave hym all the playe ;

He gave hym fyve marke for his wyne,  
There it laye on the molde,  
And bad it sholde be sette a broche,  
Drynke who so wolde.

Thus longe taryed this gentyll knyght,  
Tyll that playe was done,  
So longe abode Robyn fastynge,  
Thre houres after the none.

## THE THYRDE FYTTE.

LYTH and lysten, gentyll men,  
 All that now be here,  
 Of Lytell Johan, that was the knyghtes man,  
 Good myrthe ye shall here.

It was upon a mery day,  
 That yonge men wolde go shete,  
 Lytell Johan fet his bowe anone,  
 And sayd he wolde them mete.

Thre tymes Lytell Johan shot about,  
 And alway cleft the wande,  
 The proude sheryf of Notyngham  
 By the markes gan stande.

The sheryf swore a full grete othe,  
 By hym that dyed on a tree,  
 This man is the best archere  
 That yet sawe I me.

Say me now, wyght yonge man,  
 What is now thy name?  
 In what countre were thou born,  
 And where is thy wonnyng wand?

“ In Holdernesse I was bore,  
 I wys all of my dame,  
 Men call me Reynolde Grenelefe,  
 When I am at hame.”

“ Say me, Reynaud Grenelefe,  
 Wolte thou dwell with me?  
 And every yere I wyll the gyve  
 Twenty marke to thy fee.”



I have a mayster, sayd Lytell Johan,  
A curteys knyght is he,  
May ye gete leve of hym,  
The better may it bee.

The sheryfe gate Lytell Johan  
Twelve monethes of the knyght,  
Therefore he gave him ryght anone  
A good hors and a wyght.

Now is Lytel Johan the sheryffes man,  
He gyve us well to spede,  
But alway thought Lytell Johan  
To quyte hym well his mede.

Now so god me helpe, sayd Lytel Johan,  
And be my trewe lewtē,  
I shall be the worste servaunte to hym  
That ever yet had he.

It befell upon a wednesday,  
The sheryfe on hontynge was gone,  
And Lytel Johan lay in his bed,  
And was foryete at home.

Therefore he was fastynge  
Tyl it was past the none.  
Good syr stuard, I pray the,  
Geve me to dyne, sayd Lytel Johan,

It is to long for Grenelese,  
Fastynge so long to be ;  
Therefore I pray the, stuarde,  
My dyner gyve thou me.

Shalt thou never ete ne drynke, sayd the stuarde,  
Tyll my lord be come to towne,  
I make myn avowe to god, sayd Lytell Johan,  
I had lever to cracke thy crowne,

## A LYTELL GESTE

The butler was ful uncurteys,  
 There he stode on flore,  
 He sterte to the buttery,  
 And shet fast the dore.

Lytell Johan gave the buteler such a rap,  
 His backe yede nygh on two,  
 Tho he lyved an hundreth wynter,  
 The wors he sholde go.

He sporned the dore with his fote,  
 It went up wel and fyne,  
 And there he made a large lyveray  
 Both of ale and wyne.

Syth ye wyl not dyne, sayd Lytel Johan,  
 I shall gyve you to drynke,  
 And though ye lyve an hondred wynter,  
 On Lytell Johan ye shall thynk.

Lytell Johan ete, and Lytell [Johan] dronke,  
 The whyle that he wolde,  
 The sheryfe had in his kechyn a coke,  
 A stoute man and a bolde.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd the coke,  
 Thou arte a shrewde hynde,  
 In an housholde to dwel,  
 For to ask thus to dyne.

And there he lent Lytel Johan  
 Good strokes thre.  
 I make myn avowe, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 These strokes lyketh well me.

Thou arte a bolde man and an hardy,  
 And so thynketh me;  
 And or I passe fro this place,  
 Asayed better shalt thou be.

Lytell Johan drewe a good swerde,  
The coke toke another in honde ;  
They thought nothyng for to fle,  
But styfly for to stonde.

There they fought sore togyder,  
Two myle way and more,  
Myght neyther other harme done,  
The mountenaunce of an houre.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Lytell Johan,  
And be my trewe lewtè,  
Thou art one of the best swerdemen,  
That ever yet sawe I me.

Coowdest thou shote as well in a bowe,  
To grene wood thou sholdest with me,  
And two tymes in the yere thy clothyng  
Ichaunged sholde be ;

And every yere of Robyn Hode  
Twenty marke to thy fee.  
Put up thy swerde, sayd the coke,  
And felowes wyll we be.

Then he fette to Lytell Johan  
The numbles of a doo,  
Good brede and full good wyne,  
They ete and dranke therto.

And whan they had dronken well,  
Ther trouthes togyder they plyght,  
That they wolde be with Robyn  
That ylke same day at nyght.

They dyde them to the tresure hous,  
As fast as they myght gone,  
The lockes that were of good stele  
They brake them everychone ;

## A LYTELL GESTE

They toke away the sylver vessell,  
 And all that they myght get,  
 Peces, masars, and spones,  
 Wolde they non forgete ;

Also they toke the good pence,  
 Thre hondred ponde and three ;  
 And dyde them strayt to Robyn Hode,  
 Under the grene wode tre.

“ God the save, my dere maystèr,  
 And Cryst the save and se.”  
 And than sayd Robyn to Lytell Johan,  
 Welcome myght thou be :

And also be that fayre yeman  
 Thou bryngest there with the.  
 What tydynges fro Notyngham ?  
 Lytell Johan tell thou me.

“ Well the greteth the proude sheryfe,  
 And sende the here by me  
 His coke and his sylver vessell,  
 And thre hondred ponde and thre.”

I make myn avow to god, sayd Robyn,  
 And to the trenytè,  
 It was never by his good wyll,  
 This good is come to me,

Lytell Johan hym there bethought,  
 On a shrewed wyle,  
 Fyve myle in the forest he ran,  
 Hym happed at his wyll ;

Than he met the proud sheryf,  
 Huntynge with hounde and horne,  
 Lytell Johan coud his curteysye,  
 And kpeled hym beforne :

“ God the save, my dear maystèr,  
 And Cryst the save and see.”  
 Raynolde Grenelefe, sayd the sheryfe,  
 Where hast thou nowe be?

“ I have be in this forest,  
 A fayre syght can I se,  
 It was one of the fayrest syghtes  
 That ever yet sawe I me;

Yonder I se a ryght fayre hart,  
 His coloure is of grene,  
 Seven score of dere upon an herde  
 Be with hym all bedene;

His tynde are so sharp, maystèr,  
 Of sixty and well mo,  
 That I durst not shote for drede  
 Lest they wolde me sloo.”

I make myn avowe to god, sayd the sheryf,  
 That syght wolde I fayne se.  
 “ Buske you thyderwarde, my dere maystèr  
 Anone and wende with me.”

The sheryfe rode, and Lytell Johan  
 Of fote he was full smarte,  
 And whan they came afore Robyn:  
 “ Lo, here is the mayster harte!”

Styll stode the proude sheryf,  
 A sory man was he:  
 “ Wo worthe the, Raynolde Grenelefe  
 Thou hast now betrayed me.”

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 Mayster, ye be to blame,  
 I was mysserved of my dynere,  
 When I was with you at hame.

## A LYTELL GESTE

Soone he was to super sette,  
 And served with sylver whyte ;  
 And whan the sheryf se his vessell,  
 For sorowe he myght not ete.

Make good chere, sayd Robyn Hode,  
 Sheryfe, for charytè,  
 And for the love of Lytell Johan,  
 Thy lyfe is graunted to the.

When they had supped well,  
 The day was all agone,  
 Robyn commaunded Lytell Johan  
 To drawe of his liosen and his shone,

His kyrtell and his cote a pye,  
 That was furred well fyne,  
 And take him a grene mantèll,  
 To lappe his body therin.

Robyn commaunded his wyght yong men,  
 Under the grene wood tre,  
 They shall lay in that same sorte ;  
 That the sheryf myght them se.

All nyght laye that proud sheryf,  
 In his breche and in his sherte,  
 No wonder it was in grene wode,  
 Tho his sydes do smerte.

Make glad chere, sayd Robyn Hode,  
 Sheryfe, for charytè,  
 For this is our order I wys,  
 Under the grene wood tre.

This is harder order, sayd the sheryfe,  
 Than ony anker or frere ;  
 For al the golde in mery Englonde  
 I wolde not longe dwell here.

All these twelve monethes, sayd Robyn,  
 Thou shalte dwell with me ;  
 I shall the teche, proude sheryfe,  
 An outlawe for to be.

Or I here another nyght lye, sayd the sheryfe,  
 Robyn, now I praye the,  
 Smyte of my hede rather to morne,  
 And I forgyve it the.

Lete me go, then sayd the sheryf,  
 For saynt Charyte,  
 And I wyll be thy best frende  
 That ever yet had the.

Thou shalte swere me an othe, sayd Robyn,  
 On my bryght bronde,  
 Thou shalt never awayte me scathe,  
 By water ne by londe ;

And if thou fynde ony of my men,  
 By nyght or by day,  
 Upon thyne othe thou shalt swere,  
 To helpe them that thou may.

Now have the sheryf iswore his othe,  
 And home he began to gone,  
 He was as full of grene wode  
 As ever was hepe of stone.

#### THE FOURTH FYTTE.

THE sheryf dwelled in Notynghame,  
 He was fayne that he was gone,  
 And Robyn and his mery men  
 Went to wode anone.

## A LYTELL GESTE

Go we to dyner, sayd Lytell Johan.  
 Robyn Hode sayd, Nay;  
 For I drede our lady be wroth with me,  
 For she sent me not my pay.

Have no dout, mayster, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 Yet is not the sonne at rest,  
 For I dare saye, and sanfly swere,  
 The knyght is trewe and trust.

Take thy bowe in thy hande, sayd Robyn,  
 Let Moch wende with the,  
 And so shall Wyllyam Scathelock,  
 And no man abyde with me,

And walke up into the Sayles,  
 And to Watlynge strete,  
 And wayte after 'some' unketh gest,  
 Up chaunce ye may them mete.

Whether he be messengere,  
 Or a man that myrthes can,  
 Or yf he be a pore man,  
 Of my good he shall have some.

Forth then stert Lytel Johan,  
 Half in tray and tene,  
 And gyrde hym with a full good swerde,  
 Under a mantel of grene.

They went up to the Sayles,  
 These yemen all thre;  
 They loked est, they loked west,  
 They myght no man se.

But as 'they' loked in Bernysdale,  
 By the hye waye,  
 Than were they ware of two blacke monkës,  
 Eche on a good palferay.



Then bespake Lytell Johan,  
 To Much he gan say,  
 I dare lay my lyfe to wedde,  
 That these monkes have brought our pay.

Make glad chere, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 And frese our bowes of ewe,  
 And loke your hertes be seker and sad,  
 Your strynges trusty and trewe.

The monke hath fifty two men,  
 And seven somers full stronge,  
 There rydeth no byshōp in this londe,  
 So ryally, I understand.

Brethern, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 Here are no more but we thre;  
 But we brynge them to dyner,  
 Our mayster dare we not se.

Bende your bowes, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 Make all yon prese to stonde,  
 The formost monke, his lyfe and his deth  
 Is closed in my honde.

Abyde, chorle monke, sayd Lytell Johan,  
 No ferther that thou gone;  
 Yf thou doost, by dere worthy god,  
 Thy deth is in my honde.

And evyll thryfte on thy hede, said Lytell Johan,  
 Ryght under thy hattes bonde,  
 For thou hast made our mayster wroth,  
 He is fastynge so longe.

Who is your mayster? sayd the monke.  
 Lytell Johan sayd, Robyn Hode.  
 He is a stronge thefe, sayd the monke,  
 Of hym herd I never good.

Thou lvest, than sayd Lytell Johan,  
 And that shall rewe the ;  
 He is a yeman of the forèst,  
 To dyne he hath bode the.

Much was redy with a bolte,  
 Redly and a none,  
 He sent the monke to fore the brest,  
 To the grounde that he can gone.

Of fifty two wyght yonge men,  
 There abode not one,  
 Saf a lytell page, and a grome  
 To lede the somers with Johan.

They brought the monke to the lodge dore,  
 Whether he were loth or lefe,  
 For to speke with Robyn Hode,  
 Maugre in theyr tethe.

Robyn dyde adown his hode,  
 The monke whan that he se ;  
 The monke was not so curteyse,  
 His hode then let he be.

He is a chorle, mayster, by dere worthy god,  
 Than said Lytell Johan.  
 Thereof no force, sayd Robyn,  
 For-curteysy can he none.

How many men, sayd Robyn,  
 Had this monke, Johan?  
 " Fifty and two whan that we met,  
 But many of them be gone."

Let blowe a horne, sayd Robin,  
 That felaushyp may us knowe ;  
 Seven score of wyght yemen,  
 Came pryckynge ou a rowe,

And everych of them a good mantell,  
 Of scarlet and of raye,  
 All they came to good Robyn,  
 To wyte what he wolde say.

They made the monke to washe and wype,  
 And syt at his denere,  
 Robyn Hode and Lytel Johan  
 They served 'him' bothe in fere.

Do gladly, monke, sayd Robyn,  
 Gramercy, syr, said he.  
 "Where is your abbay, when ye are at home,  
 And who is your avowè?"

Saynt Mary abbay, sayd the monke,  
 Though I be symple here.  
 In what offyce? sayd Robyn.  
 "Syr, the hye selerer."

Ye be the more welcome, sayd Robyn,  
 So ever mote I the.  
 Fyll of the best wyne, sayd Robyn,  
 This monke shall drynke to me.

But I have grete mervayle, sayd Robyn,  
 Of all this longe day,  
 I drede our lady be wroth with me,  
 She sent me not my pay.

Have no doute, mayster, said Lytell Johan,  
 Ye have no need I saye,  
 This monke it hath brought, I dare well swere,  
 For he is of her abbay.

And she was a borowe, sayd Robyn,  
 Betwene a knyght and me,  
 Of a lytell money that I hym lent,  
 Under the grene wode tree;

And yf thou hast that sylver ibroughte,  
 I praye the let me se,  
 And I shall helpe the eft sones,  
 Yf thou have nede of me.

The monke swore a full grete othe,  
 With a sory chere,  
 Of the borowehode thou spekest to me,  
 Herde I never ere.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,  
 Monke, thou arte to blame;  
 For god is holde a ryghtwys man,  
 And so is his dame.

Thou toldest with thyn owne tonge,  
 Thou may not say nay,  
 How thou arte her servaunt,  
 And servest her every day.

And thou art made her messengere,  
 My money for to pay,  
 Therfore I cun the more thanke,  
 Thou arte come at thy day.

What is in your cofers? sayd Robyn,  
 Trewe than tell thou me.  
 Syr, he sayd, twenty marke,  
 Al so mote I the.

Yf there be no more, sayd Robyn,  
 I wyll not one peny;  
 Yf thou hast myster of ony more,  
 Syr, more I shall lende to the;

And yf I fynde more, sayd Robyn,  
 I wys thou shalte it forgone;  
 For of thy spendyng sylver, monk,  
 Therof wyll I ryght none.

Go nowe forthe, Lytell Johan,  
And the trowth tell thou me ;  
If there be no more but twenty marke,  
No peny that I se.

Lytell Johan spred his mantell downe,  
As he had done before,  
And he tolde out of the monkes mâle,  
Eyght hundreth pounce and more.

Lytell Johan let it lye full styll,  
And went to his mayster in hast ;  
Syr, he sayd, the monke is trewe ynowe,  
Our lady hath doubled your cost.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,  
Monke, what tolde I the ?  
Our lady is the trewest womân,  
That ever yet founde I me.

By dere worthy god, sayd Robyn,  
To seche all Eng lond thorowe,  
Yet founde I never to my pay  
A moche better borowe.

Fyll of ye best wyne, do hym drynke, sayd Robyn,  
And grete well thy lady hende,  
And yf she have nede of Robyn Hode,  
A frende she shall hym fynde ;

And yf she nedeth any more sylver,  
Come thou agayne to me,  
And by this token she hath me sent,  
She shall have such thre.

The monke was going to London ward,  
There to hold grete mote,  
The knyght that rode so hie on hors,  
To brynge him under fote.

Whether be ye away? sayd Robyn.  
 " Syr, to maners in this londe,  
 Too reken with our reves,  
 That have done moch wronge."

" Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
 And harken to my tale,  
 A better yeman I knowe none,  
 To seke a monkes male."

How moch is in yonder other 'cofer?' sayd Robyn,  
 The soth must we see.  
 By our lady, than sayd the monke,  
 That were no curteysye,

To bydde a man to dyner,  
 And syth hym bete and bynde.  
 It is our olde maner, sayd Robyn,  
 To leve but lytell behynde.

The monke toke the hors with spore,  
 No lenger wolde he abyde.  
 Aske to drynke, than sayd Robyn,  
 Or that ye forther ryde.

Nay, for god, than sayd the monke,  
 Me reweth I cam so nere,  
 For better chepe I myght have dyned,  
 In Blythe or in Dankestere.

Grete well your abbot, sayd Robyn,  
 And your pryour, I you pray,  
 And byd hym send me such a monke,  
 To dyner every day.

Now lete we that monke be styll,  
 And speke we of that knyght,  
 Yet he came to holde his day,  
 Whyle that it was lyght.

He dyde hym streyt to Bernysdale,  
 Under the grene wode tre,  
 And he founde there Robyn Hode,  
 And all his mery meynè.

The knyght lyght downe of his good palfrày,  
 Robyn whan he gan see,  
 So curteysly he dyde adounne his hode,  
 And set hym on his knee.

“God the save, good Robyn Hode,  
 And al this company.”  
 “Welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,  
 And ryght welcome to me.”

Than bespake hym Robyn Hode,  
 To that knyght so fre,  
 What nede dryveth the to grene wode?  
 I pray the, syr knyght, tell me.

And welcome be thou, gentyl knyght,  
 Why hast thou be so longe?  
 “For the abbot and the hye justyce  
 Wolde have had my londe.”

Hast thou thy lond agayne? said Robyn,  
 Treuth than tell thou me.  
 Ye, for god, sayd the knyght,  
 And that thanke I god and the.

But take not a grefe, I have be so longe;  
 I came by a wrastelynge,  
 And there I dyd holpe a pore yemàn,  
 With wronge was put behynde.

Nay, for god, sayd Robyn,  
 Syr knyght, that thanke I the;  
 What man that helpeth a good yemàn,  
 His frende than wyll I be.

Have here foure hondred ponde, than sayd the knyght,  
 The whiche ye lent to me ;  
 And here is also twenty marke  
 For your curteysy.

Nay, for god, than sayd Robyn,  
 Thou broke it well for ay,  
 For our lady, by her selerer,  
 Hath sent to me my pay ;

And yf I toke it twyse,  
 A shame it were to me :  
 But trewely, gentyll knyght,  
 Welcom arte thou to me.

Whan Robyn had tolde his tale,  
 He leugh and had good chere.  
 By my trouthe, then sayd the knyght,  
 Your money is redy here.

Broke it well, sayd Robyn,  
 Thou gentyll knyght so fre ;  
 And welcome be thou, gentyll knyght,  
 Under my trystell tre.

But what shall these bowers do? sayd Robyn,  
 And these arowes ifedered fre?  
 By god, than sayd the knyght,  
 A pore present to the.

“ Come now forth, Lytell Johan,  
 And go to my treasurè,  
 And brynge me there foure hondred ponde,  
 The monke over tolde it me.

Have here foure hondred ponde,  
 Thou gentyll knyght and trewe,  
 And bye hors and harnes good,  
 And gylte thy spores all newe :



And yf thou fayle ony spendynge,  
 Com to Robyn Hode,  
 And by my trowth thou shalt none fayle  
 The whyles I have any good.

And broke well thy four hundred pound,  
 Whiche I lent to the,  
 And make thy selfe no more so hare,  
 By the counsell of me.

Thus than holpe hym good Robyn,  
 The knyght all of his care.  
 God, that sytteth in heven hye,  
 Graunte us well to fare.

## THE FYFTH FYTTE.

Now hath the knyght his leve itake,  
 And wente hym on his way ;  
 Robyn Hode and his mery men  
 Dwelled styll full many a day.

Lyth and lysten, gentil men,  
 And herken what I shall say,  
 How the proude sheryfe of Notyngham  
 Dyde crye a full fayre play :

That all the best archers of the north  
 Sholde come upon a day,  
 And they that shoteth ' alder' best  
 The game shall bere away.

“ He that shoteth ' alder' best  
 Furthest fayre and lowe,  
 At a payre of fynly buttes,  
 Under the grene wode shawe,

A ryght good arowe he shall have,  
 The shaft of sylver whyte,  
 The heade and the feders of ryche rede golde,  
 In Englonde is none lyke."

This then herde good Robyn,  
 Under his trystell tre:  
 "Make you redy, ye wyght yonge men,  
 That shotyng wyll I se.

Buske you, my mery yonge men.  
 Ye shall go with me;  
 And I wyll wete the shryves fayth,  
 Trewe and yf he be."

When they had theyr bowes ibent,  
 Theyr takles fedred fre,  
 Seven score of wyght yonge men  
 Stode by Robyns kne.

Whan they cam to Notynggham,  
 The buttes were fayre and longe,  
 Many was the holde archere  
 That shoted with bowes stronge.

"There shall but syx shote with me,  
 The other shal kepe my hede,  
 And stande with good bowes bent  
 That I be not desceyved."

The fourth outlawe his bowe gan bende,  
 And that was Robyn Hode,  
 And that behelde the proude sheryfe,  
 All by the but he stode.

Thryes Robyn shot about,  
 And alway he slit the wand,  
 And so dyde good Gylberte,  
 With the whyte hande.

Lytell Johan and good Scatheloke  
 Were archers good and fre ;  
 Lytell Much and good Reynolde,  
 The worste wolde they not be.

Whan they had shot aboute,  
 These archours fayre and good,  
 Evermore was the best,  
 Forsoth, Robyn Hode.

Hym was delyvered the goode arow,  
 For best worthy was he ;  
 He toke the yest so curteysly,  
 To grene wode wolde he,

They cryed out on Robyn Hode,  
 And great hornes gan they blowe,  
 Wo worth the, treason! sayd Robyn,  
 Full evyl thou art to knowe.

And wo be thou, thou proud sheryf,  
 Thus gladdynge thy gest,  
 Other wyse thou behote me  
 In yonder wylde forest ;

But had I the in grene wode,  
 Under my trystell tre,  
 Thou sholdest leve me a better wedde  
 Than thy trewe lewtè.

Full many a bowe there was bent,  
 And arowes let they glyde,  
 Many a kyrtell there was rent,  
 And hurt many a syde.

The outlawes shot was so stronge,  
 That no man myght them dryve,  
 And the proud sheryfes men  
 They fled away full blyve.

Robyn sawe the bushement to broke,  
 In grene wode he wolde have be,  
 Many an arowe there was shot  
 Amonge that company.

Lytell Johan was hurte full sore,  
 With an arowe in his kne,  
 That he myght neyther go nor ryde ;  
 It was full grete pytè.

Mayster, then sayd Lytell Johan,  
 If ever thou lovest me,  
 And for that ylke lordes love,  
 That dyed upon a tre,

And for the medes of my servyce,  
 That I have served the,  
 Lete never the proude sheryf  
 Alyve now fynde me ;

But take out thy browne swerde,  
 And smyte all of my hede,  
 And gyve me woundes dede and wyde,  
 No lyfe on me be lefte.

I wolde not that, sayd Robyn,  
 Johan, that thou were slawe,  
 For all the golde in mery Englund,  
 Though it lay now on a rawe.

God forbede, sayd lytell Much,  
 That dyed on a tre,  
 That thou sholdest, Lytell Johan,  
 Parte our company.

Up he toke him on his backe,  
 And bare hym well a myle,  
 Many a tyme he layd hym downe,  
 And shot another whyle.

Then was there a fayre castèll,  
 A lytell within the wode,  
 Double dyched it was about,  
 And walled, by the rode;

And there dwelled that gentyll knyght,  
 Syr Rychard at the Lee,  
 That Robyn had lent his good,  
 Under the grene wode tree.

In he toke good Robyn,  
 And all his company:  
 "Welcome be thou, Robyn Hode,  
 Welcome arte thou [to] me;

And moche [I] thanke the of thy comfort,  
 And of thy curteysye,  
 And of thy grete kyndenesse,  
 Under the grene wode tre;

I love no man in all this worlde  
 So moch as I do the;  
 For all the proud sheryf of Notyngham,  
 Ryght here shalt thou be.

Sht the gates, and drawe the bridge,  
 And let no man com in;  
 And arme you well and make you redy,  
 And to the walle ye wyne.

For one thyng, Robyn, I the behote,  
 I swere by saynt Quyntyn,  
 These twelve dayes thou wonest with me,  
 To suppe, ete, and dyne.

Bordes were layed, and clothes spred,  
 Reddely and anone;  
 Robyn Hode and his mery men  
 To mete gan they gone.

## THE SYXTE FYTTE.

LYTHE and lysten, gentylnen  
 And herken unto your songe,  
 How the proude sheryfe of Notyngham,  
 And men of armes stronge.

Full faste came to the hye sheryfe,  
 The countre up to rout,  
 And they beset the knyghts castell,  
 The walles all about.

The proude sheryf loude gan crye,  
 And sayd, Thou traytour knyght,  
 Thou kepeste here the kynges enemye,  
 Agayne the lawes and ryght.

“Syr, I wyll avowe that I have done,  
 The dedes that here be dyght,  
 Upon all the londes that I have,  
 As I am a trewe knyght.

Wende forthe, syrs, on your waye,  
 And doth no more to me,  
 Tyll ye wytte our kynges wyll  
 What he woll say to the.”

The sheref thus had his answere,  
 With out ony leasyng,  
 Forthe he yode to London tounne,  
 All for to tel our kyng.

There he tolde him of that knyght,  
 And eke of Robyn Hode,  
 And also of the bolde archeres,  
 That noble were and good.

“ He wolde avowe that he had done,  
To mayntayne the outlawes stronge,  
He wolde be lorde, and set you at nought,  
In all the north londe.”

I woll be at Notyngham, sayd the kynge,  
Within this fourtynyght,  
And take I wyll Robyn Hode,  
And so I wyll that knyght.

Go home, thou proud sheryf,  
And do as I bydde the.  
And ordayne good archeres inowe,  
Of all the wyde countree.

The sheryf had his leve itake,  
And went hym on his way ;  
And Robyn Hode to grene wode,  
Upon a certayn day :

And Lytell Johan was hole of the arowe,  
That shote was in his kne,  
And dyde hym strayte to Robyn Hode,  
Under the grene wode tre.

Robyn Hode walked in the foreste,  
Under the leves grene,  
The proud sheryfe of Notyngham  
Therefore he had grete tene.

The sheryf there fayled of Robyn Hode,  
He myght not have his pray,  
Then he awayted that gentyll knyght,  
Bothe by nyght and by daye.

Ever he awayted that gentyll knyght,  
Syr Rychard at the Lee ;  
As he went on haukyng by the ryver syde,  
And let his haukes flee,

Toke he there this gentyll knyght,  
 With men of armes stronge,  
 And lad hym home to Notynggham warde,  
 Ibonde both fote and honde.

The sheryf swore á full grete othe,  
 By hym that dyed on a tre,  
 He he lever than an hondrede pounde,  
 That Robyn Hode had he!

Then the lady, the knyghtes wyfe,  
 A fayre lady and fre,  
 She set her on a gode palfray,  
 To grene wode anon rode she.

When she came to the forèst,  
 Under the green wode tre,  
 Founde she there Robyn Hode,  
 And all his fayre meyné.

“ God the save, good Robyn Hode,  
 And all thy company;  
 For our dere ladyes love,  
 A bone graunte thou me.

Let thou never my wedded lorde  
 Shamefully slayne to be;  
 He is fast ibounde to Notynggham warde,  
 For the love of the.”

Anone then sayd good Robyn,  
 To that lady fre,  
 What man hath your lorde itake?  
 The proud shirife, than sayd she.

[The proude sheryfe hath hym itake]  
 Forsoth as I the say;  
 He is not yet thre myles,  
 Passed on ‘ his ’ waye,



Up then sterte good Robyn,  
 As a man that had be wode :  
 “ Buske you, my mery younge men,  
 For hym that dyed on a rode ;

And he that this sorowe forsaketh,  
 By hym that dyed on a tre,  
 And by him that al thinges maketh,  
 No lenger shall dwell with me.”

Sone there were good bowes ibent,  
 Mo than seven score,  
 Hedge ne dych spared they none,  
 That was them before.

I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,  
 The knyght wold I fayn se,  
 And yf I may hym take,  
 Iquyt then shall he bee.

And whan they came to Notyngham,  
 They walked in the strete,  
 And with the proud sheryf, I wys,  
 Sone gan they mete.

Abyde, thou proud sheryf, he sayd,  
 Abyde and speak with me,  
 Of some tydynges of our kyng,  
 I wolde fayne here of the.

This seven yere, by dere worthy god,  
 Ne yede I so fast on fote,  
 I make myn avowe to god, thou proud sheryfe,  
 ‘ It’ is not for thy good.

Robyn bent a good bowe,  
 An arrowe he drewe at his wyll,  
 He hyt so the proud sheryf,  
 Upon the grounde he lay full styll ;

## A LYTELL GESTE

And or he myght up aryse,  
 On his fete to stonde,  
 He smote of the sheryves hede,  
 With his bryght bronde.

“ Lye thou there, thou prond sheryf,  
 Evyll mote thou thryve ;  
 There myght no man to the trust,  
 The whyles thou were alyve.”

His men drewe out theyr bryght swerdes,  
 That were so sharp and kene,  
 And layde on the sheryves men,  
 And dryved them downe by dene.

Robyn stert to that knyght,  
 And cut a two his bonde,  
 And toke him in his hand a bowe,  
 And bade hym by hym stonde.

“ Leve thy hors the behynde,  
 And lerne for to renne ;  
 Thou shalt with me to grene wode,  
 Through myre, mosse and fenne,

Thou shalt with me to grene wode,  
 Without ony leasyng,  
 Tyll that I have gete us grace,  
 Of Edwarde our comly kyng.

## THE SEVENTH FYTTE.

THE kyng came to Notyngname,  
 With knyghtes in grete araye,  
 For to take that gentyll knyght,  
 And Robyn Hode, yf he may.

He asked men of that countrè,  
 After Robyn Hode,  
 And after that gentyll knyght,  
 That was so bolde and stout.

Whan they had tolde hym the case,  
 Our kynge understonde ther tale,  
 And seased in his honde  
 The knyghtes londes all.

All the pass of Lancashyrè,  
 He went both ferre, and nere,  
 Tyll he came to Plomton parke,  
 He fayld many of his dere.

There our kynge was wont to se  
 Herdes many one,  
 He coud unneth fynde one dere,  
 That bare ony good horne.

The kynge was wonder wroth with all,  
 And swøre by the trynytè,  
 " I wolde I had Robyn Hode,  
 With eyen I myght hym se ;

And he that wolde smyte of the knyghtes hede,  
 And brynge it to me,  
 He shall have the knyghtes londes,  
 Syr Rycharde at the Le ;

I gyve it hym with my chartèr,  
 And sele it with my honde,  
 To have and holde for ever more,  
 In all mery Englonde."

Than bespake a fayre olde knyght,  
 That was treue in his fay,  
 A, my lege lorde the kynge,  
 One worde I shall you say ;

There is no man in this countre  
 May have the knyghtes londes,  
 Whyle Robyn Hode may ryde or gone,  
 And bere a bowe in his hondes ;

That he ne shall lese his hede,  
 That is the best ball in his hode :  
 Give it no man, my lorde the kyng,  
 That ye wyll any good.

Half a yere dwelled our comly kyng,  
 In Notyngham, and well more,  
 Coude he not here of Robyn Hode,  
 In what countre that he were ;

But alway went good Robyn  
 By halke and eke by hyll,  
 And alway slewe the kynges dere,  
 And welt them at his wyll.

Than bespake a proud fostere,  
 That stode by our kynges kne,  
 If ye wyll se good Robyn,  
 Ye must do after me ;

Take fyve of the best knyghtes  
 That be in your lede,  
 And walke downe by 'yon' abbay,  
 And gete you monkes wede.

And I wyll be your ledes man,  
 And lede you the way,  
 And or ye come to Notyngham,  
 Myn hede then dare I lay,

That ye shall mete with good Robyn,  
 On lyve yf that he be,  
 Or ye come to Notyngham,  
 With eyen ye shall hym se.

Full hastily our kynge was dyght,  
 So were his knyghtes fyve,  
 Everych of them in monkes wede,  
 And hasted them thyder blyth.

Our kynge was grete above his cole,  
 A brode hat on his crowne,  
 Ryght as he were abbot lyke,  
 They rode up in to the towne.

Styf botes our kynge had on,  
 Forsoth as I you say,  
 He rode syngynge to grene wode,  
 The covent was clothed in graye,

His male hors, and his grete somers,  
 Folowed our kynge be hynde,  
 Tyll they came to grene wode,  
 A myle under the lynde,

There they met with good Robyn,  
 Stondyng on the waye,  
 And so dyde many a bolde archere,  
 For soth as I you say.

Robyn toke the kynges hors,  
 Hastely in that stede,  
 And sayd, Sir abbot, by your leve,  
 A whyle ye must abyde;

We be yemen of this foreste,  
 Under the grene wode tre,  
 We lyve by our kynges dere,  
 Other shyft have not we;

And ye have chyrches and rentes both,  
 And gold full grete plentè;  
 Gyve us some of your spendynge,  
 For saynt Charyte.

## A LYTELL GESTE

Then bespake our cumly kynge,  
 Anone than sayd he,  
 I brought no more to grene wode,  
 But forty ponde with me;

I have layne at Notyngham,  
 This fourtynight with our kynge,  
 And spent I have full moche good,  
 On many a grete lordynge;

And I have but forty ponde,  
 No more than have I me,  
 But yf I had an hondred ponde,  
 I would geve it to the.

Robyn toke the forty ponde,  
 And departed it in two partye,  
 Halfendell he gave his mery men,  
 And bad them mery to be.

Full curteysly Robin gan say,  
 Syr, have this for your spendyng,  
 We shall mete a nother day.  
 Gramercy, than sayd our kynge;

But well the greteth Edwarde our kynge,  
 And sent to the his seale,  
 And byddeth the com to Notyngham,  
 Both to mete and mele.

Hé toke out the brode tarpe,  
 And sone he lete hym se;  
 Robyn coud his courteysy,  
 And set hym on his kne:

“ I love no man in all the worlde  
 So well as I do my kynge,  
 Welcome is my lordes seale:  
 And, monke, for thy tydynge,

Syr abbot, for thy tydynges,  
 To day thou shalt dyne with me  
 For the love of my kynge  
 Under my trystell tre."

Forth he lad our comly kynge,  
 Full fayre by the honde,  
 Many a dere there was slayne,  
 And full fast dyghtande.

Robyn toke a full grete horne,  
 And loude he gan blowe,  
 Seven score of wyght yonge men,  
 Came redy on a rowe,

All they kneeled on theyr kne,  
 Full fayre before Robyn.  
 The kynge sayd hymselfe untyll,  
 And swore by saynt Austyn,

Here is a wonder semely syght,  
 Me thynketh, by goddes pyne ;  
 His men are more at his byddyng,  
 Then my men be at myn.

Full hastly was theyr dyner idyght,  
 And therto gan they gone,  
 They served our kynge with al theyr myght,  
 Both Robyn and Lytell Johan.

Anone before our kynge was set  
 The fatte venyson,  
 The good whyte brede, the good red wyne,  
 And therto the fyne ale browne.

Make good chere, sayd Robyn,  
 Abbot, for charyte : -  
 And for this ylke tydyng,  
 Blyssed mote thou be.

## A LYTELL GESTE

Now shalt thou se what lyfe we lede,  
 Or thou hens wende,  
 Than thou may enfourme our kynge,  
 Whan ye togyder lende.

Up they sterte all in hast,  
 Theyr bowes were smartly bent,  
 Our kynge was never so sore agast,  
 He wende to have be shente.

Two yerdes there were up set,  
 There to gan they gange ;  
 By fifty pase, our kynge sayd,  
 The merkes were to longe,

On every syde a rose garlonde,  
 They shot under the lyne.  
 Who so fayleth of the rose garlonde, sayd Robyn,  
 His takyll he shall tyne,

And yelde it to his mayster,  
 Be it never so fyne,  
 For no man wyll I spare,  
 So drynke I ale or wyne.

And here a buffet on his hede,  
 I wys ryght all bare.  
 And all that fell in Robyns lote,  
 He smote them wonder sare.

Twyse Robyn shot aboute,  
 And ever he cleved the wande,  
 And so dyde good Gylberte,  
 With the whyte hand ;

Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,  
 For nothyng wolde they spare,  
 When they fayled of the garlonde,  
 Robyn smote them full sare :



At the last shot that Robyn shot,  
 For all hys frendes fare,  
 Yet he fayled of the garlonde,  
 Thre fyngers and mare.

Then bespake good Gylberte,  
 And thus he gan say,  
 Mayster, he sayd, your takyll is lost,  
 Stand forth and take your pay.

If it be so, sayd Robyn,  
 That may no better be;  
 Syr abbot, I delyver the myn arowe,  
 I pray the, syr, serve thou me.

It falleth not for myn order, sayd our kynge,  
 Robyn, by thy leve,  
 For to smyte no good yemàn,  
 For doute I sholde hym greve.

Smyte on boldely, sayd Robyn,  
 I give the large leve.  
 Anone our kynge, with that worde,  
 He folde up his sleve.

And sych a buffiet he gave Robyn,  
 To grounde he yede full nere.  
 I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,  
 Thou arte a stalworthe frere;

There is pith in thyn arme, sayd Robyn,  
 I trowe thou canst well shote.  
 Thus our kynge and Robyn Hode  
 Togeder than they met.

Robyn behelde our comly kynge  
 Wystly in the face,  
 So dyde syr Richarde at the Le,  
 And kuelede downe in that place;

And so dyde all the wylde outlawes,  
 Whan they se them knele.  
 " My lorde the kyng of Englonde,  
 Now I knowe you well."

Mercy, then Robyn sayd to our kyng,  
 Under your trystyll tre,  
 Of thy goodnesse and thy grace  
 For my men and me!

Yes, for god, sayd Robyn,  
 And also god me save;  
 I aske mercy, my lorde the kyng,  
 And for my men I crave.

Yes, for god, than sayd our kyng  
 Thy petition I graunt the,  
 With that thou leve the grene wode,  
 And all thy company;

And come home, syr, to my courte,  
 And there dwell with me.  
 I make myn avowe to god, sayd Robyn,  
 And ryght so shall it be;

I wyll come to your courte,  
 Your servyse for to se,  
 And bryng with me of my men  
 Seven score and thre.

But me lyke well your servyse,  
 I come agayne full soone,  
 And shote at the donne dere,  
 As I am wonte to done.

## THE EIGHTH FYTTE.

HASTE thou ony grene cloth? sayd our kyuge,  
That thou wylte sell nowe to me.  
Ye, for god, sayd Robyn,  
Thyrty yerdes and thre.

Robyn, sayd our kyuge,  
Now pray I the,  
To sell me some of that cloth,  
To me and meynê.

Yes, for god, then sayd Robyn,  
Or elles I were a fole;  
A nother day ye wyll me clothe,  
I trowe, ayenst the Yole.

The kyuge kest of his cote then,  
A grene garment he dyde on,  
And every knyght had so, I wys,  
They clothed them full soone.

Whan they were clothed in Lyncolne grene,  
They kest away theyr graye.  
Now we shall to Notyngham,  
All thus our kyuge gan say.

Theyr bowes bente and forth they went,  
Shotynge all in fere,  
Towarde the towne of Notyngham,  
Outlawes as they were.

Our kyuge and Robyn rode togyder,  
For soth as I you say,  
And they shote plucke buffet,  
As they went by the way;

And many a buffet our kynge wan,  
 Of Robyn Hode that day ;  
 And nothyng spared good Robyn  
 Our kynge in his pay.

So god me helpe, sayd our kynge,  
 Thy game is nought to lere,  
 I sholde not get a shote of the,  
 Though I shote all this yere.

All the people of Notyngham  
 They stode and behelde,  
 They sawe nothyng but mantels of grene,  
 That covered all the felde ;

Than every man to other gan say,  
 I drede our kynge be slone ;  
 Come Robyn Hode to the towne, I wys,  
 On lyve he leveth not one.

Full hastily they began to fle,  
 Both yemen and knaves,  
 And olde wyves that myght evyll goo,  
 They hypped on theyr staves,

The kynge loughe full fast,  
 And commanded theym agayne ;  
 When they se our comly kynge,  
 I wys they were full fayne.

They ete and dranke, and made them glad,  
 And sange with notes hye.  
 Than bespake our comly kynge  
 To syr Rycharde at the Lee :

He gave hym there his londe agayne,  
 A good mau he bad hym be.  
 Robyn thanked our comly kynge,  
 And set hym on his kne.

Had Robyn dwelled in the kynges courte,  
 But twelve monethes and thre,  
 That he had spent an hondred pounde,  
 And all his mennes se.

In every place where Robyn came,  
 Ever more he layde downe,  
 Both for knyghtes and for squyres,  
 To gete hym grete renowne,

By than the yere was all agone,  
 He had no man but twayne  
 Lytell Johan and good Scathelocke,  
 Wyth hym all for to gone.

Robyn sawe yonge men shote,  
 Full fayre upon a day,  
 Alas! than sayd good Robyn,  
 My welthe is went away.

Sometyme I was an archere good,  
 A styffe and eke a stronge,  
 I was comytted the best archere,  
 That was in mery Englonde.

Alas! then sayd good Robyn,  
 Alas and well a woo!  
 Yf I dwele lenger with the kyng,  
 Sorowe wyll me sloo.

Forth than went Robyn Hode,  
 Tyll he came to our kyng:  
 "My lorde the kyng of Englonde,  
 Graunte me myn askyng.

I made a chapell in Bernysdale,  
 That semely is to se,  
 It is of Mary Magdalene,  
 And thereto wolde I be ;

I myght never in this seven nyght,  
 No tyme to slepe ne wynke,  
 Nother all these seven dayes,  
 Nother ete ne drynke.

Me longeth sore to Bernysdale,  
 I may not be therfro,  
 Barefote and wolwarde I have hyght  
 Thyder for to go."

Yf it be so, than sayd our kyng,  
 It may no better be ;  
 Seven nyght I gyve the leve,  
 No lengre, to dwell fro me.

Gramercy, lorde, then sayd Robyn,  
 And set hym on his kne ;  
 He toke his leve full courteysly,  
 To grene wode then went he.

Whan he came to grene wode,  
 In a mery mornynge,  
 There he herde the notes small,  
 Of byrdes mery syngynge.

It is ferre gone, sayd Robyn,  
 That I was last here,  
 Me lyste a lytell for to shote,  
 At the donne dere.

Robyn slewe a full grete harte,  
 His horne than gan he blow,  
 That all the outlawes of that forèst,  
 That horne coud they knowe,

And gadred them togyder,  
 In a lytell throwe,  
 Seven score of wight yonge men,  
 Came redy on a rowe ;

And fayre dyde of theyr hodes,  
 And set them on theyr kne :  
 Welcome, they sayd, our maystèr,  
 Under this grene wode tre.

Robyn dwelled in grene wode,  
 Twenty yere and two,  
 For all drede of Edwarde our kynge,  
 Agayne wolde he not goo.

Yet he was begyled, I wys,  
 Through a wycked womàn,  
 The pryoresse of Kyrkesly,  
 That nye was of his kynne,

For the love of a knyght,  
 Syr Roger of Donkestèr,  
 That was her own speciall,  
 Full evyll mote they ' fare,'

They toke togyder theyr counsell  
 Robyn Hode for to sle,  
 And how they myght best do that dede,  
 His banis for to be.

Than bespake good Robyn,  
 In place where as he stode,  
 To morrow I muste to Kyrkesley,  
 Craftely to be leten blode.

Syr Roger of Donkestere,  
 By the pryoresse he lay,  
 And there they betrayed good Robyn Hode,  
 Through theyr false playe.

Cryst have mercy on his soule,  
 That dyed on the rode !  
 For he was a good out lawe  
 And dyde pore men moch god.

## II.

## ROBYN HODE [AND THE POTTER].

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*This curious, and hitherto unpublished, and even unheard of old piece is given from a manuscript, among bishop Mores collections, in the public library of the university of Cambridge (Ec. 4. 35). The writing, which is evidently that of a vulgar and illiterate person, appears to be of the age of Henry the seventh, that is about the year 1500; but the composition (which he has irremediably corrupted) is probably of an earlier period, and much older, no doubt, than "The play of Robyn Hode," which seems allusive to the same story. At the end of the original is "Expleycyt Robyn Hode."*

---

IN schomer, when the leves spryng,  
 The bloschems on every bowe,  
 So merey doyt the berdys syng,  
 Yn wodys merey now.

Herkens, god yemen,  
 Comley, cortessy, and god,  
 On of the best that yever bar bou,  
 Hes name was Roben Hode.

Roben Hode was the yemens name,  
 That was boyt corteys and fre;  
 For the loffe of owr ladey,  
 All wemen werschep 'he.'



Bot as the god yeman stod on a day,  
 Among hes mery maney,  
 He was war of a prouwd potter,  
 Cam dryfting owyr the 'ley.'

Yonder comet a prod potter, seyde Roben,  
 That long hayt hantyd this wey,  
 He was never so corteys a man  
 On peney of pawage to pay.

Y met hem bot at Wentbreg, seyde Lytyll John,  
 And therfor yeffell mot he the,  
 Seche thre strokes he me gafe,  
 Yet they cleffe by my seydis.

Y ley forty shillings, seyde Lytyll John,  
 To pay het thes same day,  
 Ther ys nat a man among hus all  
 A wed schall make hem ley.

Her ys forty shillings, seyde Roben,  
 Mor, and thow dar say,  
 That y schall make that proude potter,  
 A wed to me schall he ley.

Ther thes money they leyde,  
 They toke het a yeman to kepe;  
 Roben befor the potter he breyde,  
 'And up to hem can lepe.'

Handys apon hes horse he leyde,  
 And bad 'hem' stonde foll stell,  
 The potter schorteley to hem seyde,  
 Felow, what ys they well?

All thes thre yer, and mor, potter, he seyde,  
 Thow hast hantyd thes wey,  
 Yet wer tow never so cortys a man  
 One peney of pawage to pay.

What ys they name? seyde the potter ;  
 For pauage thow aske of me.  
 " Roben Hod ys mey name,  
 A wed schall thow leffe me."

Wed well y non leffe, seyde the potter,  
 Nor pavag well y non pay ;  
 Awey they honde fro mey horse,  
 Y well the tene eyls, be mey fay.

The potter to hes cart he went,  
 He was not to seke,  
 A god to-hande staffe therowt he hent,  
 Befor Roben he ' lepe.'

Roben howt with a swerd bent,  
 A bokeler en hes honde [therto] ;  
 The potter to Roben he went,  
 And seyde, Fellow, let mey horse go.

Togeder then went thes two yemen,  
 Het was a good seyt to se ;  
 Therof low Robyn hes men,  
 Ther they stod onder a tre.

Leytell John to hes fellow he seyde,  
 Yend potter welle steffeley stonde.  
 The potter, with a caward stroke,  
 Smot the bokeler owt of hes honde ;

And ar Roben meyt get het agen,  
 Hes bokeler at hes fette,  
 The potter yn the neke hem toke,  
 To the gronde sone he yede.

That saw Roben hes men,  
 As they stode ender a bow :  
 Let us helpe owr master, seyed Lytell John,  
 Yonder potter els well hem sclo.

Thes yemen went with a breyde,  
 To 'ther' master they cam.  
 Leytell John to hes master seyde,  
 Ho haet the wager won?

Schall y haff yowr forty shillings, seyde Lytel John,  
 Or ye, master, schall haffe myne?  
 Yeff they wer a hundred, seyde Roben,  
 Y feythe, they ben all theyne.

Het ys fol leytell cortesey, seyde the potter,  
 As y haffe harde weyse men saye,  
 Yeff a por yeman com drywyng ower the wey,  
 To let hem of hes gorney.

Be mey trowet, thow seys soyt, seyde Roben,  
 Thow seys god yemenrey ;  
 And thow dreyffe forthe yevery day,  
 Thow schalt never be let for me.

Y well prey the, god potter,  
 A felischepe well thow haffe?  
 Geffe me they clothyng, and thow schalt hafe myne ;  
 Y well go to Notynggam.

Robyn went to Notynggam,  
 Thes pottes for to sell ;  
 The potter abode with Robens men,  
 Ther he fered not eylle.

Y grant therto, seyde the potter,  
 Thow schalt feynde me a felow gode ;  
 Bot thow can sell mey pottes well,  
 Com ayen as thow yode.

Nay, be mey trowt, seyde Roben,  
 And then y bescro mey hede,  
 Yeffe y bryng eney pottes ayen,  
 And eney weyffe well hem chepe.

Than spake Leytell John,  
 And all hes felowhes heynd,  
 Master, be well war of the screffe of Notynggam,  
 For he ys leytell howr frende.

Thorow the helpe of howr ladey,  
 Felowhes, let me alone;  
 Heyt war howte, seyde Roben,  
 To Notynggam well y gon.

Tho Roben droffe on hes wey,  
 So merey ower the londe.  
 Heres mor and affter ys to saye,  
 The best ys beheynde.

[ THE SECOND FIT. ]

WHEN Roben cam to Notynggam,  
 The soyt yef y scholde saye,  
 He set op hes horse anon,  
 And gaffe hem hotys and haye.

Yn the medys of the towne,  
 Ther he schowed hes war,  
 Pottys! pottys! he gan crey foll sone,  
 Haffe hansell for the mar.

Foll effen agenest the screffeys gate,  
 Schowed he hes chaffar;  
 Weyffes and wedowes about hem drow,  
 And chepyd fast of hes war.

Yet, Pottys, gret chepe! creyed Robyn,  
 Y loffe yeffel thes to stonde.  
 And all that saw hem sell,  
 Seyde he had be no potter long.

The pottys that wer werthe pens feyffe,  
 He solde tham for pens thre :  
 Preveley seyde man and weyffe,  
 Ywnder potter schall never the.

Thos Roben solde foll fast,  
 Tell he had pottys bot feyffe ;  
 Op he hem toke of his car,  
 And sende hem to the screffeys weyffe.

Therof sche was foll fayne,  
 Gereamarsey, sir, than seyde sche,  
 When ye com to thes contre ayen,  
 Y schall bey of ' they' pottys, so mot y the.

Ye schall haffe of the best, seyde Roben,  
 And swar be the treneytè.  
 Foll corteysley ' she' gan them call,  
 Com deyne with the screfe and me.

Godamarsey, seyde Roben,  
 Yowr bedyng schall be doyn.  
 A mayden yn the pottys gan ber,  
 Roben and the screffe weyffe folowed anon.

Whan Roben ynto the hall cam,  
 The screffe sone he met,  
 The potter cowed of corteysley,  
 And sone the screffe he gret.

" Loketh what thes potter hayt geffe yow and me,  
 Feyffe pottys smalle and grete !"  
 He ys fol wellcom, seyde the screffe,  
 Let os was, and ' go' to mete.

As they sat at her methe,  
 With a nobell cher,  
 Two of the screffes men gan speke  
 Off a gret wàgèr.

Was made the thother daye,  
 Off a schotyng was god and feyne,  
 Off forty shillings, the soyt to saye,  
 Who scholde thes wager wen.

Styll than sat thes prowde potter,  
 Thos than thowt he,  
 As y am a trow Cerstyn man,  
 Thes schotyng well y se.

Whan they had fared of the best,  
 With bred and ale and weyne,  
 To the 'bottys they' made them prest,  
 With bowes and boltys foll feyne.

The screffes men schot foll fast,  
 As archares that weren godde,  
 Ther cam non ner ney the marke  
 Bey halfe a god archares bowe.

Stell then stod the prowde potter,  
 Thos than seyde he,  
 And y had a bow, be the rode,  
 On schot scholde yow se.

Thow schall haffe a bow, seyde the screffe,  
 The best that thow well cheys of thre;  
 Thow semyst a stalward and a stronge,  
 Asay schall thow be.

The screffe comandyd a yeman that stod hem bey  
 After bowhes to wende;  
 The best bow that the yeman browthe  
 Roben set on a stryng.

"Now schall y wet and thow be god,  
 And polle het op to they ner."  
 So god me helpe, seyde the prowde potter,  
 Thys ys bot rygzt weke ger.

To a queqner Roben went,  
 A god bolt owthe he toke,  
 So ney on to the marke he went,  
 He fayled not a fothe.

All they schot abowthe agen,  
 The screffes men and he,  
 Off the marke he welde not fayle,  
 He clefted the preke on thre.

The screffes men thowt gret schame,  
 The potter the mastery wan;  
 The screffe lowe and made god game,  
 And seyde, Potter, thow art a man;  
 Thow art worthey to ber a bowe,  
 Yn what plas that thow 'gang.'

Yn mey cart y haffe a bowe,  
 Forsoyt, he seyde, and that a godde;  
 Yn mey cart ys the bow  
 That ' I had of Robyn Hode.'

Knowest thow Robyn Hode? seyde the screffe,  
 Potter, y prey the tell thou me.  
 " A hundred torne y haffe schot with hem,  
 Under hes tortyll tre."

Y had lever nar a hundred ponde, seyde the screffe,  
 And swar be the trenitè,  
 [Y had lever nar a hundred ponde, he seyde,]  
 That the fals owtelawe stod be me.

And ye well do afftyr mey red, seyde the potter,  
 And boldeley go with me,  
 And to morow, or we het bred,  
 Roben Hode wel we se.

Y well queyt the, kod the screffe,  
 And swer be god of meythe.  
 Schetyng thay left, and hom they went,  
 Her scoper was redey deythe.

Upon the morow, when het was day,  
 He boskyd hem forthe to reyde ;  
 The potter hes carte forthe gan ray,  
 And wolde not [be] leffe beheynde.

He toke leffe of the screffys wyffe,  
 And thankyd her of all thyng :  
 " Dam, for mey loffe, and ye well thys wer,  
 Y geffe yow her a golde ryng."

Gramarsey, seyde the weyffe,  
 Sir, god eylde het the.  
 The screffes hart was never so leythe,  
 The feyr forest to se.

And when he cam ynto the foreyst,  
 Yonder the leffes grene,  
 Berdys ther sange on bowhes prest,  
 Het was gret goy to sene.

Her het ys merey to be, seyde Roben,  
 For a man that had hawt to spende :  
 Be mey horne ' we ' schall awet  
 Yeff Roben Hode be ' ner hande.'

Roben set hes home to hes mowthe,  
 And blow a blast that was foll god,  
 That herde hes men that ther stode,  
 Fer downe yn the wodde,  
 I her mey master, seyde Leytyll John :  
 They ran as thay wer wode.

Whan thay to thar master cam,  
 Leytell John wold not spar :  
 " Master, how haffe yow far yn Notynggam ?  
 " Haffe yow solde yowr war ?"

" Ye, be mey trowthe, Leytyll John,  
 Loke thow take no car ;  
 Y haffe browt the screffe of Notynggam,  
 For all howr chaffar."



He ys foll welcom, seyde Lytell John,  
 Thes tydyng ys foll godde.  
 The screffe had lever nar a hundred ponde  
 [He had never sene Roben Hode].

“ Had I west that beforen,  
 At Notyngam when we wer,  
 Thow scholde not com yn feyr forest  
 Of all thes thowsande eyr.

That wot y well, seyde Roben,  
 Y thanke god that y be her;  
 Therfor schall ye leffe your horse with hos,  
 And all your hother ger.

That fend I godys forbode, kod the screffe,  
 So to lese mey godde.  
 “ Hether ye cam on horse foll hey,  
 And hom schall ye go on fote;  
 And gret well they weyffe at home,  
 The woman ys foll godde.

Y schall her sende a wheyt palfrey,  
 Het hambellet as the weynde;  
 Ner for the loffe of your weyffe,  
 Off mor sorow scholde yow seyng.”

Thes parted Robyn Hode and the screffe,  
 To Notyngam he toke the waye;  
 Hes weyffe feyr welcomed hem hom,  
 And to hem gau sche saye:

Seyr, how haffe yow fared yn grene foreyst?  
 Haffe ye browt Roben hom?  
 “ Dam, the deyell spede hem, bothe bodey and bon,  
 Y haffe hade a foll grete skorne.

Of all the god that y haffe lade to grene wod,  
 He hayt take het fro me,  
 All bot this feyr palfrey,  
 That he hayt sende to the.”

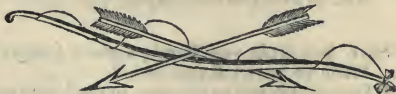
With that sche toke op a lowde lawhyng,  
 And swhar be hem that deyed on tre,  
 Now haffe yow payed for all the pottys  
 That Roben gaffe to me.

Now ye be com hom to Notynggam,  
 Ye schall haffe god ynowe."  
 Now speke we of Roben Hode,  
 And of the pottyr onder the grene bowhe.

" Potter, what was they pottys worthe  
 To Notynggam that y ledde with me?"  
 They wer worth two nobellys, seyde he,  
 So mot y treyffe or the;  
 So cowde y had for tham,  
 And y had ther be.

Thou schalt hafe ten ponde, seyde Roben,  
 Of money feyr and fre;  
 And yever whan thou comest to grene wod,  
 Wellcom, potter, to me.

Thes partyd Robyn, the screffe, and the potter,  
 Ondernethe the grene wod tre.  
 God haffe mersey on Roben Hodys solle,  
 And saffe all god yemaurey!



## III.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR.

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*This poem, a north country (or, perhaps, Scottish) composition of some antiquity, is given from a modern copy printed at Newcastle, where the editor accidentally picked it up: no other having, to his knowledge, been ever seen or heard of.—The original title is, “A pretty dialogue betwixt Robin Hood and a beggar.”*

---

LYTH and listen, gentlemen,  
That be of high born blood,  
I'll tell you of a brave booting  
That befell Robin Hood.

Robin Hood upon a day,  
He went forth him alone,  
And as he came from Barnsdale  
Into fair evening,

He met a beggar on the way,  
Who sturdily could gang;  
He had a pike-staff in his hand,  
That was both stark and strang;

A clouted clock about him was,  
That held him frae the cold,  
The thinnest bit of it, I guess,  
Was more then twenty fold.

His meal-poke hang about his neck,  
Into a leathern whang,  
Well fasten'd to a broad bucle,  
That was both stark and 'strang.'

He had three hats upon his head,  
 Together sticked fast,  
 He car'd neither for wind nor wet,  
 In lands where'er he past.

Good Robin cast him in the way,  
 To see what he might be,  
 If any beggar had monèy,  
 He thought some part had he.

Tarry, tarry, good Robin says,  
 Tarry, and speak with me.  
 He heard him as he heard him not,  
 And fast on his way can ly.

'Tis be not so, says [good] Robin,  
 Nay, thou must tarry still.  
 By my troth, said the bold beggar,  
 Of that I have no will.

It is far to my lodging house,  
 And it is growing late,  
 If they have supt e'er I come in  
 I will look wondrous blate.

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,  
 I see well by thy fare,  
 If thou shares well to thy supper,  
 Of mine thou dost not care,

Who wants my dinner all this day,  
 And wots not where to ly,  
 And would I to the tavern go,  
 I want money to buy.

Sir, you must lend me some monèy  
 Till we meet again.,  
 The beggar answer'd cankardly,  
 I have no money to lend.

Thou art a young man as I,  
 And seems to be as sweer ;  
 If thou fast till thou get from me,  
 Thou shalt eat none this year.

Now, by my truth, says [good] Robin,  
 Since we are asembled so,  
 If thou has but a small farthing,  
 I'll have it ere thou go.

Come, lay down thy clouted cloak,  
 And do no longer stand,  
 And loose the strings of all thy pokes,  
 I'll ripe them with my hand.

And now to thee I make a vow,  
 If ' thou' make any din,  
 I shall see a broad arròw,  
 Can pierce a beggar's skin.

The beggar smil'd, and answer made,  
 Far better let me be ;  
 Think not that I will be afraid,  
 For thy nip crooked tree ;

Or that I fear thee any whit,  
 For thy curn nips of sticks,  
 I know no use for them so meet  
 As to be puding-pricks.

Here I defy thee to do me ill,  
 For all thy boisterous fair,  
 Thou's get nothing from me but ill,  
 Would'st thou seek evermair.

Good Robin bent his noble bow,  
 He was an angery man,  
 And in it set a broad arròw ;  
 Lo! e'er 'twas drawn a span,

The beggar, with his noble tree,  
 Reach'd him so round a rout,  
 That his bow and his broad arrow  
 In flinders flew about.

Good Robin bound him to his brand,  
 But that prov'd likewise vain,  
 The beggar lighted on his hand  
 With his pike-staff again :

[I] wot he might not draw a sword  
 For forty days and mair.  
 Good Robin could not speak a word,  
 His heart was ne'er so sair.

He could not fight, he could not flee,  
 He wist not what to do ;  
 The beggar with his noble tree  
 Laid lusty slaps him to.

He paid good Robin back and side,  
 And baist him up and down,  
 And with his pike-staff la'd on loud,  
 Till he fell in a swoon.

Stand up, man, the beggar said,  
 'Tis shame to go to rest ;  
 Stay till thou get thy money told,  
 I think it were the best :

And syne go to the tavern house,  
 And buy both wine and ale ;  
 Hereat thy friends will crack full crouse,  
 Thou hast been at the dale.

Good Robin answer'd ne'er a word,  
 But lay still as a stane ;  
 His cheeks were pale as any clay,  
 And closed were his een.

The beggar thought him dead but fail,  
And boldly bound his way.—  
I would ye had been at the dale,  
And gotten part of the play.

## THE SECOND PART.

Now three of Robin's men, by chance,  
Came walking by the way,  
And found their master in a trance,  
On ground where that he lay.

Up have they taken good Robin,  
Making a piteous bear,  
Yet saw they no man there at whom  
They might the matter spear.

They looked him all round about,  
But wound on him saw 'nane',  
Yet at his mouth came bocking out  
The blood of a good vain.

Cold water they have gotten syne,  
And cast unto his face;  
Then he began to hitch his ear,  
And speak within short space.

Tell us, dear master, said his men,  
How with you stands the case.  
Good Robin sighed ere he began  
To tell of his disgrace.

"I have been watchman in this wood  
Near hand this twenty year,  
Yet I was never so hard bestead  
As ye have found me here;

A beggar with a clouted clock,  
 Of whom I fear'd no ill  
 Hath with his pyke-staff cla'd my back,  
 I fear'twill never be well.

See, where he goes o'er yon hill,  
 With hat upon his head ;  
 If e'er ye lov'd your master well,  
 Go now revenge this deed ;

And bring him back again to me,  
 If it lie in your might,  
 That I may see, before I die,  
 Him punish'd in my sight :

And if you may not bring him back,  
 Let him not go loose on ;  
 For to us all it were great shame  
 If he escape again."

" One of us shall with you remain,  
 Because you're ill at ease,  
 The other two shall bring him back,  
 To use him as you please."

Now, by my truth, says good Robin,  
 I true there's enough said ;  
 And he get scouth to wield his tree,  
 I fear you'll both be paid.

" Be not fear'd, our mastèr,  
 That we two can be dung  
 With any bluter base beggàr,  
 That has nought but a rung.

His staff shall stand him in no stead,  
 That you shall shortly see,  
 But back again he shall be led,  
 And fast bound shall he be,  
 To see if ye will have him slain,  
 Or hanged on a tree."



“ But cast you sliely in his way,  
 Before he be aware,  
 And on his pyke-staff first hands lay,  
 Ye’ll speed the better far.”

Now leave we Robin with his man,  
 Again to play the child,  
 And learn himself to stand and gang  
 By halds, for all his eild.

Now pass we to the bold beggar,  
 That raked o’er the hill,  
 Who never mended his pace more,  
 Then he had done no ill.

.....  
 And they have taken another way,  
 Was nearer by miles three.

They stoutly ran with all their might,  
 Spared neither dub ‘ nor’ mire,  
 They started at neither how nor height,  
 No travel made them tire,

Till they before the beggar wan,  
 And cast them in his way ;  
 A little wood lay in a glen,  
 And there they both did stay ;

They stood up closely by a tree,  
 In each side of the gate,  
 Untill the beggar came them nigh,  
 That thought of no such late :

And as he was betwixt them past,  
 They leapt upon him baith ;  
 The one his pyke-staff gripped fast,  
 They feared for its skaith.

## ROBIN HOOD

The other he held in his sight  
A drawn durk to his breast,  
And said, False 'carel,' quit thy staff,  
Or I shall be thy priest.

His pyke-staff they have taken him frae,  
And stuck it in the green,  
He was full loath to let it gae,  
An better might it been.

The beggar was the feardest man  
Of any that e'er might be,  
To win away no way he can,  
Nor help him with his tree.

Nor wist he wherefore he was ta'en,  
Nor how many was there ;  
He thought his life days had been gane,  
He grew into despair.

Grant me my life, the beggar said,  
For him that dy'd on the tree,  
And hold away that ugly knife,  
Or else for fear I'll die.

I griev'd you never in all my life,  
Neither by late or air,  
You have great sin if you would slay  
A silly poor beggar.

Thou lies, false lown, they said again,  
For all that may be sworn ;  
Thou hast 'near' slain the gentlest man  
Of one that e'er was born ;

And back again thou shall be led,  
And fast bound shalt thou be,  
To see if he will have thee slain,  
Or hanged on a tree.

The beggar then thought all was wrong,  
They were set for his wrack,  
He saw nothing appearing then,  
But ill upon warse back.

Were he out of their hands, he thought,  
And had again his tree,  
He should not be let back for nought,  
With such as he did see.

Then he bethought him on a wile,  
If it could takè effect,  
How he might the young men beguile,  
And give them a begeck.

Thus to do them shame for ill  
His beastly breast was bent,  
He found the wind blew something shrill,  
To further his intent.

He said, Brave gentlemen, be good,  
And let a poor man be ;  
When ye have taken a beggar's blood,  
It helps you not a flee.

It was but in my own defence,  
If he has gotten skaith ;  
But I will make a recompence  
Is better for you baith.

If ye will set me fair and free,  
And do me no more dear,  
An hundred pounds I will you give,  
And much more odd silvèr,

That I have gather'd this many years,  
Under this clouted cloak,  
And hid up wonder privately,  
In bottom of my poke.

## ROBIN HOOD

The young men to the council yeed,  
And let the beggar gae;  
They wist full well he had no speed  
From them to run away.

They thought they would the money take,  
Come after what so may;  
And yet they would not take him back,  
But in that place him slay.

By that good Robin would not know  
That they had gotten coin,  
It would content him [well] to show  
That there they had him slain.

They said, False carel, soon have done,  
And tell forth thy monèy,  
For the ill turn that thou hast done  
It's but a simple plee.

And yet we will not have thee back,  
Come after what so may,  
If thou wilt do that which thou spak,  
And make us present pay.

O then he loosed his clouted clock,  
And spread it on the ground.  
And thereon lay he many a poke,  
Betwixt them and the wind.

He took a great bag from his hals,  
It was near full of meal,  
Two pecks in it at least there was,  
And more, I wot full well.

Upon this cloak he set it down,  
The mouth he opened wide,  
To turn the same he made him bown,  
The young men ready spy'd;

In every hand he took a nook  
Of that great leathern ' mail,'  
And with a fling the meal he shook  
Into their face all hail :

Wherewith he blinded them so close,  
A stime they could not see ;  
And then in heart he did rejoice,  
And clap'd his lusty tree.

He thought if he had done them wrong,  
In mealing of their cloaths,  
For to strike off the meal again  
With his pyke-staff he goes.

Ere any of them could red their een,  
Or a glimring might see,  
Ilke one of them a dozen had,  
Well laid on with his tree.

The young men were right swift of foot,  
And boldly bound away,  
The beggar could them no more hit,  
For all the haste he may.

What's all this haste? the beggar said,  
May not you tarry still,  
Untill your money be received?  
'I'll pay you with good will.

The shaking of my pokes, I fear,  
Hath blown into your een ;  
But I have a good pyke-staff here  
Can ripe them out full clean.

The young men answered never a word,  
They were dum as a stau ;  
In the thick wood the beggar fled,  
Ere they riped their een :

## ROBIN HOOD

And syne the night became so late,  
 To seek him was in vain :  
 But judge ye if they looked blate  
 When they cam home again.

Good Robin speer'd how they had sped.  
 They answer'd him, Full ill.  
 That can not be, good Robin says,  
 Ye have been at the mill.

The mill it is a meat rife part,  
 They may lick what they please,  
 Most like ye have been at the art,  
 Who would look at your ' claihs.'

They hang'd their heads, they drooped down,  
 A word they could not speak.  
 Robin said, Because I fell a sound,  
 I think ye'll do the like.

Tell on the matter, less or more,  
 And tell me what and how  
 Ye have done with the bold beggar  
 I sent you for right now.

And when they told him to an end,  
 As i have said before,  
 How that the beggar did them blind,  
 What misters presses more?

• • • • •  
 And how in the thick woods he fled,  
 Ere they a stime could see;

And how they scarcely could win home,  
 Their bones were baste so sore ;  
 Good Robin cried, Fy! out! for shame!  
 We're sham'd for evermore.

Although good Robin would full fain  
 Of his wrath revenged be,  
 He smil'd to see his merry young men  
 Had gotten a taste of the tree.

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 IV.

## ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

WHAN shaws beene sheene, and shraddes full fayre,  
 And leaves both large and longe,  
 Itt's merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest  
 To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,  
 Sitting upon the spraye,  
 Soe lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,  
 In the greenwood where he lay.

Now, by my faye, sayd jollye Robìn,  
 A sweaven I had this night;  
 I dreamt me of tow wighty yemèn,  
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beate and binde,  
 And tookè my bowe me froe;  
 Iff I be Robin alive in this lande,  
 Ile be wroken on them towe.

Sweavens are swift, sayd Lyttle John,  
 As the wind blowes over the hill;  
 For iff itt be never so loude this night,  
 To-morrow it may be still.

“ Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,  
 And John shall goe with mee,  
 For Ile goe seeke yond wighty yeomèn,  
 In greenwood where they bee.”

Then they cast on theyr gownes of grene,  
 And tooke theyr bowes each one ;  
 And they away to the greene forrèst  
 A shooting forth are gone ;

Untill they came to the merry greenwood,  
 Where they had gladdest to bee,  
 There they were ware of a wight yeomàn,  
 That leaned agaynst a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
 Of manye a man the bane ;  
 And he was clad in his capull hyde  
 Topp and tayll and mayne.

Stand still, master, quoth Little John,  
 Under this tree so grene,  
 And I will go to yond wight yeomàn,  
 To know what he doth meane.

“ Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,  
 And that I farley finde :  
 How often send I my men before,  
 And tarry my selfe behinde ?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,  
 And a man butt heare him speake ;  
 And it were not for bursting of my bowe,  
 John, I thy head wold breake.”

As often wordes they breeden bale,  
 So they parted Robin and John :  
 And John is gone to Barnesdale ;  
 The gates he knoweth eche one.



But when he came to Barnesdale,  
 Great heavinesse there he hadd,  
 For he found tow of his own fellows,  
 Where slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flying a-foote  
 Fast over stocke and stone,  
 For the proud sheriffe with seven score men  
 Fast after him is gone.

One shoote now I will shoote, quoth John,  
 With Christ his might and mayne ;  
 Ile make yond sheriffe that wends soe fast,  
 To stopp he shall be fayne.

Then John bent up his long bende-bowe,  
 And fetteleed him to shoote :  
 The bow was made of tender boughe,  
 And fell downe at his foote.

“ Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,  
 That ever thou grew on a tree !  
 For now this day thou art my bale,  
 My boote when thou shold bee.”

His shoote it was but loosely shott,  
 Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine,  
 Fot itt mett one of the sheriffes men,  
 And William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent  
 To have bene abed with sorrowe,  
 Than to be that day in the greenwood slade  
 To meet with Little Johns arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett  
 Fyve can doe more than three,  
 The sheriffe hath taken Little John,  
 And bound him fast to a tree.

“Thou shalt be drawn by dale and downe,  
 And hanged hye on a hill.”  
 But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose, quoth John,  
 If it be Christ his will.

Lett us leave talking of Little John,  
 And thinke of Robin Hood,  
 How he is gone to the wight yeoman,  
 Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrowe, good fellowe, sayd Robin so fayre,  
 Good morrowe, good fellow, quo' he :  
 Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande,  
 A good archere thou sholdst bee.

I am wilfulle of my waye, quo' the yemàn,  
 And of my morning tyde.  
 Ile lead thee through the wood, said Robìn ;  
 Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.

I seeke an outlawe, the straunger sayd,  
 Men call him Robin Hood ;  
 Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe  
 Than fortye pound soe good.

“Now come with me, thou wighty yemàn,  
 And Robin thou soone shalt see :  
 But first let us some pastime find  
 Under the greenwood tree.

First let us some masterye make  
 Among the woods so even,  
 We may chance to meet with Robin Hood  
 Here at some unsett steven.”

They cut them down two summer shroggs,  
 That grew both under a breere,  
 And sett them threescore rood in twaine,  
 To shoote the prickes y-fere.

Leade on, good fellowe, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Leade on, I do bidd thee.  
 Nay, by my faith, good fellowe, hee sayd,  
 My leader thou shalt bee.

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,  
 He mist but an inch it fro:  
 The yeoman he was an archer good,  
 But he cold never do soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yemàn,  
 He shot within the garlànd:  
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
 For he clave the good pricke-wande.

A blessing upon thy heart, he sayd;  
 Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode;  
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
 Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe, sayd he,  
 Under the leaves of lyne.  
 Nay, by my faith, quoth bold Robin,  
 Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and downe, quoth hee,  
 And Robin to take I me sworne;  
 And when I am called by my right name  
 I am Guy of good Gisbørne.

My dwelling is in this wood, sayes Robin,  
 By thee I set right nought:  
 I am Robin Hood of Barnésdale,  
 Whom thou so long hast sought.

He that had neyther beene kythe nor kin,  
 Might have seen a full fayre fight,  
 To see how together these yeomen went  
 With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought  
 Two howres of a summers day :  
 Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy  
 Them fettled to flye away.

Robin was reachles on a roote,  
 And stumbled at that tyde ;  
 And Guy was quicke and nimble withall,  
 And hitt him upon the syde.

Ah, deere ladye, sayd Robin Hood tho,  
 That art but mother and may,  
 I think it was never mans destinye  
 To dye before his day.

Robin thought on our ladye deere,  
 And soone leapt up againe,  
 And strait he came with a [n] awkwarde stroke  
 And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He took sir Guys head by the hayre,  
 And stuck it upon his bowes end :  
 " Thou hast beene a traytor all thy life,  
 Which thing must have an end."

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,  
 And nicked sir Guy in the face,  
 That he was never on woman born  
 Cold know whose head it was.

Sayes, Lye there, lye there, now syr Guye,  
 And with me be not wrothe ;  
 Iff thou have had the worst strokes at my hand,  
 Thou shalt have the better clothe.

Robin did off his gown of greene,  
 And on sir Guy did throwe,  
 And he put on that capull hyde,  
 That cladd him topp to toe.

“Thy bowe, thy arrowes, and little horne,  
 Now with me I will beare ;  
 For I will away to Barnésdale,  
 To see how my men doe fare.”

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,  
 And a loude blast in it did blow :  
 That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,  
 As he leaned under a lowe.

Hearken, hearken, sayd the sheriffe,  
 I heare nowe tydings good,  
 For yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blow,  
 And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

Yonder I heare sir Guyes horne blowe,  
 Itt blowes soe well in tyde,  
 And yonder comes that wightye yeoman,  
 Cladd in his capull hyde.

Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,  
 Aske what thou wilt of mee.  
 O I will none of thy gold, sayd Robin,  
 Nor I will none of thy fee :

But now I have slaine the master, he sayes,  
 Let me goe strike the knave ;  
 For this is all the meede I aske ;  
 None other rewarde I'le have.

Thou art a madman, sayd the sheriffe,  
 Thou sholdst have had a knightes fee :  
 But seeing thy asking hath bene soe bad,  
 Well granted it shal bee.

When Little John heard his master speake.  
 Well knewe he it was his steven :  
 Now shall I be looet, quoth little John,  
 With Christ his might in heaven.

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,  
 He thought to loose him blive ;  
 The sheriffe and all his companye  
 Fast after him can drive.

Stand abacke, stand abacke, sayd Robin ;  
 Why draw you mee so neere?  
 It was never the use in our countryè,  
 Ones shrift another shold heere.

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,  
 And losed John hand and foote,  
 And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand.  
 And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,  
 His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,  
 He fettledd him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne,  
 He fled full fast away ;  
 And soe did all the companye :  
 Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
 Nor away soe fast cold ryde,  
 But Little John with an arrowe soe broad,  
 He shott him into the syde.



## TRUE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD:

OR,

*A brieftouch of the life and death of that renowned outlaw Robert earl of Huntingdon, vulgarly called Robin Hood, who lived and dyed in A.D. 1198, being the 9th year of king Richard the first, commonly called Richard Cœur de Lyon.*

*Carefully collected out of the truest writers of our English Chronicles: and published for the satisfaction of those who desire truth from falsehood.*

BY MARTIN PARKER.

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**BOTH gentlemen, and yeomen bold,  
Or whatsoever you are,  
To have a stately story told  
Attention now prepare :**

**It is a tale of Robin Hood,  
Which i to you will tell,  
Which being rightly understood,  
I know will please you well.**

**This Robin (so much talked on)  
Was once a man of fame,  
Instiled earl of Huntington,  
Lord Robin Hood by name.**

**In courtship and magnificenee  
His carriage won him praise,  
And greater favour with his prince  
Than any in our days.**

In bounteous liberality  
He too much did excell,  
And loved men of quality  
More than exceeding well.

His great revenues all he sold  
For wine and costly chear ;  
He kept three hundred bow-men bold,  
He shooting lov'd so dear.

No archer living in his time  
With him might well compare ;  
He practis'd all his youthful prime  
That exercise most rare.

At last, by his profuse expense,  
He had consum'd his wealth ;  
And, being outlaw'd by his prince,  
In woods he liv'd by stealth.

The abbot of Saint Maries rich,  
To whom he money ought,  
His hatred to the earl was such  
That he is downfal wrought.

So being outlaw'd (as 'tis told)  
He with a crew went forth  
Of lusty cutters stout and bold,  
And robbed in the North.

Among the rest one Little John,  
A yeoman bold and free,  
Who could (if it stood him upon)  
With ease encounter three.

One hundred men in all he got,  
With whom (the story says)  
Three hundred common men durst not  
Hold combat any waies.



They Yorkshire woods frequented much,  
And Lancashire also,  
Wherein their practices were such  
That they wrought muckle woe.

None rich durst travel to and fro,  
Though ne'er so strongly arm'd,  
But by these thieves (so strong in show)  
They still were rob'd and harm'd.

His chiefest spight to th' clergy was,  
That liv'd in monstrous pride :  
No one of them he would let pass  
Along the highway side,

But first they must to dinner go,  
And afterwards to shrift :  
Full many a one he served so,  
Thus while he liv'd by theft.

No monks nor fryers he would let go,  
Without paying their fees :  
If they thought much to be used so,  
[He would them greatly tease.]

For such as they the country fill'd  
With bastards in those days ;  
[He never fail'd to make them yield,  
When they came in his ways.]

But Robin Hood so gentle was,  
And bore so brave a mind,  
If any in distress did pass,  
To them he was so kind,

That he would give and lend to them,  
To help them in their need ;  
This made all poor men pray for him,  
And wish he well might speed.

## A TRUE TALE

The widow and the fatherless  
He would send means unto ;  
And those whom famine did oppress  
Found him a friendly foe.

Nor would he do a woman wrong,  
But see her safe convey'd :  
He would protect with power strong  
All those who crav'd his aid.

The abbot of Saint Maries then,  
Who him undid before,  
Was riding with two hundred men,  
And gold and silver store :

But Robin Hood upon him set,  
With his couragious sparks,  
And all the coyn perforce did get,  
Which was twelve thousand marks.

He bound the abbot to a tree,  
And would not let him pass,  
Before that to his men and he  
His lordship had said mass :

Which being done, upon his horse  
He set him fast astride,  
And with his face towards his tail  
He forced him to ride.

His men were forced to be his guide,  
For he rode backward home :  
The abbot, being thus villify'd,  
Did sorely chafe and fume.

Thus Robin Hood did vindicate  
His former wrongs receiv'd :  
For 'twas this covetous prelâte  
That him of land bereav'd.

The abbot he rode to the king,  
With all the haste he could ;  
And to his grace he every thing  
Exactly did unfold ;

And said that if no course were ta'n,  
By force or stratagem,  
To take this rebel and his train,  
No man should pass for them.

The king protested by and by  
Unto the abbot then,  
That Robin Hood with speed should dye,  
With all his merry men.

But ere the king did any send,  
He did another feat,  
Which did his grace much more offend,  
The fact indeed was great :

For in a short time after that  
The kings receivers went  
Towards London with the coyn they got,  
For's highness northern rent :

Bold Robin Hood and Little John,  
With the rest of their train,  
Not dreading law, set them upon,  
And did their gold obtain.

The king much moved at the same,  
And the abbots talk also,  
In this his anger did proclaim,  
And sent word to and fro,

That whosoever alive or dead  
Could bring bold Robin Hood,  
Should have one thousand marks well paid  
In gold and silver good.

## A TRUE TALE

This promise of the king did make  
Full many yeomen bold  
Attempt stout Robin Hood to take  
With all the force they could.

But still when any came to him  
Within the gay grene wood,  
He entertainment gave to them  
With venison fat and good ;

And shew'd to them such martial sport  
With his long bow and arrow,  
That they of him did give report,  
How that it was great sorow

That such a worthy man as he  
Should thus be put to shift,  
Being a late lord of high degree,  
Of living quite bereft.

The king to take him more and more  
Sent men of mickle might ;  
But he and his still beat them sore,  
And conquered them in fight :

Or else with love and courtesie,  
To him he won their hearts.  
Thus still he liv'd by robbery  
Throughout the northern parts ;

And all the country stood in dread  
Of Robin Hood and's men :  
For stouter lads ne'r liv'd by bread  
In those days, nor since then.

The abbot, which before i nam'd,  
Sought all the means he could  
To have by force this rebel ta'u,  
And his adherents bold.

Therefore he arm'd five hundred men,  
With furniture compleat ;  
But the outlaws slew half of them,  
And made the rest retreat.

The long bow and the arrow keen  
They were so us'd unto  
That still he kept the forrest green  
In spight o' th' proudest foe.

Twelve of the abbots men he took,  
Who came to have him ta'n,  
When all the rest the field forsook,  
These he did entertain

With banqueting and merriment,  
And, having us'd them well,  
He to their lord them safely sent,  
And will'd them him to tell,

That if he would be pleased at last  
To beg of our good king,  
That he might pardon what was past,  
And him to favour bring,

He would surrender back again  
The money which before  
Was taken by him ' and his' men  
From him and many more.

Poor men might safely pass by him,  
And some that way would chuse,  
For well they knew that to help them  
He evermore did use.

But where he knew a miser rich  
That did the poor oppress,  
To feel his coyn his hands did itch,  
He'd have it more or less :

And sometimes, when the high-way fail'd,  
 Then he his courage rouzes,  
 He and his men have oft assaild  
 Such rich men in their houses :

So that, through dread of Robin then,  
 And his adventurous crew,  
 The misers kept great store of men,  
 Which else maintain'd but few.

King Richard, of that name the first,  
 Surnamed Cœur de Lyon,  
 Went to defeat the Pagans curst,  
 Who kept the coasts of Sion.

The bishop of Ely chancellor,  
 Was left a vice-roy here,  
 Who, like a potent emperor,  
 Did proudly domineer.

Our chronicles of him report,  
 That commonly he rode  
 With a thousand horse from court to court,  
 Where he would make abode.

He, riding down towards the north,  
 With his aforesaid train,  
 Robin and his men did issue forth,  
 Them all to entertain ;

And with the gallant gray-goose wing  
 They shew'd to them such play  
 That made their horses kick and fling,  
 And down their riders lay.

Full glad and fain the bishop was,  
 For all his thousand men,  
 To seek what means he could to pass  
 From out of Robins ken.

Two hundred of his men were kill'd  
And fourscore horses good,  
Thirty, who did as captives yield,  
Were carried to the green wood ;

Which afterwards were ransomed,  
For twenty marks a man :  
The rest set spurs to horse and fled  
To th' town of Warrington.

The bishop, sore intraged, then  
Did, in king Richards name,  
Muster up a power of northern men,  
These outlaws bold to tame.

But Robin with his courtesie  
So won the meaner sort,  
That they were loath on him to try  
What rigor did import.

So that bold Robin and his train  
Did live unhurt of them,  
Until king Richard came again  
From fair Jerusalem :

And then the talk of Robin Hood  
His royal ears did fill ;  
His grace admir'd that i' th' green wood  
He was continued still.

So that the country far and near  
Did give him great applause ;  
For none of them need stand in fear,  
But such as broke the laws.

He wished well unto the king,  
And prayed still for his health,  
And never practis'd any thing  
Against the common-wealth.

Only, because he was undone  
 By th' cruel clergy then,  
 All means that he could think upon  
 To vex such kind of men,

He enterpriz'd with hateful spleen ;  
 For which he was to blame,  
 For fault of some to wreak his teen  
 On all that by him came.

With wealth that he by roguery got  
 Eight alms-houses he built,  
 Thinking thereby to purge the blot  
 Of blood which he had spilt.

Such was their blind devotion then,  
 Depending on their works ;  
 Which if 'twere true, we Christian men  
 Inferiour were to Turks.

But, to speak true of Robin Hood,  
 And wrong him not a jot,  
 He never would shed any mans blood  
 That him invaded not.

Nor would he injure husbandmen,  
 That toil at cart and plough ;  
 For well he knew wer't not for them  
 To live no man knew how.

The king in person, with some lords,  
 To Nottingham did ride,  
 To try what strength and skill affords  
 To crush this outlaws pride.

And, as he once before had done,  
 He did again proclaim,  
 That whosoever would take upon  
 To bring to Nottingham,



Or any place within the land,  
Rebellious Robin Hood,  
Should be preferr'd in place to stand  
With those of noble blood.

When Robin Hood heard of the same,  
Within a little space,  
Into the town of Nottingham  
A letter to his grace

He shot upon an arrow head,  
One evening cunningly ;  
Which was brought to the king, and read  
Before his majesty.

The tenour of this letter was  
That Robin would submit,  
And be true liegeman to his grace  
In any thing that's fit,

So that his highness would forgive  
Him and his merry men all ;  
If not, he must i' th' green wood live,  
And take what chance did fall.

The king would feign have pardoned him  
But that some lords did say,  
This president will much condemn  
Your grace another day.

While that the king and lords did stay  
Debating on this thing,  
Some of these outlaws fled away  
Unto the Scottish king.

For they suppos'd, if he were ta'n  
Or to the king did yield,  
By th' commons all the rest of's train  
Full quickly would be quell'd.

Of more than full an hundred men,  
 But forty tarried still,  
 Who were resolved to stick to him  
 Let Fortune work her will.

If none had fled, all for his sake  
 Had got their pardon free ;  
 The king to favor meant to take  
 His merry men and he.

But ere the pardon to him came  
 This famous archer dy'd :  
 His death and manner of the same  
 I'll presently describe.

For, being vext to think upon  
 His followers revolt,  
 In melancholy passion  
 He did recount his fault.

Perfidious traytors ! said he then,  
 In all your dangers past  
 Have i you guarded as my men,  
 To leave me thus at last !

This sad perplexity did cause  
 A fever, as some say,  
 Which him unto confusion draws,  
 Though by a stranger way.

This deadly danger to prevent,  
 He hie'd him with all speed  
 Unto a nunnery, with intent  
 For his healths-sake to bleed.

A faithless fryer did pretend  
 In love to let him blood,  
 But he by falsehood wrought the end  
 Of famous Robin Hood.

The fryer, as some say, did this  
To vindicate the wrong  
Which to the clergy he and his  
Had done by power strong.

Thus dyed he by treachery,  
That could not die by force:  
Had he liv'd longer, certainly  
King Richard, in remorse,

Had unto favour him receiv'd,  
' His' brave men elevated:  
'Tis pitty he was of life bereav'd  
By one which he so hated.

A trecherous leach this fryer was,  
To let him bleed to death;  
And Robin was, methinks, an ass  
To trust him with his breath.

His corps the prioress of the place,  
The next day that he dy'd,  
Caused to be buried, in mean case,  
Close by the high-way side.

And over him she caused a stone  
To be fixt on the ground,  
An epitaph was set thereon,  
Wherein his name was found;

The date o' th' year and day also,  
She made to be set there:  
That all, who by the way did go,  
Might see it plain appear.

That such a man as Robin Hood  
Was buried in that place;  
And how he lived in the green wood  
And robbed for a space.

It seems that though the clergy he  
Had put to mickle woe,  
He should not quite forgotten be,  
Although he was their foe.

This woman, though she did him hate,  
Yet loved his memory ;  
And thought it wondrous pity that  
His fame should with him dye.

This epitaph, as records tell,  
Within this hundred years,  
By many was discerned well,  
But time all things out-wears.

His followers, when he was dead,  
Were some repriev'd to grace ;  
The rest to foreign countries fled,  
And left their native place.

Although his funeral was but mean,  
This woman had in mind,  
Lest his fame should be buried clean  
From those that came behind.

For certainly, before nor since  
No man ere understood,  
Under the reign of any prince,  
Of one like Robin Hood.

Full thirteen years, and something more,  
These outlaws lived thus ;  
Feared of the rich, loved of the poor :  
A thing most marvellous.

A thing impossible to us  
This story seems to be ;  
None dares be now so venturous,  
But times are chang'd we see.

We that live in these later days  
Of civil government,  
If need be, have an hundred ways  
Such outlaws to prevent.

In those days men more barbarous were,  
And lived less in awe ;  
Now (god be thanked) people fear  
More to offend the law.

No waring guns were then in use,  
They dreamt of no such thing ;  
Our Englishmen in fight did use  
The gallant gray-goose wing :

In which activity these men,  
Through practice, were so good,  
That in those days none equal'd them,  
Especially Robin Hood.

So that, it seems, keeping in caves,  
In woods and forests thick,  
They'd beat a multitude with staves,  
Their arrows did so prick :

And none durst neer unto them come,  
Unless in courtesie ;  
All such he bravely would send home  
With mirth and jollity :

Which courtesie won him such love,  
As i before have told,  
'Twas the chief cause that he did prove  
More prosperous than he could.

Let us be thankful for these times  
Of plenty, truth, and peace ;  
And leave out great and horrid crimes,  
Least they cause this to cease.

I know there's many feigned tales  
Of Robin Hood and 's crew;  
But chronicles, which seldome fails,  
Reports this to be true.

Let none then think this is a lye,  
For, if 'twere put to th' worst,  
They may the truth of all descry  
I' th' reign of Richard the first.

If any reader please to try,  
As i direction show,  
The truth of this brave history,  
He'l find it true I know.

And i shall think my labour well  
Bestow'd to purpose good,  
When't shall be said that i did tell  
True tales of Robin Hood.



# ROBIN HOOD.

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## PART II.

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### I.

#### ROBIN HOODS BIRTH, BREEDING, VALOUR, AND MARRIAGE.

*From a black letter copy in the large and valuable collection of old ballads formerly belonging to Thomas Pearson, esq., and subsequently to the duke of Roxburgh. [This matchless collection, in three volumes folio, was sold at the sale of the Roxburgh library in 1812, for 477l., and is now in the possession of — Bright, Esq. Manchester.]*

*The full title of the original is: "A new ballad of bold Robin Hood: shewing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running. Calculated for the meridian of Staffordshire, but may serve for Derbyshire or Kent."*

---

**K**IND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?

**A**y, and then you shall hear anon

**A** very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,

**A**nd of his man brave Little John.

In Locksly town, in merry Nottinghamshire,  
 In merry sweet Locksly town,  
 There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,  
 Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forester was,  
 And he shot in a lusty strong bow  
 Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,  
 As the Piuder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clugh,  
 And William of ' Clowdesle',  
 To shoot with our forrester for forty mark,  
 And the forrester beat them all three.

His mother was neece to the Coventry knight,  
 Which Warwickshire men call sir Guy;  
 For he slew the blue bore that hangs up at the gate,  
 Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-Hall,  
 A noble house-keeper was he,  
 Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,  
 And a 'squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband,  
 My honey, my love, and my dear,  
 Let Robin and I ride this morning to Gamwel,  
 To taste of my brother's good cheer.

And he said, I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,  
 Take one of my horses, I pray:  
 The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,  
 For to-morrow is Christmas-day.

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,  
 And saddled and bridled was he;  
 God-wot a blue bonnet, his new suit of cloaths,  
 And a cloak that did reach to his knee.



She got on her holyday kirtle and gown,  
They were of a light Lincoln green:  
The cloath was homespun, but for colour and make  
It might have beseemed' our queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,  
And his dagger on his tother side;  
And said, My dear mother, let's haste to be gone,  
We have forty long miles to ride.

When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,  
His father, without any trouble,  
Set her up behind him, and bade her not fear,  
For his gelding, 'had' oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,  
And drank and shook hands with them all;  
And then Robin gallopt, and never gave o're,  
'Till they lighted at Gamwel-hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire  
Was joyful his sister to see;  
For he kist her, and kist her, and swore a great oath,  
Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me.

To-morrow, when mass had been said at the chappel,  
Six tables were covered in the hall,  
And in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,  
It was, Neighbours, you're welcome all.

But not a man here shall taste my March beer,  
'Till a Christmas carol he does sing.  
Then all clapt their hands, and they shouted and sung,  
'Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plumb pies,  
Were set upon every table;  
And noble George Gamwel said, Eat and be merry,  
And drink too as long as you're able.

When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,  
And, Be merry, my friends, said the 'squire ;  
It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,  
And lay some more wood on the fire.

And now call ye Little John hither to me,  
For little John is a fine lad,  
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,  
As shall make you both merry and glad.

When Little John came, to gambols they went,  
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown ;  
And what do you thiuk? Why, as true as I live,  
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire  
Was joyful this sight for to see ;  
For he said, Cousin Robin, thou'st go no more home,  
But tarry and dwell here with me :

Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then,  
Thou shalt be the staff of my age.  
Then grant me my boon, dear uncle, said Robin,  
That Little John may be my page.

And he said, Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon ;  
With all my heart, so let it be.  
Then come hither, Little John, said Robin Hood,  
Come hither my page unto me :

Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,  
And broad arrows one, two, or three.  
For when 'tis fair weather we'll into Sherwood,  
Some merry pastime to see.

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,  
He winded his bugle so clear ;  
And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold,  
Before Robin Hood did appear.

Where are your companions all? said Robin Hood,  
For still I want forty and three.  
Then said a bold yeoman, Lo, yonder they stand,  
All under the green wood tree.

As that word was spoke, Clorinda came by,  
The queen of the shepherds was she;  
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,  
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,  
And her countenance free from pride;  
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows  
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

Her eye-brows were black, ay, and so was her hair,  
And her skin was as smooth as glass;  
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too:  
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, whither away?  
O whither, fair lady, away?  
And she made him answer, To kill a fat buck;  
For to-morrow is Titbury day.

Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, wander with me  
A little to yonder green bower;  
There set down to rest you, and you shall be sure  
Of a brace or a 'leash' in an hour.

And as we were going towards the green bower,  
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd;  
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,  
And she shot him through side and side.

By the faith of my body, said bold Robin Hood,  
I never saw woman like thee;  
And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,  
Thou needst not beg venison of me.

However, along to my bower you shall go,  
 And taste of a forrester's meat:  
 And when we came thither we found as good cheer  
 As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,  
 Cream clouted, and honey combs plenty;  
 And the servitors they were, besides Little John,  
 Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, Tell me your name, gentle sir:  
 And he said, 'Tis bold Robin Hood:  
 'Squire Gamwel's my uncle, but all my delight  
 Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

For 'tis a fine life; and 'tis void of all strife.  
 So 'tis, sir, Clorinda reply'd.  
 But oh! said bold Robin, how sweet would it be,  
 If Clorinda would be my bride!

She blusht at the motion; yet, after a pause,  
 Said, Yes, sir, and with all my heart.  
 Then let us send for a priest, said Robin Hood,  
 And be married before we do part.

But she said, it may not be so, gentle sir,  
 For I must be at Titbury feast;  
 And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,  
 I'll make him the most welcome guest.

Said Robin Hood, Reach me that buck, Little John,  
 For I'll go along with my dear;  
 And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,  
 And meet me to-morrow just here,

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles,  
 Eight yeomen, that were too bold.  
 Bid Robin stand, and deliver his buck;  
 A truer tale never was told,

I will not, faith, said bold Robin; come, John,  
 Stand by me, and we'll beat 'em all.  
 Then both drew their swords, and so cut 'em, and slasht 'em,  
 That five out of them did fall.

The three that remain'd call'd to Robin for quarter,  
 And pitiful John begg'd their lives:  
 When John's boon was granted, he gave them good counsel,  
 And sent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Tithury town,  
 When the bagpipes baited the bull;  
 I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 'tis truth,  
 And I call him that doubts it a gull;

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while;  
 And Clorinda sung "Hey derry down!  
 "The bumpkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,  
 "And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in we heard a great shouting,  
 And all that were in it look'd madly;  
 For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,  
 And some singing *Arthur-a-Bradley*.

And there we see Thomas, our justices clerk,  
 And Mary, to whom he was kind;  
 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary madam,  
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind:

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner,  
 With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan;  
 They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her,  
 Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, sir Roger, the parson  
 Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste:  
 He brought his mass-book, and he bade them take hands  
 And joyn'd them in marriage full fast.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride  
Went hand in hand to the green bower,  
The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,  
And 'twas a most joyful hour.

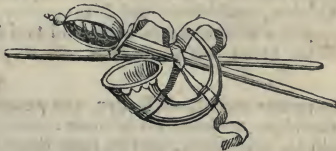
And when Robin came in sight of the bower,  
Where are my yeomen? said he:  
And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder they stand,  
All under the green wood tree.

Then a garland they brought her by two and by two,  
And plac'd them all on the bride's head:  
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance,  
'Till the bride and bridegroom were a-bed.

[The sweet vestal blush shall be counsel to me,  
The sun smiled upon them next day,]  
And I had haste home, but I got a good piece  
Of bride-cake, and so came away.

Now out, alas! I had forgotten to tell ye,  
That marry'd they were with a ring;  
And so will Nan Knight, or be buried a maiden.  
And now let us pray for the king;

That he may have children, and they may have more,  
To govern and do us some good:  
And then I'll make ballads in Robin Hood's bower,  
And sing 'em in merry Sherwood.



## II.

## ROBIN HOODS PROGRESS TO NOTTINGHAM.

ROBIN HOOD he was and a tall young man,  
    *Derry derry down,*  
And fifteen winters old;  
And Robin Hood he was a proper young man,  
Of courage stout and bold.  
    *Hey down, derry derry down.*

Robin Hood hee would and to fair Nottingham,  
    With the general for to dine;  
There was hee aware of fifteen forresters,  
    And a drinking bear, ale, and wine.

What news? What news? said bold Robin Hood,  
    What news fain wouldest thou know?  
Our king hath provided a shooting match,  
    And I'm ready with my bow.

We hold it in scorn, said the forresters,  
    That ever a boy so young  
Should bear a bow before our king,  
    That's not able to draw one string.

I'le hold you twenty marks, said bold Robin Hood,  
    By the leave of our lady,  
That I'le hit a mark a hundred rod,  
    And I'le cause a hart to dye.

We'l hold you twenty mark, then said the forresters,  
    By the leave of our lady,  
Thou hit'st not the marke a hundred rod,  
    Nor causest a hart to dye.

Robin Hood he bent up a noble bow,  
And a broad arrow he let flye,  
He hit the mark a hundred rod,  
And he caused a hart to dye.

Some say hee brake ribs one or two,  
And some say he brake three ;  
The arrow within the hart would not abide,  
But it glanced in two or three.

The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,  
And the hart lay on the ground ;  
The wager is mine, said bold Robin Hood,  
If't were for a thousand pound.

The wager's none of thine, then said the forrestèrs,  
Although thou beest in haste ;  
Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,  
Lest wee thy sides do baste.

Robin Hood hee took up his noble bow,  
And his broad arrows all amain ;  
And Robin Hood he laught, and begun [for] to smile,  
As hee went over the plain.

Then Robin hee bent his noble bow,  
And his broad arrows he let flye,  
Till fourteen of these fifteen forrestèrs  
Upon the ground did lye.

He that did this quarrel first begin  
Went tripping over the plain ;  
But Robin Hood he bent his noble bow,  
And hee fetcht him back again.

You said I was no archer, said Robin Hood,  
But say so now again :  
With that he sent another arròw,  
That split his head in twain.



You have found mee an archer, saith Robin Hood,  
Which will make your wives for to wring,  
And wish that you had never spoke the word,  
That I could not draw one string.

The people that lived in fair Nottingham  
Came running out amain,  
Supposing to have taken bold Robin Hood,  
With the forresters that were slain.

Some lost legs, and some lost arms,  
And some did lose their blood ;  
But Robin hee took up his noble bow,  
And is gone to the merry green wood.

They carried these forresters into fair Nottingham,  
As many there did know ;  
They dig'd them graves in their church-yard,  
And they buried them all a row.

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### III.

#### THE JOLLY PINDER OF WAKEFIELD, WITH ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, AND JOHN.

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*From an old black letter copy, in A. à Woods collection, compared with two other copies in the British Museum, one in black letter. It should be sung "To an excellent tune," which has not been recovered.*

---

IN Wakefield there lives a jolly pindèr,  
In Wakefield all on a green,  
In Wakefield all on a green :  
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pindèr,  
Nor baron that is so bold,  
Nor baron that is so bold,  
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,  
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this be heard three witty young men,  
 'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;  
 With that they espy'd the jolly pindèr,  
 As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pindèr,  
 For a wrong way you have gone;  
 For you have forsaken the kings highway,  
 And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,  
 We being three, and thou but one.  
 The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,  
 'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,  
 And his foot against a stone,  
 And there he fought a long summers day,  
 A summers day so long,  
 Till that their swords on their broad bucklèrs  
 Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And my merry men every one;  
 For this is one of the best pindèrs,  
 That ever I tried with sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinders craft,  
 And live in the green-wood with me?  
 "At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,  
 When every man gathers his fee;

Then I'll take my blew blade all in my hand,  
 And plod to the green-wood with thee."  
 Hast thou either meat or drink, said Robin Hood,  
 For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, said the pindèr,  
 And good ale of the best.  
 And that is meat good enough, said Robin Hood,  
 For such unbidden 'guests.'

“ O wilt thou forsake the pinder his craft,  
 And go to the green-wood with me?  
 Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,  
 The one green, the other brown.”

“ If Michaelmas day was come and gone,  
 And my master had paid me my fee,  
 Then would I set as little by him,  
 As my master doth by me.”

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 IV.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP ;

*“ Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old womans house  
 and changed cloaths with her to scape from the bishop ; and  
 how he robbed the bishop of all his gold, and made him  
 sing a mass. To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.”  
 From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony  
 à Wood.*

---

COME, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,  
     *Hey down, down, an a down,*  
 And a story ile to you unfold ;  
 Ile tell you how Robin Hood served the bishop,  
 When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,  
 When Phæbus was in ‘ his ’ prime,  
 Then Robin Hood, that archer good,  
 In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walk’d the forest along,  
 Some pastime for to spy,  
 There was he aware of a proud bishòp,  
 And all his company.

O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,  
If the bishop he doth take me?  
No mercy he'l show unto me, I know,  
But hanged I shall be.

Then Robin was stout, and turned him about,  
And a little house there he did spy;  
And to an old wife, for to save his life,  
He loud began for to cry.

Why, who art thou? said the old woman,  
Come tell to me for good.  
"I am an out-law, as many do know,  
My name it is Robin Hood ;

And yonder's the bishop and all his men,  
And if that I taken be,  
Then day and night he'l work my spight,  
And hanged I shall be."

If thou be Robin Hood, said the old wife,  
As thou 'dost' seem to be,  
I'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,  
From the bishop and his company.

For I remember, 'one' Saturday night,  
Thou brought me both shoes and hose ;  
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,  
And keep thee from thy foes.

"Then give me soon thy coat of gray,  
And take thou my mantle of green ;  
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,  
And take thou my arrows so keen."

And when Robin Hood was so araid,  
He went straight to his company,  
With his spindle and twine, he oft lookt behind  
For the bishop and his company.

O who is yonder, quoth little John,  
That now comes over the lee?  
An arrow I will at her let flie,  
So like an old witch looks shee.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,  
And shoot not thy arrows so keen;  
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,  
And quickly it shall be seen.

The bishop he came to the old womans house,  
And called, with furious mood,  
Come let me soon see, and bring unto me  
That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,  
Himselfe on a dapple gray:  
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,  
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forrest along,  
The bishop he 'chanc'd' for to see  
A hundred brave bowmen bold,  
Stand under the green-wood tree.

O who is yonder, the bishop then said,  
That's ranging within yonder wood?  
Marry, says the old woman, I think it to be  
A man call'd Robin Hood.

Why, who art thou, the bishop he said,  
Which I have here with me?  
"Why, I am old woman, thou [haughty] bishop,  
[As presently thou shalt] see."

Then woe is me, the bishop he said,  
That ever I saw this day!  
He turn'd him about, but Robin stout  
Call'd him, and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,  
 And ty'd him fast to a tree;  
 Then Little John smil'd his master upon,  
 For joy of that company.

Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back,  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 And out of the bishop's portmantle he  
 Soon told five hundred pound.

Now let him go, said Robin Hood.  
 Said little John, That may not be;  
 For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,  
 Before that he goe from me.

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,  
 And bound him fast to a tree,  
 And made him sing a mass, God wot,  
 To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,  
 And set him on his dapple gray,  
 And gave him the tail within his hand,  
 And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

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 V.

 ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER.
 

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*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à  
 Wood. The tune is, "Robin Hood and the Begger."*

---

COME, all you brave gallants, listen awhile,  
 With hey down, down, an a down,  
 That are 'this bower' within;  
 For of Robin Hood, that archer good  
 A song I intend for to sing.

Upon a time it chanced so,  
Bold Robin in [the] forrest did 'spy  
A jolly butchèr, with a bonny fine mare,  
With his flesh to the market did hye.

Good morrow, good fellow, said jolly Robìn,  
What food hast [thou], tell unto me?  
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,  
For I like well thy company.

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robìn,  
No matter where I dwell;  
For a butcher I am, and to Notingham  
I am going, my flesh to sell.

What is [the] price of thy flesh? said jolly Robìn,  
Come tell it soon unto me;  
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,  
For a butcher fain would I be.

The price of my flesh, the butcher repli'd,  
I soon will tell unto thee;  
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,  
Four mark thou must give unto me.

Four mark I will give thee, saith jolly Robìn,  
Four mark it shall be thy fee;  
The mony come count, and let me mount,  
For a butcher I fain would be.

Now Robin he is to Notingham gone,  
His butchers trade to begin;  
With good intent to the sheriff he went,  
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers they opened their meat,  
Bold Robin he then begun;  
But how for to sell he knew not well,  
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,  
 Robin got both gold and fee ;  
 For he sold more meat for one peny  
 Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,  
 No butcher by him could thrive ;  
 For he sold more meat for one peny  
 Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham  
 To study as they did stand,  
 Saying, Surely he ' is' some prodigal,  
 That hath sold his fathers land.

The butchers stepped to jolly Robin,  
 Acquainted with him for to be ;  
 Come, brother, one said, we be all of one trade,  
 Come, will you go dine with me?

Accurst of his heart, said jolly Robin,  
 That a butcher doth deny ;  
 I will go with you, my brethren true,  
 As fast as I can hie.

But when to the sheriffs house they came,  
 To dinner they hied apace,  
 And Robin Hood he the man must be  
 Before them all to say grace.

Pray God bless us all, said jolly Robin,  
 And our meat within this place ;  
 A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood :  
 And so I do end my grace.

Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,  
 Let us be merry while we do stay ;  
 For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,  
 I vow I the reckning will pay.



Come, 'brothers,' be merry, said jolly Robin,  
 Let us drink, and never give ore ;  
 For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,  
 If it cost me five pounds and more.

This is a mad blade, the butchers then said.  
 Saies the sheriff, He is some prodigal,  
 That some land has sold for silver and gold,  
 And now he doth mean to spend all.

Hast thou any horn beasts, the sheriff repli'd,  
 Good fellow, to sell unto me?  
 " Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,  
 I have hundreds two or three,

And a hundred aker of good free land,  
 If you please it to see :  
 And Ile make you as good assurance of it,  
 As ever my father made me."

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrè,  
 And, with three hundred pound in gold,  
 Away he went with bold Robin Hood,  
 His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,  
 To the forrest of merry Sherwood,  
 Then the sheriff did say, God bless us this day,  
 From a man they call Robin Hood !

But when a little farther they came,  
 Bold Robin he chanced to spy  
 A hundred head of good red deer,  
 Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

" How like you my horn'd beasts, good master sheriff?  
 They be fat and fair for to see."  
 " I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone,  
 For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew but blasts three ;  
Then quickly anon there came Little John,  
And all his company.

What is your will, master ? then said Little John,  
Good master come tell unto me.  
“ I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham  
This day to dine with thee.”

He is welcome to me, then said Little John,  
I hope he will honestly pay ;  
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,  
Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,  
And laid it upon the ground ;  
And out of the sheriffs portmanteau  
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him thorow the wood,  
And set him on his dapple gray ;  
“ O have me commended to your wife at home :”  
So Robin went laughing away.



## VI.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE TANNER;

OR, ROBIN HOOD MET WITH HIS MATCH.

*“ A merry and pleasant song relating the gallant and fierce combate fought between Arthur Bland, a tanner of Nottingham and Robin Hood, the greatest and most noblest archer of England. Tune is, Robin Hood and the Stranger.” From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.*

---

IN Nottingham there lives a jolly tannèr,  
     *With a hey down, down, a down, down,*  
 His name is Arthur-a-Bland;  
 There is nere a squire in Nottinghamshire  
 Dare bid bold Arthur stand.

With a long pike-staff upon his shouldèr,  
 So well he can clear his way;  
 By two and by three he makes them to flee,  
 For he hath no list to stay.

And as he went forth, in a summers morning,  
 Into the ‘forrest of merry’ Sherwood,  
 To view the red deer, that range here and there,  
 There met he with bold Robin Hood.

As soon as bold Robin ‘he did’ espy,  
 He thought some sport he would make,  
 Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,  
 And thus to him ‘he’ spake:

Why, what art thou, thou hold fellòw,  
 That ranges so boldly here?  
 In sooth, to be brief, thou lookst like a thief,  
 That comes to steal our kings deer.

For I am a keeper in this forrest,  
 The king puts me in trust  
 To look to his deer, that range here and there;  
 Therefore stay thee I must.

“ If thou beest a keeper in this forrest,  
 And hast such a great command,  
 ‘ Yet’ thou must have more partakers in store,  
 Before thou make me to stand.”

“ Nay, I have no more partakers in store,  
 Or any that I do not need;  
 But I have a staff of another oke graff,  
 I know it will do the deed.

For thy sword and thy bow I care not a straw,  
 Nor all thine arrows to boot;  
 If I get a knop upon thy bare scop,  
 Thou canst as well [spit] as shoot.”

Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly Robin,  
 And give better terms to me;  
 Else Ile thee correct for thy neglect,  
 And make thee more mannerly.

Marry gep with a wenion! quod Arthur-a-Bland,  
 Art thou such a goodly man?  
 I care not a fig for thy looking so big,  
 Mend thou thyself where thou can.

Then Robin Hood he unbuckled his belt,  
 And laid down his bow so long;  
 He took up a staff of another oke graff,  
 That was both stiff and strong.

Ile yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,  
 Since thou wilt not yield to mine;  
 For I have a staff of another oke graff,  
 Not half a foot longer then thine.

But let me measure, said jolly Robin,  
Before we begin our fray ;  
For Ple not have mine to be longer then thine,  
For that will be counted foul play.

I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,  
My staff is of oke so free ;  
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down a calf,  
And I hope it will knock down thee.

Then Robin could no longer forbear,  
He gave him such a knock,  
Quickly and soon the blood came down,  
Before it was ten a clock.

Then Arthur he soon recovered himself,  
And gave him such a knock on the crown,  
That from every side of bold Robin Hoods head,  
The blood came trickling down.

Then Robin raged like a wild boar,  
As soon as he saw his own blood :  
Then Bland was in hast he laid on so fast,  
As though he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they went,  
Like two wild bores in a chase.  
Striving to aim each other to maim,  
Leg, arm, or any other place.

And knock for knock they lustily dealt,  
Which held for two hours and more ;  
That all the wood rang at every bang,  
They ply'd their work so sore.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
And let thy quarrel fall ;  
For here we may thrash our bones all to mesh,  
And get no coyn at all :

And in the forrest of merry Sherwood  
 Heerafter thou shalt be free.  
 "God a mercy for 'nought,' my freedom I bought,  
 I may thank my staff, and not thee."

What tradesman art thou? said jolly Robin,  
 Good fellow, I prethee me show :  
 And also me tell, in what place thou dost dwel?  
 For both of these fain would I know.

I am a tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,  
 In Nottingham long have I wrought ;  
 And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear,  
 I will tan thy hide for 'nought.'

God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly Robin,  
 Since thou art so kind and free ;  
 And if thou wilt tan my hide for 'nought,'  
 I will do as much for thee.

And if thou'lt forsake thy tanners trade,  
 And live in the green wood with me,  
 My name's Robin Hood, I swear by the 'rood,'  
 I will give thee both gold and fee.

If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd,  
 As I think well thou art,  
 Then here's my hand, my name's Arthur-a-Bland,  
 We two will never depart.

But tell me, O tell me, where is Little John?  
 Of him fain would I hear ;  
 For we are alide by the mothers side,  
 And he is my kinsman dear.

Then Robin Hood blew on the beagle horn,  
 He blew full lowd and shrill ;  
 But quickly anon appear'd Little John,  
 Come tripping down a green hill ;

O what is the matter? then said Little John,  
Master, I pray you tell:  
Why do you stand with your staff in your hand,  
I fear all is not well.

“ O man I do stand, and he makes me to stand,  
The tanner that stands thee beside;  
He is a bonny blade, and master of his trade,  
For soundly he hath tan'd my hide.”

He is to be commended, then said Little John,  
If such a feat he can do;  
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,  
And he shall tan my hide too.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
For as I do understand,  
He's a yeoman good of thine own blood,  
For his name is Arthur-a-Bland.

Then Little John threw his staff away,  
As far as he could it fling,  
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,  
And about his neck did cling.

With loving respect, there was no neglect,  
They were neither ' nice' nor coy,  
Each other did face with a lovely grace,  
And both did weep for joy.

Then Robin Hood took ' them both' by the hands,  
And danc'd round about the oke tree:  
“ For three merry men, and three merry men,  
And three merry men we be:

And ever hereafter as long as we live,  
We three will be ' as' one;  
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife sing,  
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.”

## VII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE TINKER.

*From an old black letter copy in the library of Anthony à Wood. The full title is,*

*“ A new song to drive away cold winter,  
Between Robin Hood and the jovial tinker :*

*How Robin by a wile  
The Tinker he did cheat ;  
But at the length as you shall hear  
The Tinker did him beat ;  
Whereby the same they did then so agree  
They after liv'd in love and unity.*

*To the tune of, In Summer time.”*

**IN** summer time, when leaves grow green,  
*Down, a down, a down,*  
And birds sing on every tree,  
*Hey down, a down, a down.*  
**Robin Hood** went to Nottingham,  
*Down, a down, a down.*  
As fast as hee could dree.  
*Hey down, a down, a down.*

And as hee came to Nottingham,  
A tinker he did meet,  
And seeing him a lusty blade,  
He did him kindly greet.

Where dost thou live? quoth Robin Hood,  
I pray thee now mee tell :  
Sad news I hear there is abroad,  
I fear all is not well.



What is that news? the tinker said,  
Tell mee without delay :  
I am a tinker by my trade,  
And do live at Banbury.

As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,  
It is but as I hear,  
Two tinkers were set ith' stocks,  
For drinking ale and ' beer.'

If that be all, the tinker he said,  
As I may say to you,  
Your news is not worth a [groat]  
Since that they all bee true.

For drinking good ale and ' beer,'  
You will not lose your part.  
No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,  
I love it with all my heart.

What news abroad? quoth Robin Hood,  
Tell me what thou dost hear :  
Seeing thou goest from town to town,  
Some news thou need not fear.

All the news I have, the tinker said,  
I hear it is for good,  
It is to seek a bold outlâw,  
Which they call Robin Hood.

I have a warrant from the king,  
To take him where I can ;  
If you can tell me where hee is,  
I will mak you a man.

The king would give a hundred pound,  
That he could but him see ;  
And if wee can but now him get,  
It will serve thee and mee.

Let me see that warrant, said Robin Hood,  
Ile see if it bee right ;  
And I will do the best I can  
For to take him this night.

That will I not, the tinker said,  
None with it I will trust ;  
And where hee is if you'll not tell,  
Take him by force I must.

But Robin Hood perceiving well  
How then the game would go,  
" If you would go to Nottingham,  
We shall find him I know."

The tinker had a crab-tree staff,  
Which was both good and strong,  
Robin hee had a good strong blade ;  
So they went both along.

And when they came to Nottingham,  
There they both tooke their inn ;  
And they called for ale and wine,  
To drink it was no sin.

But ale and wine they drank so fast,  
That the tinker hee forgot  
What thing he was about to do ;  
It fell so to his lot.

That, while the tinker fell asleep,  
' Robin ' made then haste away,  
And left the tinker in the lurch,  
For the great shot to pay.

But when the tinker wakened,  
And saw that he was gone,  
He call'd then even for his host,  
And thus hee made his moan :

I had a warrant from the king,  
Which might have done me good,  
That is to take a bold outlâw,  
Some call him Robin Hood :

But now my warrant and mony's gone,  
Nothing I have to pay ;  
And he that promis'd to be my friend,  
He is gone and fled away.

That friend you tell on, said the host,  
They call him Robin Hood ;  
And when that first hee met with you,  
He ment you little good.

“ Had I but known it had heen hee,  
When that I had been here,  
Th' one of us should have tri'd our might  
Which should have paid full dear.

In the mean time I will away,  
No longer here Ile bide,  
But I will go and seek him out,  
Whatever do me betide.

But one thing I would gladly know,  
What here I have to pay.”  
‘Ten shillings just, then said the host.  
“ Ile pay without delay ;

Or elce take here my working-bag,  
And my good hammer too ;  
And if that I light but on the knave,  
I will then soon pay you.”

The onely way, then said the host,  
And not to stand in fear,  
Is to seek him among the parks,  
Killing of the king's deer.

The tinker hee then went with speed,  
And made then no delay,  
'Till he had found ' bold ' Robin Hood,  
That they might have a fray.

At last hee spy'd him in a park,  
Hunting then of the deer.  
What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,  
That doth come mee so near?

No knave, no knave, the tinker said,  
And that you soon shall know ;  
Whether of us hath done any wrong,  
My crab-tree staff shall show.

Then Robin drew his gallant blade,  
Made then of trusty steel :  
But the tinker he laid on so fast,  
That he made Robin reel.

Then Robins anger did arise,  
He fought right manfully,  
Until he had made the tinkèr  
Almost then fit to fly.

With that they had a bout again,  
They ply'd their weapons fast ;  
The tinker threshed his bones so sore,  
He made him yeeld at last.

A boon, a boon, Robin hee cries,  
If thou wilt grant it mee.  
Before I do it, the tinker said,  
Ile hang thee on this tree.

But the tinker looking him about,  
Robin his horn did blow ;  
Then came unto him Little John,  
And William Scadlock too.

What is the matter, quoth Little John,  
You sit on th' highway side?  
"Here is a tinker that stands by,  
That hath paid well my hide."

That tinker then, said Little John,  
Fain that blade I would see,  
And I would try what I could do,  
If hee'l do as much for me.

But Robin hee then wish'd them both  
They should the quarrel cease,  
"That henceforth wee may bee as one,  
And ever live in peace."

And for the jovial tinker's part,  
A hundred pounds Ile give  
In th' year to maintain him on,  
As long as he doth live.

In manhood he is a mettled man,  
And a mettle man by trade;  
Never thought I that any man  
Should have made me so afraid.

And if hee will bee one of us,  
Wee will take all one fare;  
And whatsoever wee do get,  
He shall have his full share."

So the tinker was content  
With them to go along,  
And with them a part to take:  
And so I end my song.

## VIII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND ALLIN 'A' DALE ;

*“ Or a pleasant relation how a young gentleman, being in love with a young damsel, ‘ she’ was taken from him to be an old knights bride: and how Robin Hood, pittying the young mans case, took her from the old knight, when they were going to be marryed, and restored her to her own love again. To a pleasant northern tune, Robin Hood in the green-wood stood.*

*Bold Robin Hood he did the young man right  
And took the damsel from the doting knight.”*

*From an old black letter copy in major Pearson’s collection.*

---

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,  
All yon that love mirth for to hear,  
And I will tell you of a bold outlâw,  
That livéd in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,  
All under the green wood tree,  
There he was aware of a brave young man,  
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,  
In scarlet fine and gay ;  
And he did frisk it over the plain,  
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood  
Amongst the leaves so gay,  
There did [he] espy the same young man  
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before  
It was clean cast away ;  
And at every step he fetcht a sigh,  
“ Alack and a well a day !”

Then stepped forth brave Little John,  
And ‘ Midge’ the millers son,  
Which made the young man bend his bow,  
When as he see them come.

Stand off, stand off, the young man said,  
What is your will with me ?  
“ You must come before our master straight,  
Under yon green wood tree.”

And when he came bold Robin before,  
Robin askt him courteously,  
O, hast thou any money to spare  
For my merry men and me ?

I have no money, the young man said,  
But five shillings and a ring ;  
And that I have kept this seven long years,  
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,  
But she from me was taue,  
And chosen to be an old knights delight,  
Whereby my poor heart is slain.

What is thy name? then said Robin Hood,  
Come tell me, without any fail.  
By the faith of my body, then said the young man,  
My name it is Allin a Dale.

What will thou give me, said Robin Hood,  
In ready gold or fee,  
To help thee to thy true love again,  
And deliver her unto thee?

I have no money, then quoth the young man,  
 No ready gold nor fee,  
 But I will swear upon a book  
 Thy true servaut for to be.

“How many miles is it to thy true love?  
 Come tell me without guile.”  
 By the faith of my body, then said the young man,  
 It is but five little mile.

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,  
 He did neither stint nor lin,  
 Until he came unto the church,  
 Where Allin should keep his wedding.

What hast thou here? the bishop then said,  
 I prithee now tell unto me.  
 I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,  
 And the best in the north country.

O welcome, O welcome, the bishop he said,  
 That music best pleaseth me ;  
 You shall have no music, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.

With that came in a wealthy knight,  
 Which was both grave and old,  
 And after him a finikin lass,  
 Did shine like the glistening gold.

This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin Hood,  
 That you do seem to make here,  
 For since we are come into the church,  
 The bride shall chuse her own dear.

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,  
 And blew blasts two or three ;  
 When four and twenty bowmen bold  
 Came leaping over the lee.



And when they came into the church-yard,  
Marching all on a row,  
The first man was Allin a Dale,  
To give bold Robin his bow.

This is thy true love, Robin he said,  
Young Allin, as I hear say,  
And you shall be married at ' this' same time,  
Before we depart away.

That shall not be, the bishop he said,  
For thy word shall not stand;  
They shall be three times askt in the church,  
As the law is of our land.

Robin Hood pull'd off the bishops coat,  
And put it upon little John;  
By the faith of my body, then Robin said,  
This ' cloth' does make thee a man.

When Little John went into the quire,  
The people began to laugh;  
He askt them seven times in the church,  
Lest three times should not be enough.

Who gives me this maid? said Little John.  
Quoth Robin Hood, that do I;  
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,  
Full dearly he shall her buy.

And thus having ended this merry wedding,  
The bride lookt like a queen;  
And so they return'd to the merry green wood  
Amongst the leaves so green.

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## IX.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE SHEPHERD ;

*“ Shewing how Robin Hood, Little John, and the Shepherd fought a sore combate.*

*The Shepherd fought for twenty pound, and Robin for  
bottle and bag,  
But the shepherd stout, gave them the rout, so sore they  
could not wag.*

*Tune is, Robin Hood and queen Katherine.”*

*From two old black letter copies, one of them in the collection of Anthony à Wood, the other in that of Thomas Pearson, esq.*

---

ALL gentlemen, and yeomen good,  
Down, a down, a down, a down,  
I wish you to drew near ;  
For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood  
Unto you I will declare.  
Down a, &c.

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,  
Some pastime for to spie,  
There he was aware of a jolly shephèrd,  
That on the ground did lie.

Arise, arise, cried jolly Robin,  
And now come let me see  
What's in thy bag and bottle ; I say,  
Come tell it unto me.

“ What's that to thee? thou proud fellòw,  
Tell me as I do stand ;  
What hast thou to do with my bag and bottle ?  
Let me see thy command.”

“ My sword, which hangeth by my side,  
Is my command I know ;  
Come, and let me taste of thy bottle,  
Or it may breed thy woe.”

“ The devil a drop, thou proud fellow,  
Of my bottle thou shalt see,  
Until thy valour here be tried,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.”

What shall we fight for? cries Robin Hood,  
Come tell it soon to me ;  
Here is twenty pound in good red gold,  
Win it and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in a maze,  
And knew not what to say :  
“ I have no money, thou proud fellow,  
But bag and bottle ile lay.”

“ I am content, thou shepherd swain,  
Fling them down on the ground ;  
But it will breed thee mickle pain,  
To win my twenty pound.”

“ Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,  
Thou standest too long to prate ;  
This hook of mine shall let thee know,  
A coward I do hate.”

So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,  
It was on a summers day,  
From ten till four in the afternoon  
The shepherd held him play.

Robins buckler prov'd his ‘ chief’ defence,  
And saved him many a bang,  
For every blow the shepherd gave  
Made Robins sword cry twang.

Many a sturdie blow the shepherd gave,  
 And that bold Robin found,  
 Till the blood ran trickling from his head,  
 Then he fell to the ground.

“ Arise, arise, thou proud fellòw,  
 And thou shalt have fair play,  
 If thou wilt yield before thou go,  
 That I have won the day.”

A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robìn,  
 If that a man thou be,  
 Then let me have my beugle horn,  
 And blow but blasts three.

Then said the shepherd to bold Robìn,  
 To that I will agree ;  
 ‘ For’ if thou shouldst blow till to-morrow morn,  
 I scorn one foot to flee.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth.  
 And he blew with mickle main,  
 Until he espied Little John  
 Come tripping over the plain.

“ O who is yonder, thou proud fellòw,  
 That comes down yonder hill?”  
 “ Yonder is John, bold Robin Hoods man,  
 Shall fight with thee thy fill.”

What is the matter ? saies Little John,  
 Master, come tell to me.  
 My case is bad, cries Robin Hood.  
 For the shepherd hath conquered me.

I am glad of that, cries Little John :  
 Shepherd, turn thou to me ;  
 For a bout with thee I mean to have,  
 Eith er come fight or flee.

“ With all my heart, thou proud fellow,  
For it never shall be said  
That a shepherd’s hook of thy sturdy look  
Will one jot be dismaied.”

So they fell to it, full hardy and sore,  
Striving for victorie.  
Ile know, says John, ere we give o’er,  
Whether thou wilt fight or flee.

The shepherd gave John a sturdie blow,  
With his hook under the chin.  
Beshrew thy heart, said Little John,  
Thou basely dost begin.

Nay, that is nothing, said the shephèrd,  
Either yield to me the daie,  
Or I will bang thy back and sides,  
Before thou goest thy way.

What, dost thou think, thou proud fellow,  
That thou canst conquer me?  
Nay, thou shalt know, before thou go,  
Ile fight before ile flee.

Again the shepherd laid on him,  
‘ Just as he first begun.’  
Hold thy hand, cry’d bold Robin,  
I will yield the wager won.

With all my heart, said Little John,  
To that I will agree ;  
For he is the flower of shepherd swains,  
The like I did never see.

Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,  
Also of Little John ;  
How a shepherd swain did conquer them,  
The like was never known.

## X.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE CURTALL FRYER.

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*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood; corrected by a much earlier one in the Pepysian library, printed by H. Gosson, about the year 1600; compared with a later one in the same collection. The full title is: "The famous battell betweene Robin Hood and the curtall fryer. To a New Northerne tune."*

*"The curtall fryer,"* dr. Stukeley says, "is cordelier from the cord or rope which they wore round their wast, to whip themselves with. They were," adds he, "of the Franciscan order." Our fryer, however, is undoubtedly so called from his "curtall dogs," or curs, as we now say, (Courtault, F.) In fact, he is no fryer at all, but a monk of Fountains abbey, which was of the Cistercian order.

---

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,  
 And flowers are fresh and gay,  
 Robin Hood and his merry men  
 Were disposed to play.

Then some would leape, and some would runne,  
 And some would use artillery;  
 "Which of you can a good bow draw,  
 A good archer for to be?"

Which of you can kill a bucke,  
 Or who can kill a doe;  
 Or who can kill a hart of Greece  
 Five hundreth foot him fro?"

Will Scadlocke he kild a bucke,  
 And Midge he kild a doe ;  
 And Little Iohn kild a hart of Greece,  
 Five hundreth foot him fro.

Gods blessing on thy heart, said Robin Hood,  
 That hath such a shot for me ;  
 I would ride my horse a hundred miles,  
 To find one could match thee.

That caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,  
 He laught full heartily :  
 " There lives a curtall fryer in Fountaines Abby.  
 Will beate both him and thee.

The curtall fryer in Fountaines Abbey  
 Well can a strong bow draw,  
 He will beat you and your yeomèn,  
 Set them all on a row."

Robin Hood he tooke a solemne oath,  
 It was by Mary free,  
 That he would neither eate nor drinke,  
 'Till the fryer he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harnesse good,  
 On his head a cap of steel,  
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
 And they became him weele.

He tooke his bow into his hand,  
 It was made of a trusty tree,  
 With a sheafe of arrowes at his belt,  
 And to Fountaine Dale went he.

And comming unto Fountaine Dale,  
 No farther he would ride ;  
 There he was aware of the curtall fryer,  
 Walking by the water side.

The fryer had on a harnesse good,  
 On his head a cap of steel,  
 Broad sword and buckler by his side,  
 And they became him weele.

Robin Hood lighted off his horse,  
 And tyed him to a thorne :  
 " Carry me over the water, thou curtall fryer,  
 Or else thy life's forlorne."

The fryer tooke Robin Hood on his backe,  
 Deepe water he did bestride,  
 And spake neither good word nor bad,  
 Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin offe the fryers backe ;  
 The fryer said to him againe,  
 Carry me over this water, [thou] fine fellow,  
 Or it shall breed thy paine.

Robin Hood took the fryer on his backe,  
 Deepe water he did bestride,  
 And spake neither good word nor bad,  
 Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt the fryer off Robin Hoods backe,  
 Robin Hood said to him againe,  
 Carry me over this water, thou curtall fryer,  
 Or it shall breede thy pain.

The fryer tooke Robin on's back againe,  
 And stept in to the knee.  
 'Till he came at the middle streame,  
 Neither good nor bad spake he,

And comming to the middle streame,  
 There he threw Robin in :  
 " And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,  
 Whether thou wilt sink or swim."



Robin Hood swam to a bush of broome,  
 The fryer to a wigger wand ;  
 Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,  
 And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrowes under his belt  
 To the fryer he let fly ;  
 The curtall fryer with his steele bucklèr  
 Did put that arrow by.

“ Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellòw,  
 Shoot as thou hast begun,  
 If thou shoot here a summers day,  
 Thy marke I will not shun.”

Robin Hood shot passing well,  
 ’Till his arrows all were gane ;  
 They tooke their swords and steel bucklèrs,  
 They fought with might and maine,

From ten o’th’ clock that [very] day,  
 ’Till four i’ th’ afternoon ;  
 Then Robin Hood came to his knees,  
 Of the fryer to beg a boone.

“ A boone, a boone, thou curtall fryer,  
 I beg it on my knee ;  
 Give me leave to set my horne to my mouth,  
 And to blow blasts three.”

That I will do, said the curtall fryer,  
 Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;  
 I hope thoult blow so passing well,  
 ’Till both thy eyes fall out.

Robin Hood set his horne to his mouth,  
 He blew out blasts three ;  
 Halfe a hundreth yeomen, with bowes bent,  
 Came raking over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the fryer,  
 That come so hastily?  
 Those are mine, said Robin Hood;  
 Fryer, what is that to thee?

A boone, a boone, said the curtall fryer,  
 The like I gave to thee;  
 Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,  
 And to whute whues three.

That will I doe, said Robin Hood,  
 Or else I were to blame;  
 Three whues in a fryers fist  
 Would make me glad and faine.

The fryer set his fist to his mouth,  
 And whuted whues three:  
 Half a hundred good band-dogs  
 Came running over the lee.

“ Here’s for every man a dog,  
 And I myselfe for thee.”  
 Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,  
 Fryer, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did goe,  
 The one behind, the other before,  
 Robin Hoods mantle of Lincolne greene  
 Off from his backe they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,  
 Or they shot north or south,  
 The curtall dogs, so taught they were,  
 They kept ‘ the ’ arrows in their mouth.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,  
 Fryer, at my bidding be.  
 Whose man art thou, said the curtall fryer,  
 Comes here to prate with me?

“ I am Little John, Robin Hoods man,  
Fryer, I will not lie ;  
If thou take not up thy dogs soone,  
I’le take up them and thee.”

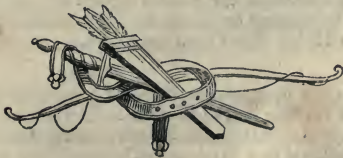
Little John had a bow in his hand,  
He shot with might and main ;  
Soon halfe a score of the fryers dogs  
Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the curtall fryer,  
Thy master and I will agree ;  
And we will have new orders taken,  
With all the hast may be.

“ If thou wilt forsake fair Fountaines dale,  
And Fountaines Abbey free,  
Every sunday thrownt the yeere,  
A noble shall be thy fee :

And every holliday through the yeere,  
Changed shall thy garment be,  
If thou wilt goe to faire Nottingham,  
And there remaine with me.”

This curtall fryer had kept Fountaines dale  
Seven long yeeres and more,  
There was neither knight, lord, nor earle,  
Could make him yeeld before.



## XI.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE STRANGER.

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*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The title now given to this ballad is that which it seems to have originally borne; having been foolishly altered to "Robin Hood newly revived."*

---

COME listen awhile, you gentlemen all,  
*With a hey down, down, a down, down,*  
 That are this bower within,  
 For a story of gallant bold Robin Hood,  
 I purpose now to begin.

What time of day? quod Robin Hood then.  
 Quoth Little John, 'tis in the prime.  
 "Why then we will to the green wood gang,  
 For we have no vittles to dine."

As Robin Hood walkt the forrest along,  
 It was in the mid of the day,  
 There he was met of a deft young man,  
 As ever walkt on the way.

His doublet was of silk, 'tis said,  
 His stockings like scarlet shone:  
 And he walked on along the way,  
 To Robin Hood then unknown.

A herd of deer was in the bend,  
 All feeding before his face:  
 "Now the best of you ile have to my dinner,  
 And that in a litle space."

Now the stranger he made no mickle adoe,  
But he bends and a right good bow,  
And the best of all the herd he slew,  
Forty good yards him froe.

Well shot, well shot, quod Robin Hood then,  
That shot it was shot in time ;  
And if thou wilt accept of the place,  
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.

Go play the chiven, the stranger said,  
Make haste and quickly go,  
Or with my fist, be sure of this,  
Ile give thee buffets sto'.

Thou had'st not best buffet me, quod Robin Hood,  
For though I seem forlorn,  
Yet I have those will take my part,  
If I but blow my horn.

Thou wast not best wind thy horn, the stranger said,  
Beest thou never so much in haste,  
For I can draw out a good broad sword,  
And quickly cut the blast.

Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,  
To shoot, and that he would fain ;  
The stranger he bent a very good bow,  
To shoot at bold Robin again.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quod Robin Hood,  
To shoot it would be in vain ;  
For if we should shoot the one at the other,  
The one of us may be slain.

But let's take our swords and our broad bucklèrs,  
And gang under yonder tree.  
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he said,  
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a blow,  
 'Most scar'd him out of his wit:  
 Thou never felt blow, the stranger he said,  
 That shall be better quit.

The stranger he drew out a good broad sword,  
 And hit Robin on the crown,  
 That from every haire of bold Robins head  
 The blood ran trickling down.

God a mercy, good fellow! quod Robin Hood then,  
 And for this that thou hast done,  
 Tell me, good fellow, what thou art,  
 Tell me where thou doest won.

The stranger then answered bold Robin Hood,  
 Ile tell thee where I do dwell;  
 In Maxwell town I was bred and born,  
 My name is young Gamwell.

For killing of my own fathers stewàrd,  
 I am forc'd to this English wood,  
 And for to seek an uncle of mine,  
 Some call him Robin Hood.

"But 'art thou' a cousin of Robin Hood then?  
 The sooner we should have done."  
 As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger then said,  
 I am his own sisters son.

But, lord! what kissing and courting was there,  
 When these two cousins did greet!  
 And they went all that summers day,  
 And Little John did [not] meet.

But when they met with Little John,  
 He 'unto them' did say,  
 O master, pray where have you been,  
 You have tarried so long away?

I met with a stranger, quod Robin Hood,  
 Full sore he hath beaten me.  
 Then I'll have a bout with him, quod Little John,  
 And try if he can beat me.

Oh [no], oh no, quoth Robin Hood then,  
 Little John, it may [not] be so ;  
 For he is my own dear sisters son,  
 And cousins I have no mo.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,  
 My chief man next to thee ;  
 And I Robin Hood, and thou Little John,  
 And ' Scadlock' he shall be.

And weel be three of the bravest outlaws  
 That live in the north country.  
 If ' you will' hear more of bold Robin Hood,  
 In ' the' second part it will be.

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[PART THE SECOND.]

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*This (from an old black letter copy in major Pearson's collection) is evidently the genuine second part of the present ballad ; although constantly printed as an independent article, under the title of " Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John : Or, a narrative of their victories obtained against the prince of Aragon and the two giants ; and how Will Scadlock married the princess. Tune of Robin Hood ; or, Hey down, down, a down."*

---

Now Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John,  
 Are walking over the plain,  
 With a good fat buck, which Will Scadlock,  
 With his strong bow had slain.

Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,  
The day it runs full fast ;  
For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,  
I have not yet broke my fast.

Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,  
I think it wondrous good,  
Where my nephew by my bold yeomèn  
Shall be welcom'd unto the green-wood.

With that he took ' his' bugle-horn,  
Full well he could it blow ;  
Streight from the woods came marching down  
One hundred tall fellows and mo.

Stand, stand to your arms, says Will Scadlòck,  
Lo ! the enemies are within ken.  
With that Robin Hood he laugh'd aloud,  
Crying, They are my bold yeomèn.

Who, when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,  
Cry'd, Master, what is your will ?  
We thought you had in danger been,  
Your horn did sound so shrill.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,  
The danger is past and gone ;  
I would have you welcome my nephew here,  
That has paid me two for one.

In feasting and sporting they passed the day,  
Till Phœbus sunk into the deep ;  
Then each one to his quarters hy'd,  
His guard there for to keep.

Long had they not walked within the green-wood,  
But Robin he soon espy'd,  
A beautiful damsel all alone,  
That on a black palfrey did ride.



Her riding-suit was of a sable hew black,  
Cypress over her face,  
Through which her rose-like cheeks did blush,  
All with a comely grace.

Come tell me the cause, thou pretty one,  
Quoth Robin, and tell me aright,  
From whence thou comest, and whither thou goest,  
All in this mournful plight?

From London I came, the damsel reply'd,  
From London upon the Thames,  
Which circled is, O grief to tell!  
Besieg'd with foreign arms,

By the proud prince of Arragon,  
Who swears by his martial hand  
To have the princess to his spouse,  
Or else to waste this land;

Except such champions can be found,  
That dare fight three to three,  
Against the prince, and giants twain,  
Most horrid for to see;

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,  
Strike terrour where they come,  
With serpents hissing on their helms,  
Instead of feathered plume.

The princess shall be the victor's prize,  
The king hath vow'd and said,  
And he that shall the conquest win,  
Shall have her to his bride.

Now we are four damsels sent abroad,  
To the east, west, north, and south,  
To try whose fortune is so good  
To find these champions 'out.'

But all in vain we have sought about,  
 For none so bold there are  
 That dare adventure life and blood,  
 To free a lady fair.

When is the day? quoth Robin Hood,  
 Tell me this and no more.  
 On Midsummer next, the dam'sel said,  
 Which is June the twenty-four.

With that the tears trickled down her cheeks,  
 And silent was her tongue;  
 With sighs and sobs she took her leave,  
 Away her palfrey sprung.

The news struck Robin to the heart,  
 He fell down on the grass,  
 His actions and his troubled mind  
 Shew'd he perplexed was.

Where lies your grief? quoth Will 'Scadlòck,'  
 O, master, tell to me:  
 If the damsels eyes have pierc'd your heart,  
 I'll fetch her back to thee.

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,  
 She doth not cause my smart;  
 But 'tis the poor distressed princess,  
 That wounds me to the heart:

I'll go fight the [prince and] giants all,  
 To set the lady free.  
 The devil take my soul, quoth Little John,  
 If I part with thy company.

Must I stay behind? quoth Will Scadlòck,  
 No, no, that must not be;  
 Ple make the third man in the fight,  
 So we shall be three to three.

These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,  
 Joy shone within his face,  
 Within his arms he hugg'd them both,  
 And kindly did imbrace.

Quoth he, We'll put on mothley grey,  
 And long staves in our hands,  
 A scrip and bottle by our sides,  
 As come from the holy land.

So may we pass along the high-way,  
 None will ask us from whence we came,  
 But take us pilgrims for to be,  
 Or else some holy men.

Now they are on their journey gone,  
 As fast as they may speed,  
 Yet for all their haste, ere they arriv'd,  
 The princess forth was led,

To be deliver'd to the prince,  
 Who in the list did stand,  
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive  
 His lady by the hand.

With that he walk'd about the lists,  
 With giants by his side :  
 Bring forth, said he, your champions,  
 Or bring me forth my bride.

This is the four and twentieth day,  
 The day prefixt upon :  
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,  
 I swear by ' Alcaron.'

Then cries the king, and queen likewise,  
 Both weeping as they ' spake,'  
 Lo ! we have brought our daughter dear,  
 Whom we are forc'd to forsake.

With that stept out bold Robin Hood,  
Crys, My liege, it must not be so :  
Such beauty as the fair princèss  
Is not for a tyrants mow.

The prince he then began to storm,  
Cries, Fool, fanatick, baboon !  
How dare thou stop my valour's prize ?  
I'll kill thee with a frown.

Thou tyrant Turk, thou infidel,  
Thus Robin began to reply,  
Thy frowns I scorn ; lo ! here's my gage,  
And thus I thee defie.

And for those two Goliahs there,  
That stand on either side,  
Here are two little Davids by,  
That soon can tame their pride.

Then the king did for armour send,  
For lances, swords, and shields ;  
And thus all three in armour bright,  
Came marching to the field.

The trumpets began to sound a charge,  
Each singled out his man ;  
Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,  
Blood sprang from every vain.

The prince he reacht Robin Hood a blow,  
He struck with might and main,  
Which forc'd him to reel about the field,  
As though he had been slain.

God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow !  
The quarrel shall soon be try'd ;  
This stroke shall shew a full divorce  
Betwixt thee and thy bride,

So from his shoulders he's cut his head,  
Which on the ground did fall,  
And grumbling sore at Robin Hood,  
To be so dealt withal.

The giants then began to rage  
To see their prince lie dead :  
Thou's be the next, quoth Little John,  
Unless thou well guard thy head.

With that his faulchion he wher'd about,  
It was both keen and sharp ;  
He clave the giant to the belt,  
And cut in twain his heart.

Will Scadlock well had play'd his part,  
The giant he had brought to his knee ;  
Quoth Will, The devil cannot break his fast,  
Unless he have you all three.

So with his faulchion he run him through,  
A deep and ' ghastly' wound ;  
Who dam'd and foam'd, curst and blasphem'd,  
And then fell to the ground.

Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,  
The skies they did resound,  
Which brought the princess to herself,  
Who had fal'n in a swoond.

The king and queen, and princess fair,  
Came walking to the place,  
And gave the champions many thanks,  
And did them further grace.

Tell me, quoth the king, whence you are,  
That thus disguised came,  
Whose valour speaks that noble blood  
Doth run through every vein.

A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,  
 On my knees I beg and crave.  
 By my crown, quoth the king, I grant,  
 Ask what, and thou shalt have.

Then pardon I beg for my merry men,  
 Which are in the green-wood,  
 For Little John, and Will Scadlock,  
 And for me, bold Robin Hood.

Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the king;  
 For the valour thou hast shewn,  
 Your pardons I do freely grant,  
 And welcome every one,

The princess I promise the victor's prize,  
 She cannot have you all three.  
 She shall chuse, quoth Robin. Said Little John,  
 Then little share falls to me.

Then did the princess view all three,  
 With a comely lovely grace,  
 And took Will Scadlock by the hand,  
 Saying, Here I make my choice.

With that a noble lord stept forth,  
 Of Maxfield earl was he,  
 Who look'd Will Scadlock in the face,  
 And wept most bitterly.

Quoth he, I had a son like thee,  
 Whom I lov'd wondrous well,  
 But he is gone, or rather dead,  
 His name it is young Gamwell.

Then did Will Scadlock fall on his knees,  
 Cries, Father! father! here,  
 Here kneels your son, your young Gamwell,  
 You said you lov'd so dear.

But, lord ! what imbracing and kissing was there,  
 When all these friends were met !  
 They are gone to the wedding, and so to [the] bedding :  
 And so I bid you good night.

## XII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

*From an old black letter copy in a private collection, compared with another in that of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Renowned Robin Hood ; Or, His famous archery truly related in the worthy exploits he acted before queen Katherine, he being an outlaw man ; and how he obtained his own and his fellows pardon. To a new tune."*

*It is scarcely worth observing that there was no queen consort named KATHERINE before Henry the fifts time ; but as Henry the eighth had no less than three wives so called, the name would be sufficiently familiar to our ballad maker.*

GOLD tane from the kings harbengers,  
     Downe, a downe, a downe,  
 As seldome hath beene seene,  
     Downe, a downe, a downe,  
 And carried by bold Robin Hood  
 For a present to the queene.  
     Downe, a downe, a downe.

If that I live a yeare to an end,  
 Thus can queene Katherine say,  
 Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,  
 And all thy yeomen gay.

The queene is to her chamber gone,  
 As fast as she can wen ;  
 She calls unto her lovely page,  
 His name was Richard Patrington.

“ Come thou hither to mee, thou lovely page,  
 Come thou hither to mee ;  
 For thou must post to Nottingham,  
 As fast as thou can dree ;

And as thou goest to Nottingham,  
 Search all the English wood,  
 Enquire of one good yeomen or another,  
 That can tell thee of Robin Hood.

Sometimes hee went, sometimes hee ran,  
 As fast as he could win ;  
 And when hee came to Nottingham,  
 There hee took up his inne.

And when he came to Nottingham,  
 And had tooke up his inne,  
 He calls for a pottle of Rhenish wine,  
 And dranke a health to his queene.

There sate a yeoman by his side,  
 Tell mee, sweet page, said hee,  
 What is thy businesse and the cause,  
 So far in the north country ?

This is thy businesse and the cause,  
 Sir, I'll tell it you for good,  
 To enquire of one good yeoman or another,  
 To tell mee of Robin Hood.

“ Ile get my horse betimes in the morne,  
 By it be break of day,  
 And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,  
 And all his yeomen gay.”



When that he came at Robin Hoods place,  
Hee fell down on his knee :  
“ Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,  
She greets you well by me ;

She bids you post to fair London court,  
Not fearing any thing ;  
For there shall be a little sport,  
And she hath sent you a ring.”

Robin Hood tooke his mantle from his back,  
It was of the Lincolne greene,  
And sent it by this lovely page,  
For a present unto the queene.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,  
It's a seemely sight to see,  
How Robin Hood himselfe had drest,  
And all his yeomandry.

He clothed his men in Lincolne greene,  
And himselfe in scarlet red ;  
Blacke hats, white feathers, all alike,  
Now bold Robin Hood is rid :

And when hee came at Londons court,  
Hee fell downe on his knee.  
Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the queen.  
And all thy good ‘ yeomandree.’

The king is into Finsbury field\*  
Marching in battle ray,  
And after follows bold Robin Hood,  
And all his yeomen gay.

\* Ground near Moorfields, London, famous in old times for the archery practised there. “ In the year 1498,” says Stow, “ all the gardens which had continued time out of minde, without Mooregate, to wit, about and beyond the lordship of

Come hither, Tepus, said the king,  
Bow-bearer after mee;  
Come measure me out with this line,  
How long our mark must be.

What is the wager? said the queene,  
That must I now know here.  
"Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,  
Three hundred tun of beere;

Three hundred of the fattest harts  
That run on Dallom lee."  
That's a princely wager, said the king,  
That needs must I tell thee.

*Fensberry, were destroyed. And of them was made a plaine field for archers to shooete in."* Survey of London, 1598, p. 351. See also p. 77. where it is observed that "about the feast of S. Bartlemew . . . the officers of the city . . . were challengers of all men in the suburbes, . . . before the 'lord' maior, aldermen, and sheriffes, in FENSBERY FIELDE, to shooete the standarde, broade arrow, and flight, for games." There is a tract intitled, "Ayme for Finsburie archers, or an alphabetical table of the names of every marke within the same fields, with the true distances, both by the map, and dimensionation with the line. Published for the ease of the skilfull, and behoofe of the younge beginners in the famous exercise of archerie, by J. J. and E. B. To be sold at the signe of the Swan in Grub Street, by F. Sergeant. 1594. 16mo. Republished by R. F. 1604; and again by James Partridge, 1628. 12mo.

The practice of shooting here is alluded to by Cotton, in his Virgile travestie; (b. iv.) 1667:

"And arrows loos'd from Grub-street bow,  
"In FINSBURY, to him are slow."

and is said to have continued till within the memory of persons now living.

With that bespake one Clifton then,  
Full quickly and full soone,  
Measure no marks for us, most soveraigne liege,  
We'll shoot at sun and moone.

“ Full fifteene score your marke shall be,  
Full fifteene score shall stand.”  
He lay my bow, said Clifton then,  
He cleave the willow wand.

With that the kings archers led about,  
While it was three, and none ;  
With that the ladies began to shout,  
“ Madam, your game is gone.”

A boone, a boone, queene Katherine cries,  
I crave it on my bare knee ;  
Is there any knight of your privy counsell  
Of queen Katherines part will be?

Come hither to mee, sir Richard Lee,  
Thou art a knight full good ;  
For I do knowe by thy pedigree  
Thou sprung'st from Gowers blood.

Come hither to me, thou bishop of Hereford :  
For a noble priest was hee.  
By my silver miter, said the bishop then,  
He not bet one peny.

The king hath archers of his own,  
Full ready and full light,  
And these be strangers every one,  
No man knowes what they hight.

What wilt thou bet? said Robin Hood,  
Thou seest our game the worse.  
By my silver miter, then said the bishop,  
All the money within my purse.

What is in thy purse? said Robin Hood,  
 Throw it downe on the ground.  
 Fifteen score nobles, said the bishop;  
 Its neere an hundred pound.

Robin Hood took his bagge from his side,  
 And threw it downe on the greene;  
 William Scadlocke then went smiling away,  
 " I know who this money must win."

With that the king's archers led about,  
 While it was three and three;  
 With that the ladies gave a shout,  
 " Woodcock, beware thy knee!"

It is three and three, now, said the king,  
 The next three pays for all.  
 Robin Hood went and whisper'd the queen,  
 The kings part shall be but small.

Robin Hood hee led about,  
 Hee shot it under hand;  
 And Clifton with a bearing arrow,  
 Hee clave the willow wand.

And little Midge, the millers son,  
 Hee shot not much the worse;  
 He shot within a finger of the prick:  
 " Now, bishop, beware thy purse!"

A boone, a boone, queen Katherine cries,  
 I crave ' it' on my bare knee,  
 That you will angry be with none  
 That are of my partie.

" They shall have forty daies to come,  
 And forty daies to goe,  
 And three times forty to sport and play;  
 Then-welcome friend or foe."

Thou art welcome, Robin Hood, said the queene,  
And so is Little John,  
And so is Midge, the millers son ;  
Thrice welcome every one.

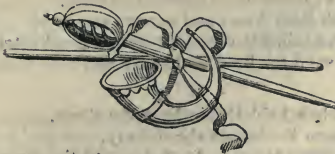
Is this Robin Hood? now said the king,  
For it was told to me  
That he was slain in the palace gates,  
So far in the north country.

Is this Robin Hood? quoth the bishop then,  
As ' it seems' well to be :  
Had I knowne ' it' had been that bold outlâw,  
I would not [have] bet one peny.

Hee tooke me late one Saturday at night,  
And bound mee fast to a tree,  
And made mee sing a masse, Got wot,  
To him and his ' yeomandre.'

What, an if I did, saies Robin Hood,  
Of that masse I was faine ;  
For recompence of that, he saies,  
Here's halfe thy gold againe.

Now nay, now nay, saies Little John,  
Master, that shall not be ;  
We must give gifts to the kings officèrs ;  
' That gold will serve thee and mee.



## XIII.

## ROBIN HOODS CHASE:

*“ Or a merry progress between Robin Hood and King Henry. Shewing how Robin Hood led the king his chase from London to London; and when he had taken his leave of the queen, he returned to merry Sherwood. To the tune of Robin Hood and the beggar.”*

*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.*

---

COME, you gallants all, to you I do call,  
*With hey down, -down, an a down,*  
 That now ‘are’ in this place;  
 For a song I will sing of Henry the king,  
 How he did Robin Hood chase.

Queen Katherine she a match did make,  
 As plainly doth appear.  
 For three hundred tun of good red wine,  
 And three [hundred] tun of beere.

But yet her archers she had to seek,  
 With their bows and arrows so good;  
 But her mind it was bent with a good intent,  
 To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,  
 Queen Katherine she did say,  
 Thou art welcome, Locksly, said the queen,  
 And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made,  
And thou on my part must be.  
"If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,  
Then hanged I will be."

But when the game came to be played,  
Bold Robin he then drew nigh,  
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
He let his arrows fly.

And when the game it ended was,  
Bold Robin wan it with a grace;  
But after the king was angry with him,  
And vowed he would him chase.

What though his pardon granted was,  
While he with him did stay;  
But yet the king was vexed at him,  
When as he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hye,  
In a furious angry mood,  
And often enquired both far and near  
After bold Robin Hood,

But when the king to Nottingham came,  
Bold Robin was in the wood:  
O, come now, said he, and let me see  
Who can find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear,  
The king had him in chase,  
Then said Little John, 'Tis time to be gone,  
And go to some other place.

And away they went from merry Sherwood,  
And into Yorkshire he did hye;  
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hallow,  
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,  
 ' And went strait' to Newcastle town ;  
 And there ' he' stayed hours two or three,  
 And ' then' to Barwick ' is' gone.

When the king did see how Robin did flee,  
 He was vexed wondrous sore ;  
 With a hoop and a hallow he vowed to follow,  
 And take him, or never give ore.

Come now let's away, then crys Little John,  
 Let any man follow that dare ;  
 To Carlisle we'l hie, with our company,  
 And so then to Lancastèr.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,  
 And so did king Henry ;  
 But Robin [went] away, for he durst not stay,  
 For fear of some treachery.

Says Robin, Come let us for London goe,  
 To see our noble queens face,  
 It may be she wants our company.  
 Which makes the king so us chase.

When Robin he came queene Katherin before,  
 He fell low upon his knee :  
 " If it please your grace, I have come to this place  
 For to speak with king Henry."

Queen Katherine answered bold Robin Hood again,  
 The king is gone to merry Sherwood ;  
 And when he went away to me he did say,  
 He would go and seek Robin Hood.

" Then fare you well, my gracious queen,  
 For to Sherwood I will hie apace ;  
 For fain would I see what he would with me,  
 If I could but meet with his grace."



But when king Henry he came home,  
Full weary, and vexed in mind,  
And that he did hear Robin had been there,  
He blamed dame Fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, 'queen' Katherin cryed,  
Henry, my sovereign liege ;  
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,  
Your person hath been to seek.

But when king Henry he did 'hear,'  
That Robin had been there him to seeke,  
This answer he gave, He's a cunning knave,  
For I have sought him this whole three weeks.

A boon! a boon! 'queen' Katherin cry'd,  
I beg it here 'of' your grace,  
To pardon his life, and seek not strife :  
And so endeth Robin Hoods chase.



## XIV.

## ROBIN HOODS GOLDEN PRIZE.

---

*“ He met two priests upon the way,  
And forced them with him to pray ;  
For gold they prayed, and gold they had,  
Enough to make bold Robin glad ;  
His share came to four hundred pound,  
That then was told upon the ground.  
Now mark, and you shall hear the jest,  
You never heard the like exprest.*

*Tune is, Robin Hood was a tall young man, &c.”*

*This ballud (given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood) was entered (amongst others) in the stationers book, by Francis Coule, 13th June, 1631, and by Francis Grove, 2d June, 1656.*

---

I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood,  
Derry, derry down,  
And of brave Little John,  
Of fryer Tuck, and Will Scarlet,  
Loxley, and maid Mariou.

But such a tale as this before  
I think was never knone ;  
For Robin Hood disguised himself,  
And ‘ from ’ the wood is gone.

Like to a fryer bold Robin Hood  
Was accoutered in his array ;  
With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,  
He past upon the way.

He had not gone miles two or three,  
But it was his chance to spy  
Two lusty priests, clad all in black,  
Come riding gallantly.

*Benedicite*, then said Robin Hood,  
Some pitty on me take;  
Cross you my hand with a silver groat,  
For our dear ladies sake.

For I have been wandring all this day,  
And nothing cou'd I get;  
Not so much as one poor cup of drink,  
Nor bit of bread to eat.

Now, by our holy dame, the priests repli'd,  
We never a peny have;  
For we this morning have been rob'd,  
And could no money save.

I am much afraid, said bold Robin Hood,  
That you both do tell a lie;  
And now before you do go hence,  
I am resolv'd to try.

When as the priests heard him say so,  
Then they rode away amain;  
But Robin Hood betook to his heels,  
And soon overtook them again.

Then Robin Hood laid hold of them both,  
And pull'd them down from their horse:  
O spare us, fryer! the priests cry'd out,  
On us have some remorse!

You said you had no mony, quoth he,  
Wherefore, without delay,  
We three will fall down on our knees,  
And for mony we will pray.

The priests they could not him gainsay,  
But down they kneeled with speed :  
Send us, O send us, then quoth they,  
Some mony to serve our need.

The priests did pray with a mournful chear,  
Sometimes their hands did wring ;  
Sometimes they wept, and cried aloud,  
Whilst Robin did merrily sing.

When they had been praying an hours space,  
The priests did still lament ;  
Then quoth bold Robin, Now let's see  
What mony heaven hath us sent.

We will be sharers all alike  
Of [the] mony that we have ;  
And there is never a one of us  
That his fellow shall deceive.

The priests their hands in their pockets put,  
But mony would find none :  
We'l search ourselves, said Robin Hood,  
Each other, one by one.

Then Robin took pains to search them both,  
And he found good store of gold,  
Five hundred peeces presently  
Upon the grass was told.

Here is a brave show, said Robin Hood,  
Such store of gold to see,  
And you shall each one have a part,  
Cause you prayed so heartily.

He gave them fifty pounds a-peece,  
And the rest for himself did keep :  
The priests [they] durst not speak one word,  
But they sighed wondrous deep.

With that the priests rose up from their knees,  
Thinking to have parted so:  
Nay, nay, says Robin Hood, one thing more  
I have to say ere you go.

You shall be sworn, said bold Robin Hood,  
Upon this holy grass,  
That you will never tell lies again,  
Which way soever you pass.

The second oath that you here must take,  
That all the days of your lives,  
You shall never tempt maids to sin,  
Nor lye with other mens wives.

The last oath you shall take, it is this,  
Be charitable to the poor;  
Say, you have met with a holy fryar,  
And I desire no more.

He set them on their horses again,  
And away then they did ride;  
And he return'd to the merry green-wood,  
With great joy, mirth, and pride.



## XV.

## ROBIN HOODS RESCUING WILL STUTLY.

---

*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. The full title is: "Robin Hood his rescuing Will Stutly from the sheriff and his men, who had taken him prisoner, and was going to hang him. To the tune of Robin Hood and queen Katherine."*

---

WHEN Robin Hood in the green wood liv'd,  
*Derry, derry down,*  
 Under the green wood tree,  
 Tidings there came to him with speed,  
 Tidings for certainty.  
*Hey down, derry, derry down.*

That Will Stutly surprized was,  
 And eke in prison lay;  
 Three varlets that the sheriff had hired,  
 Did likely him betray,

" I, and to-morrow hanged must be,  
 To-morrow as soon as it is day;  
 Before they could this victory get,  
 Two of them did Stutly slay."

When Robin Hood he heard this news,  
 Lord! he was grieved sore;  
 And to his merry men he did say,  
 (Who altogether swore)

That Will Stutly should rescued be,  
And be brought 'back' again;  
Or else should many a gallant wight  
For his sake there be slain.

He cloathed himself in scarlet 'red,'  
His men were all in green;  
A finer shew, throughout the world,  
In no place could be seen.

Good lord! it was a gallant sight  
To see them all on a row;  
With every man a good broad sword,  
And eke a good yew bow.

Forth of the green wood are they gone,  
Yea all couragiously,  
Resolving to bring Stutly home,  
Or every man to die.

And when they came the castle neer,  
Whereas Will Stutly lay,  
I hold it good, saith Robin Hood,  
Wee here in ambush stay,

And send one forth some news to hear,  
To yonder palmer fair,  
That stands under the castle wall,  
Some news he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young man,  
Which was of courage bold,  
Thus did hee speak to the old man;  
I pray thee, palmer old,

Tell me, if that thou rightly ken,  
When must Will Stutly die,  
Who is one of bold Robin's men,  
And here doth prisoner lie?

Alack! alas! the palmer said,  
 And for ever wo is me!  
 Will Stutly hanged must be this day,  
 On yonder gallows tree.

O had his noble master known,  
 He would some succour send;  
 A few of his bold yeomandree  
 Full soon would fetch him hence.

I, that is true, the young man said;  
 I, that is true, said he;  
 Or, if they were neer to this place,  
 They soon would set him free.

But fare ' thee ' well, thou good old man,  
 Farewell, and thanks to thee;  
 If Stutly hanged be this day,  
 Reveng'd his death will be.

Hee was no sooner from the palmer gone,  
 But the gates ' were ' open'd wide,  
 And out of the castle Will Stutly came,  
 Guarded on every side.

When hee was forth of the castle come,  
 And saw no help was nigh,  
 Thus he did say to the sheriff,  
 Thus he said gallantly :

Now seeing that I needs must die,  
 Grant me one boon, said he,  
 For my noble master nere had a man,  
 That yet was hang'd on the tree.

Give me a sword all in my hand,  
 And let mee be unbound,  
 And with thee and thy men Ile fight,  
 'Till I lie dead on the ground.



But his desire he would not grant,  
His wishes were in vain ;  
For the sheriff had sworn he hanged should be,  
And not by the sword be slain.

Do but unbind my hands, he saies,  
I will no weapons crave,  
And if I hanged be this day,  
Damnation let me have.

O no, o no, the sheriff said,  
Thou shalt on the gallows die,  
I, and so shall thy master too,  
If ever in me it lie.

O, dastard coward ! Stutly cries,  
Thou faint heart peasant slave !  
If ever my master do thee meet,  
Thou shalt thy paiment have.

My noble master ' doth thee ' scorn,  
And all thy ' coward ' crew ;  
Such silly imps unable are,  
Bold Robin to subdue.

But when he was to the gallows come,  
And ready to bid adiew,  
Out of a bush leaps Little John,  
And comes Will Stutly ' to ' :

" I pray thee, Will, before thou die,  
Of thy dear friends take leave ;  
I needs must borrow him for a while,  
How say you, master ' shrieve ' ? "

Now, as I live, the sheriff he said,  
That varlet will I know ;  
Some sturdy rebell is that same,  
Therefore let him not go.

Then Little John most hastily,  
 Away cut Stutly's bands,  
 And from one of the 'sheriffs' men,  
 A sword twicht from his hands.

"Here, Will, here, take thou this same  
 Thou canst it better sway;  
 And here defend thyself a while,  
 For aid will come straightway."

And there they turned them back to back  
 In the middle of them that day,  
 'Till Robin Hood approached near  
 With many an archer gay.

With that an arrow by them flew,  
 I wist from Robin Hood;  
 Make haste, make haste, the sheriff he said,  
 Make haste, for it is good.

The sheriff is gon, his 'doughty' men  
 Thought it no boot to stay,  
 But as their master had them taught,  
 'They' run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, Will Stutly said,  
 Take leave ere you depart;  
 You neere will catch bold Robin Hood,  
 Unless you dare him meet.

O ill betide you, quoth Robin Hood,  
 That you so soon are gone;  
 My sword may in the scabbord rest,  
 For here our work is done,

I little thought, 'Will Stutly said,  
 When I came to this place,  
 For to have met with Little John,  
 Or seen my masters face.

Thus Stutly was at liberty set,  
 And safe brought from his foe :  
 " O thanks, O thanks to my master,  
 Since here it was not so."

And once again, my fellows [all],  
 We shall in the green wood meet,  
 Where we [will] make our bow-strings twang,  
 Musick for us most sweet."

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 XVI.

## THE NOBLE FISHER-MAN ;

## OR, ROBIN HOODS PREFERMENT :

*" Shewing how he won a prize on the sea, and how he gave the one halfe to his dame, and the other to the building of almes-houses. The tune is, In summer time, &c."*

*From three old black letter copies ; one in the collection of Anthony à Wood, another in the British Museum, and the third in a private collection.*

---

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,  
 When they doe grow both green and long,—  
 Of a bold outlaw, call'd Robin Hood,  
 It is of him I sing this song,—

When the lilly leafe, and the elephant,  
 Doth bud and spring with a merry cheere,  
 This outlaw was weary of the wood side,  
 And chasing of the fallow deere.

" The fisher-men brave more mony have  
 Than any merchants two or three ;  
 Therefore I will to Scarborough go,  
 That I a fisherman brave may be."

This outlaw called his merry men all,  
 As they sate under the green-wood tree :  
 " If any of you have gold to spend,  
 I pray you heartily spend it with me."

Now, quoth Robin Hood, Ile to Scarborough go,  
 It seems to be a very faire day.  
 ' He' tooke up his inne at a widdow womans house,  
 Hard by upon the water gray :

Who asked of him, Where wert thou borne?  
 Or tell to me where dost thou fare?  
 I am a poor fisherman, said he then,  
 This day intrapped all in care.

" What is thy name, thou fine fellòw,  
 I pray thee heartily tell it to mee?"  
 " In my own country, where I was borne,  
 Men call me Simon over the Lee."

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,  
 I wish thou mayest well brook thy name.  
 The out-law was ware of her courtesie,  
 And rejoyced he had got such a dame.

" Simon, wilt thou be my man?  
 And good round wages Ile give thee ;  
 I have as good a ship of my own,  
 As any sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,  
 Masts and ropes that are so long."  
 And if you thus do furnish me,  
 Said Simon, nothing shall goe wrong.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
 More of a day then two or three ;  
 When others cast in their baited hooks,  
 The bare lines into the sea cast he.

It will be long, said the master then,  
Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;  
I'le assure you he shall have no part of our fish,  
For in truth he is no part worthy.

O woe is me ! said Simon then,  
This day that ever I came here !  
I wish I were in Plompton parke,  
In chasing of the fallow deere.

For every clowne laughs me to scorne,  
And they by me set nought at all ;  
If I had them in Plompton park,  
I would set as little by them all.

They pluckt up anchor, and away did sayle,  
More of a day then two or three :  
But Simon espyed a ship of warre,  
That sayled towards them most valorously.

O woe is me ! said the master then,  
This day that ever I was borne !  
For all our fish we have got to day,  
Is every bit lost and forlorne.

For your French robbers on the sea,  
They will not spare of us one man,  
But carry us to the coast of France,  
And ligge us in the prison strong.

But Simon said, Doe not feare them,  
Neither, mastèr, take you no care ;  
Give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

“ Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,  
For thou art nought but brags and boast ;  
If I should cast thee over-board,  
There's but a simple lubber lost.”

Simon grew angry at these words,  
And so angry then was he,  
That he took his bent bow in his hand,  
And in the ship-hatch goe doth he.

Master, tye me to the mast, saith he,  
That at my mark I may stand fair,  
And give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

He drew his arrow to the very head,  
And drew it with all might and maine,  
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,  
'To' the Frenchmans heart the 'arrow's gane.'

The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch,  
And under the hatches 'there' below ;  
Another Frenchman, that him espy'd,  
The dead corpse into the sea doth throw,

O master, loose me from the mast, he said,  
And for them all take you no care ;  
For give me my bent bow in my hand,  
And never a Frenchman will I spare.

Then streight [they] boarded the French ship,  
They lyeing all dead in their sight ;  
They found within 'that' ship of warre,  
Twelve thousand pound of mony bright.

The one halfe of the ship, said Simon then,  
Ile give to my dame and [her] children small ;  
The other halfe of the ship Ile bestow  
On you that are my fellowes all.

But now bespake the master then,  
For so, Simon, it shall not be,  
For you have won it with your own hand,  
And the owner of it you shall bee.

“ It shall be so, as I have said ;  
 And, with this gold, for the opprest  
 An habitation I will build,  
 Where they shall live in peace and rest.”

---

## XVII.

## ROBIN HOODS DELIGHT :

“ Or, a merry combat fought between Robin Hood, Little John, and Will. Scarelock, and three stout Keepers in Sheerwood Forrest.

“ Robin was valiant and stout,  
 So was Scarelock and John in the field,  
 But these Keepers stout did give them rout,  
 And made them all for to yield.

But after the battel ended was,  
 Bold Robin did make them amends,  
 For claret and sack they did not lack,  
 So drank themselves good friends.

To the tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Katherine ; or,  
 Robin Hood and the Shepheard.”

From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.

---

‘THERE’S some will talk of lords and knights,  
 Doun, a doun, a doun,  
 And some of yeomen good ;  
 But I will tell you of Will Scarlock,  
 Little John, and Robin Hood.  
 Doun, a doun, a doun, a doun.

They were outlaws, ’tis well known,  
 And men of a noble blood ;  
 And many a time was their valour shown  
 In the forrest of merry Sheerwood.

Upon a time it chanced so,  
 As Robin would have it be,  
 They all three would a walking go,  
 The pastime for to see.

And as they walked the forest along,  
 Upon a Midsummer day,  
 There was they aware of three keepers,  
 Clad all in green array.

With brave long fauchcons by their sides,  
 And forrest bills in hand,  
 They call'd aloud to those bold outlaws,  
 And charged them to stand.

Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,  
 That 'speak' so boldly here?  
 "We three belong to King Henry,  
 And are keepers of his deer."

The devil 'you are?' says Robin Hood,  
 I am sure that it is not so;  
 We be the keepers of this forrest,  
 And that you soon shall know.

Come, your coats of green lay on the ground,  
 And so will we all three,  
 And take your swords and bucklers round,  
 And try the victory.

We be content, the keepers said,  
 We be three, and you no less,  
 Then why should we be of you afraid,  
 'As' we never did transgress?

"Why, if you be three keepers in this forrest,  
 Then we be three rangers good,  
 And will make you know before you do go,  
 You meet with hold Robin Hood."



“ We be content, thou bold outlâw,  
Our valour here to try,  
And will make you know, before we do go,  
We will fight before we will fly.

Then, come draw your swords, you bold outlâws,  
No longer stand to prate,  
But let us try it out with blows,  
For cowards we do hate.

Here is one of us for Will Scarlock,  
And another for Little John,  
And I myself for Robin Hood,  
Because he is stout and strong.”

So they fell to it hard and sore,  
It was on a Midsummers day ;  
From eight of the clock ’till two and past,  
They all shewed gallant play.

There Robin, and Will, and Little John,  
They fought most manfully,  
’Till all their winde was spent and gone,  
Then Robin aloud did cry :

O hold, O hold, cries bold Robìn,  
I see you be stout men ;  
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,  
Then Ile fight with you again.

“ That bargain’s to make, bold Robin Hood,  
Therefore we it deny ;  
Thy blast upon the bugle horn  
Cannot make us fight or fly.

Therefore fall on, or else be gone,  
And yield to us the day :  
It never shall be said that we are afraid  
Of thee, nor thy yeomen gay.”

## ROBIN HOODS DELIGHT.

If that be so, cries bold Robin,  
 Let me but know your names,  
 And in the forest of merry Sheerwood,  
 I shall extol your fames.

And with our names, one of them said,  
 What hast thou here to do?  
 Except that you wilt fight it out,  
 Our names thou shalt not know.

We will fight no more, sayes bold Robin,  
 You be men of valour stout;  
 Come and go with me to Nottingham,  
 And there we will fight it out.

With a but of sack we will bang it 'about,'  
 To see who wins the day;  
 And for the cost make you no doubt,  
 I have gold 'enough' to pay.

And ever hereafter so long as we live,  
 We all will brethren be;  
 For I love these men with heart and hand,  
 That will fight and never flee.

So, away they went to Nottingham,  
 With sack to make amends;  
 For three days they the wine did chase,  
 And drank themselves good friends.



## XVIII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR :

*“ Shewing how Robin Hood and the Beggar fought, and how he changed cloaths with the Beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham ; and how he saved three brethren from being hang'd for stealing of deer. To the tune of, Robin Hood and the Stranger.”*

*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood.*

COME and listen, you gentlemen all,  
     *Hey down, down, an a down,*  
 That mirth do love for to hear,  
 And a story true Ile tell unto you,  
 If that you will but draw near.

In elder times, when merriment was,  
 And archery was holden good,  
 There was an outlâw as many 'do' know,  
 Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so,  
 Bold Robin was merry disposed,  
 His time for to spend he did intend,  
 Either with friends or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant brave steed,  
 The which was worth angels ten,  
 With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,  
 He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,  
 Some pastime for to 'spy,  
 There was he aware of a jolly beggar,  
 As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old pacht coat the beggar had on,  
 Which he daily did use to wear;  
 And many a bag, about him did wag,  
 Which made Robin to him repair,

God speed, God speed, said Robin Hood,  
 What countryman? tell to me.  
 "I am Yorkshire, sir, but ere you go far,  
 Some charity give unto me."

Why, what wouldst thou have? said Robin Hood,  
 I pray thee tell unto me.  
 No lands nor livings, the beggar he said,  
 But a penny for charitie.

I have no money, said Robin Hood then,  
 But a ranger within the wood;  
 I am an outlaw, as many do know,  
 My name it is Robin Hood.

But yet I must tell the, bonny beggar,  
 That a bout with [thee] I must try;  
 Thy coat of gray, lay down I say,  
 And my mantle of green shall laye by.

Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,  
 Thy part it will be the worse;  
 For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,  
 And then have at thy purse.

So the beggar he had a mickle long staffe,  
 And Robin a nut-brown sword;  
 So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,  
 But gave him never a word.

Fight on, fight on, said Robin Hood then,  
 This game well pleaseth me.  
 For every blow that Robin gave,  
 The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hard and sore,  
Not far from Nottingham town,  
They never fled, 'till from Robin Hoods head  
The blood came trickling down.

O, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood then,  
And thou and I will agree.  
If that be true, the beggar he said,  
Thy mantle come give unto me.

Now a change, a change, cri'd Robin Hood,  
Thy bags and coat give me ;  
And this mantle of mine Ile to thee resign,  
My horse and my braverie.

When Robin had got the beggars clothes,  
He looked round about :  
Methinks, said he, I seem to be  
A beggar brave and stout.

For now I have a bag for my bread,  
So I have another for corn ;  
I have one for salt, and another for malt,  
And one for my little horn.

And now I will a begging goe,  
Some charitie for to find.  
And if any more of Robin you'll know,  
In ' the ' second part 'tis behind.

---

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,  
With his bag hanging down to his knee,  
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,  
Yet merrilie passed he.

As Robin he passed the streets along,  
He heard a pittiful cry ;  
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,  
Condemned were to dye.

Then Robin he highed to the sheriffs [house],  
 Some reliefe for to seek ;  
 Hé skipt, and leapt, and capered full high,  
 As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriffs doore he came,  
 There a gentleman fine and brave,  
 Thou beggar, said he, come tell unto me  
 What it is thou wouldest have.

No meat, nor drink, said Robin Hood then,  
 That I come here to crave ;  
 But to get the lives of yeomen three,  
 And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,  
 Their fact it is so cleer ;  
 I tell to thee, they hanged must be,  
 For stealing of our king's deer.

But when to the gallows they did come,  
 There was many a weeping eye :  
 O, hold your peace, said Robin Hood then,  
 For certain ' they shall ' not dye.

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,  
 And he blew out blastes three,  
 Till a hundred bold archers brave  
 Came kneeling down to his knee.

What is your will, mastèr ? they said,  
 We are at your command.  
 Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin Hood then,  
 And see you spare no man.

Then they shot east, and they shot west,  
 Their arrows were so keen ;  
 The sheriffe he, and his companie,  
 No longer ' could ' be seen,

Then he stept to those brethren three,  
 And away he has them tane;  
 The sheriffe was crost, and many a man lost,  
 That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went into the merry green wood,  
 And sung with a merry glee;  
 And Robin Hood took these brethren good  
 To be of his yeomandrie.

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 XIX.

 LITTLE JOHN AND THE FOUR BEGGERS.
 

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*From an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood: the full title being, "A new merry song of Robin Hood and Little John, shewing how little John went a begging, and how he fought with the four beggers, and what a prize he got of the four beggers. The tune is, Robin Hood and the Begger."*

---

ALL you that delight to spend some time,  
 With a hey down, down, a down, down,  
 A merry song for to siug,  
 Unto me draw neer, and you shall hear  
 How Little John went a begging.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,  
 And all his yeomandree,  
 Sayes Robin, Some of you must a begging go,  
 And, Little John, it must be thee.

Sayes John, If I must a begging go,  
 I will have a palmer's weed,  
 With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sort,  
 The better then I may speed.

Come, give me now a bag for my bread,  
And another for my cheese,  
And one for a peny, when as I get any,  
That nothing I may leese.

Now Little John he is a begging gone,  
Seeking for some relief;  
But of all the beggars he met on the way,  
Little John he was the chief.

But as he was walking himself alone,  
Four beggers he chanced to spy,  
Some deaf, and some blind, and some came behind;  
Says John, Heres a brave company.

Good-morrow, said John, my brethren dear,  
Good fortune I had you to see;  
Which way do you go? pray let me know,  
For I want some company.

O! what is here to do? then said Little John:  
Why ring all these bells? said he;  
What dog is a hanging? Come, let us be ganging,  
That we the truth may see.

Here is no dog a hanging, then one of them said,  
Good fellow, we tell unto thee;  
But here is one dead, that will give us cheese and bread.  
And it may be one single penny.

We have brethren in London, another he said,  
So have we in Coventry,  
In Barwick and Dover, and all the world over,  
But ne'er a crookt carril like thee.

Therefore stand thee back, thou crooked carèl,  
And take that knock on the crown.  
Nay, said Little John, Ile not yet be gone,  
For a bout will I have of you round.



Now have at you all, then said Little John,  
If you be so full of your blows ;  
Fight on all four, and nere give ore,  
Whether you be friends or foes.

John nipped the dumb, and made him to rore,  
And the blind ' he made to' see ;  
And he that a cripple had been seven years,  
He made run then faster than he.

And flinging them all against the wall,  
With many a sturdy bang,  
It made John sing, to hear the gold ring,  
Which again the walls cryed twang.

Then he got out of the beggers cloak  
Three hundred pound in gold ;  
Good fortune had I, then said Little John,  
Such a good sight to behold.

But what found he in the beggar's bag  
But three hundred pound and three ?  
" If I drink water while this doth last,  
Then an ill death may I dye.

And my begging trade I will now give ore,  
My fortune hath bin so good ;  
Therefore Ile not stay, but I will away,  
To the forrest of merry Sherwood."

And when to the forrest of Sherwood he came,  
He quickly there did see  
His master good, bold Robin Hood,  
And all his company.

What news? What news? then said Robin Hood,  
Come, Little John, tell unto me ;  
How hast thou sped with thy beggers trade ?  
For that I fain would see.

No news but good, said Little John,  
 With begging ful wel I have sped ;  
 Six hundred and three I have here for thee,  
 In silver and gold so red.

'Then ' Robin Hood took Little John by the hand,  
 And danced about the oak tree :  
 " If we drink water while this doth last,  
 Then an il death may we die."

So to conclude my merry new song,  
 All you that delight it to sing ;  
 'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,  
 And how Little John went a begging.

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 XX.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE RANGER :

 OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP AFTER A FIERCE FIGHT.
 

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*No ancient copy of this ballad having been met with, it is given from an edition of " Robin Hoods Garland," printed some years since at York. The tune is " Arthur a Bland."*

---

WHEN Phœbus had melted the ' sickles ' of ice,  
 With a hey down, &c.  
 And likewise the mountains of snow,  
 Bold Robin Hood he would ramble away,  
 To frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,  
 Whilst through the green vallies he pass'd,  
 Where he did behold a forester bold,  
 Who cry'd out, Friend, whither so fast?

I am going, quoth Robin, to kill a fat buck  
For me and my merry men all;  
Besides, ere I go, I'll have a fat doe,  
Or else it shall cost me a fall.

You'd best have a care, said the forester then,  
For these are his majesty's deer;  
Before you shall shoot, the thing I'll dispute,  
For I am head forester here.

These thirteen long summers, quoth Robin, I'm sure,  
My arrows I here have let fly,  
Where freely I range; methinks it is strange  
You should have more power than I.

This forest, quoth Robin, I think is my own,  
And so are the nimble deer too;  
Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,  
I'll not be affronted by you.

The forester he had a long quarter staff,  
Likewise a broad sword by his side;  
Without more ado, he presently drew,  
Declaring the truth should be try'd.

Bold Robin Hood had a sword of the best,  
Thus, ere he would take any wrong,  
His courage was flush, he'd venture a brush,  
And thus they fell to it ding dong.

The very first blow that the forester gave,  
He made his broad weapon cry twang;  
'Twas over the head, he fell down for dead,  
O that was a damnable bang!

But Robin he soon recovered himself,  
And bravely fell to it again;  
The very next stroke their weapons they broke,  
Yet never a man there was slain.

At quarter staff then they resolved to play,  
 Because they would have the other bout;  
 And brave Robin Hood right valiantly stood,  
 Unwilling he was to give out.

Bold Robin he gave him very hard blows  
 The other return'd them as fast;  
 At every stroke their jackets did smoke;  
 Three hours the combat did last.

At length in a rage the forester grew,  
 And cudgel'd bold Robin so sore,  
 That he could not stand, so shaking his hand,  
 He cry'd, Let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow, I needs must confess  
 I never knew any so good;  
 Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,  
 And range in the merry green wood.

I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,  
 For bravely thou hast acted thy part;  
 That man that can fight, in him I delight,  
 And love him with all my whole heart.

Robin Hood set his bugle horn to his mouth,  
 A blast then he merrily blows;  
 His yeomen did hear, and strait did appear  
 A hundred with trusty long bows.

Now Little John came at the head of them all,  
 Cloth'd in a rich mantle of green;  
 And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,  
 A delicate sight to be seen!

Lo! these are my yeomen, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And thou shalt be one of the train:  
 A mantle and bow, and quiver also,  
 I give them whom I entertain.

The forester willingly enter'd the list,  
They were such a beautiful sight ;  
Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,  
And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green wood,  
For joy of another new mate!  
With might and delight they spent all the night,  
And liv'd at a plentiful rate.

The forester ne'er was so merry before,  
As then he was with these brave souls,  
Who never would fail, in wine, beer, or ale,  
To take off their cherishing bowls.

Then Robin Hood gave him a mantle of green,  
Broad arrows, and curious long bow :  
This done, the next day, so gallant and gay,  
He marched them all on a row.

Quoth he, My brave yeomen, be true to your trust,  
And then we may range the woods wide.  
They all did declare, and solemnly swear,  
They would conquer, or die by his side.



## XXI.

## ROBIN HOOD AND LITTLE JOHN:

*“Being an account of their first meeting, their fierce encounter, and conquest. To which is added, their friendly agreement; and how he came to be called Little John. Tune of, Arthur a Bland.”*

*This ballad is named in a schedule of such things under an agreement between W. Thackeray and others in 1689, (Col. Pepys. vol. 5.) but is here given as corrected from a copy in the “Collection of Old Ballads,” 1723.*

---

WHEN Robin Hood was about twenty years old,  
*With a hey down, down, and a down;*  
 He happened to meet Little John,  
 A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,  
 For he was a lusty young man.

Tho' he was call'd Little, his limbs they were large,  
 And his stature was seven foot high;  
 Wherever he came, they quak'd at his name,  
 For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you in brief,  
 If you would but listen awhile;  
 For this very jest, among all the rest  
 I think it may cause you to smile.

For Robin Hood said to his jolly bowmen,  
 Pray tarry you here in this grove;  
 And see that you all observe well my call,  
 While thorough the forest I rove.

We have had no sport for these fourteen long days,  
Therefore now abroad will I go ;  
Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,  
My horn I will presently blow.

Then did he shake hands with his merry men all,  
And bid them at present good b' w'ye :  
Then, as near the brook his journey he took,  
A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,  
And neither of them would give way ;  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,  
I'll shew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he drèw,  
A broad arrow with a goose-wing.  
The stranger reply'd, I'll liquor thy hide,  
If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold Robin Hood, Thou dost prate like an ass,  
For were I to bend but my bow,  
I could send a dart, quite thro' thy proud heart,  
Before thou could'st strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger reply'd ;  
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,  
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,  
Have nought but a staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth Robin, I scorn,  
Therefore my long bow I'll lay by ;  
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,  
The truth of thy manhood to try.

Then Robin Hood stept to a thicket of trees,  
And chose him a staff of ground oak ;  
Now this being done, away he did run  
To the stranger, and merrily spoke :

Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,  
Now here on the bridge we will play ;  
Whoever falls in, the other shall win  
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger reply'd,  
I scorn in the least to give out ;  
This said, they fell to't without more dispute,  
And their staffs they did flourish about.

At first Robin he gave the stranger a bang,  
So hard that he made his bones ring ;  
The stranger he said, This must be repaid,  
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I am able to handle a staff,  
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.  
Then to it each goes, and follow'd their blows,  
As if they'd been threshing of corn.

The stranger gave Robin a crack on the crown,  
Which caused the blood to appear ;  
Then Robin enrag'd, more fiercely engag'd,  
And follow'd his blows more severe.

So thick and so fast did he lay it on him,  
With a passionate fury and ire ;  
At every stroke he made him to smoke,  
As if he had been all on fire.

O then into fury the stranger he grew,  
And gave him a damnable look,  
And with it a blow, that laid him full low,  
And tumb'd him into the brook.

I prithee, good fellow, o where art thou now ?  
The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd.  
Quoth bold Robin Hood, Good faith, in the flood,  
And floating along with the tide.



I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,  
 With thee I'll no longer contend ;  
 For needs must I say, thou hast got the day,  
 Our battel shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,  
 And pull'd himself out by a thorn ;  
 Which done, at the last he blow'd a loud blast  
 Straitway on his fine bugle-horn :

The echo of which through the vallies did fly,  
 At which his stout bowmen appear'd,  
 All clothed in green, most gay to be seen,  
 So up to their master they steer'd.

O, what's the matter? quoth William Stutely,  
 Good master you are wet to the skin.  
 No matter, quoth he, the lad which you see  
 In fighting hath tumb'd me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd ;  
 So strait they were seizing him there,  
 To duck him likewise : but Robin Hood cries,  
 He is a stout fellow ; forbear.

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid ;  
 These bowmen upon me do wait ;  
 There's threescore and nine ; if thou wilt be mine,  
 Thou shalt have my livery strait,

And other accoutrements fit for a man ;  
 Speak up, jolly blade, never fear.  
 I'll teach you also the use of the bow,  
 To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O, here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,  
 I'll serve you with all my whole heart ;  
 My name is John Little, a man of good mettle ;  
 Ne're doubt me, for I'll play my part.

His name shall be alter'd, quoth William Stutely,  
And I will his godfather be ;  
Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,  
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd him a brace of fat does,  
With humming strong liquor likewise ;  
They lov'd what was good ; so, in the green wood,  
This pretty sweet babe they baptize.

He was, I must tell you, but seven foot high,  
And, may be, an ell in the waste ;  
A sweet pretty lad : much feasting they had ;  
Bold Robin the christ'ning grac'd,

With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring,  
And were of the Nottingham breed ;  
Brave Stutely came then, with seven yeomèn,  
And did in this manner proceed.

This infant was called John Little, quoth he ;  
Which name shall be changed anon :  
The words we'll transpose ; so wherever he goes,  
His name shall be call'd Little John.

They all with a shout made the elements ring ;  
So soon as the office was ore,  
To feasting they went, with true merriment,  
And tipp'd strong liquor gillore,

Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,  
And cloath'd him from top to the toe,  
In garments of green, most gay to be seen,  
And gave him a curious long bow.

“ Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,  
And range in the green wood with us ;  
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,  
While bishops have ought in their purse.

We live here like 'squires, or lords of renown,  
 Without ere a foot of free land ;  
 We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,  
 And ev'ry thing at our command."

Then musick and dancing did finish the day ;  
 At length, when the sun waxed low,  
 Then all the whole train the grove did refrain,  
 And unto their caves they did go.

And so, ever after, as long as he liv'd,  
 Altho' he was proper and tall,  
 Yet, nevertheless, the truth to express,  
 Still Little John they did him call.

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 XXII.

 ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP OF  
 HEREFORD.
 

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*This excellent ballad, given from the common edition of Aldermary-church-yard, (compared with the York copy,) is supposed to be modern: the story, however, seems alluded to in the ballad of "Renowned Robin Hood." The full title is "The bishop of Herefords entertainment by Robin Hood and Little John, &c. in merry Barnsdale."*

---

SOME they will talk of bold Robin Hood,  
 And some of barons bold ;  
 But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop of Hereford,  
 When he robb'd him of his gold.

As it befel in merry Barnsdale,  
 ' All' under the green-wood-tree,  
 The bishop of Hereford was to come by,  
 With all his company.

Come, kill [me] a ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,  
 Come, kill me a good fat deer,  
 The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me to-day,  
 And he shall pay well for his cheer.

We'll kill a fat ven'son, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And dress it by the highway side;  
 And we will watch the bishop narrowly.  
 Lest some other way he should ride.

Robin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's attire,  
 With six of his men also ;  
 And, when the bishop of Hereford came by,  
 They about the fire did go.

O what is the matter? then said the bishòp,  
 Or for whom do you make this a-do?  
 Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,  
 When your company is so few?

We are shephèrds, said bold Robin Hood,  
 And we keep sheep all the year,  
 And we are disposed to be merry this day,  
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.

You are brave fellows ! said the bishòp,  
 And the king of your doings shall know :  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
 For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold Robin Hood,  
 O pardon, I thee pray ;  
 For it becomes not your lordships coat  
 To take so many lives away.

No pardon, no pardon, said the bishòp,  
 No pardon I thee owe ;  
 Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
 For before the king you shall go.

Then Robin set his back against a tree,  
And his foot against a thorn,  
And from underneath his shepherds coat  
He pull'd out a bugle horn.

He put the little end to his mouth,  
And a loud blast did he blow,  
'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's men  
Came running all on a row :

All making obeysance to bold Robin Hood ;  
'Twas a comely sight for to see.  
What is the matter, master, said Little John,  
That you blow so hastily ?

“ O here is the bishop of Hereford,  
And no pardon we shall have.”  
Cut off his head, master, said Little John,  
And throw him into his grave.

O pardon, O pardon, said the bishòp,  
O pardon I thee pray ;  
For if I had known it had been you,  
I'd have gone some other way.

No pardon, no pardon, said bold Robin Hood,  
No pardon I thee owe ;  
Therefore make haste, and come along with me,  
For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.

Then Robin he took the bishop by the hand,  
And led him to merry Barnsdale ;  
He made him to stay and sup with him that night,  
And to drink wine, beer, and ale.

Call in a reckoning, said the bishòp,  
For methinks it grows wond'rous high.  
Lend me your purse, master, said Little John,  
And I'll tell you bye and bye.

Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,  
 And spread it upon the ground,  
 And out of the bishop's portmantua  
 He told three hundred pound.

Here's money enough, master, said Little John,  
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;  
 It makes me in charity with the bishop,  
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.

Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,  
 And he caused the music to play;  
 And he made the [old] bishop to dance in his boots,  
 And glad he could so get away.

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 XXIII.

ROBIN HOOD RESCUING THE WIDOWS THREE  
 SONS FROM THE SHERIFF WHEN GOING TO  
 BE EXECUTED.

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*This ballad, from the York edition of "Robin Hoods garland," is probably one of the oldest extant of which he is the subject. In the more common editions is a modernised copy, in which the "silly old woman" is converted in "a gay lady;" but even this is more ancient than most of the pieces here inserted, and is intitled by its merit to a place in the appendix.*

---

THERE are twelve months in all the year,  
 As I hear many say,  
 But the merriest month in all the year  
 Is the merry month of May.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
 With a link a down, and a day,  
 And there he met a silly old woman,  
 Was weeping on the way.

“What news? what news? thou silly old woman,  
 What news hast thou for me?”  
 Said she, There’s three squires in Nottingham town,  
 To-day ‘are’ condemned to die.

Oh, have they parishes burnt? he said,  
 Or have they ministers slain?

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

“They have no parishes burnt, good sir,  
 Nor yet have ministers slain,

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Oh, what have they done? said Robin Hood,  
 I pray thee tell to me.

“It’s for slaying of the king’s fallow deer,  
 Bearing their long bows with thee.”

Dost thou not mind, old woman, he said,  
 Since thou made me sup and dine?  
 By the truth of my body, quoth bold Robin Hood,  
 You could not tell it in better time.

Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
 With a link, a down, and a ‘day,’  
 And there he met with a silly old palmer,  
 Was walking along the highway.

“What news? what news? thou silly old man,  
 What news, I do thee pray?”  
 Said he, Three squires in Nottingham town,  
 ‘Are’ condemn’d to die this day.

## ROBIN HOOD RESCUING

“ Come change thy apparel with me, old man,  
Come change thy apparel for mine ;  
Here is forty shillings in good silver,  
Go drink it in beer or wine.”

Oh, thine apparel is good, he said,  
And mine is ragged and torn ;  
Whereever you go, wherever you ride,  
Laugh ne'er an old man to scorn.

“ Come change thy apparel with me, old churl,  
Come change thy apparel with mine ;  
Here are twenty pieces of good broad gold,  
Go feast thy brethren with wine.”

Then he put on the old man's hat,  
It stood full high on the crown :  
“ The first bold bargain that I come at,  
It shall make thee come down.”

Then he put on the old man's cloak,  
Was patch'd black, blew, and red ;  
He thought it no shame, all the day long,  
To wear the bags of bread.

Then he put on the old man's breeks,  
Was patch'd from ballup to side :  
By the truth of my body, bold Robin can say,  
This man lov'd little pride.

Then he put on the old man's hose,  
Were patch'd from knee to wrist :  
By the truth of my body, said bold Robin Hood,  
I'd laugh if I had any list.

Then he put on the old man's shoes,  
Were patch'd both beneath and aboon ;  
Then Robin Hood swore a solemn oath,  
It's good habit that makes a man.



Now Robin Hood is to Nottingham gone,  
With a link a down and a down,  
And there he met with the proud sheriff,  
Was walking along the town.

Oh ' Christ you' save, oh, sheriff, he said,  
Oh ' Christ you save and see ;'  
And what will you give to a silly old man  
To-day will your hangman be ?

Some suits, some suits, the sheriff he said,  
Some suits I'll give to thee ;  
Some suits, some suits, and pence thirteen,  
To-day's a hangman's fee.

Then Robin he turns him round about,  
And jumps from stock to stone :  
By the truth of my body, the sheriff he said,  
That's well jump't, thou nimble old man.

I was ne'er a hangman in all my life,  
Nor yet intends to trade ;  
But curst be he, said bold Robin,  
That first a hangman was made.

I've a bag for meal, and a bag for malt,  
And a bag for barley and corn ;  
A bag for bread, and a bag for beef,  
And a bag for my little small horn.

I have a horn in my pocket,  
I got it from Robin Hood,  
And still when I set it to my mouth,  
For ' thee' it blows little good.

" Oh, wind thy horn, thou proud fellow,  
Of thee I have no doubt ;  
I wish that thou give such a blast,  
Till both thy eyes fall out."

The first loud blast that he did blow,  
 He blew both loud and shrill ;  
 A hundred and fifty of Robin Hood's men  
 Came riding over the hill.

The next loud blast that he did give,  
 He blew both loud and amain,  
 And quickly sixty of Robin Hood's men,  
 Came shining over the plain.

Oh, who are ' those,' the sheriff he said,  
 Come tripping over the lee ?  
 They're my attendants, brave Robin did say,  
 They'll pay a visit to thee.

They took the gallows from the slack,  
 They set it in the glen,  
 They hang'd the proud sheriff on that,  
 Releas'd their own three men.

## XXIV.

## ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN.

*This ballad, which has never been inserted in any of the publications intitled " Robin Hoods garland," is given from an old black letter copy in the collection of Anthony à Wood. Its full title is, " A famous battle between Robin Hood and maid Marian ; declaring their love, life, and liberty. Tune, Robin Hood reviv'd."*

A **BONNY** fine maid of a noble degree,  
 With a hey down, down, a down, down,  
 Maid Marian call'd by name,  
 Did live in the North, of excellent worth,  
 For she was a gallant dame.

For favour and face, and beauty most rare,  
 Queen Hellen shee did excell :  
 For Marian then was prais'd of all men,  
 That did in the country dwell.

'Twas neither Rosamond nor Jane Shore,  
 Whose beauty was clear and bright,  
 That could surpass this country lass,  
 Beloved of lord and knight.

The earl of Huntingdon, nobly born,  
 That came of noble blood,  
 To Marian went, with a good intent,  
 By the name of Robin Hood.

\* \* \* \* \*

But fortune bearing these lovers a spight,  
 That soon they were forced to part :  
 To the merry green wood then went Robin Hood,  
 With a sad and sorrowfull heart.

And Marian, poor soul, was troubled in mind,  
 For the absence of her friend ;  
 With finger in eye, shee often did cry,  
 And his person did much comend.

Perplexed and vexed, and troubled in mind,  
 Shee drest herself like a page,  
 And ranged the wood, to find Robin Hood,  
 The bravest of men in that age.

With quiver and bow, sword, buckler, and all,  
 Thus armed was Marian most bold,  
 Still wandering about, to find Robin out,  
 Whose person was better than gold.

But Robin Hood, hee, himself had disguis'd,  
 And Marian was strangely attir'd,  
 That they prov'd foes, and so fell to blowes,  
 Whose vallour bold Robin admir'd.

They drew out their swords, and to cutting they went,  
 At least an hour or more,  
 That the blood ran apace from bold Robins face,  
 And Marian was wounded sore.

O hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,  
 And thou shalt be one of my string,  
 To range in the wood, with bold Robin Hood,  
 And hear the sweet nightingall sing.

When Marian did hear the voice of her love,  
 Her self shee did quickly discover,  
 And with kisses sweet, she did him greet,  
 Like to a most loyall lover.

When bold Robin Hood his Marian did see,  
 Good lord, what clipping was there!  
 With kind embraces, and jobbing of faces,  
 Providing of gallant cheer.

For Little John took his bow in his hand,  
 And 'wandred' in the wood,  
 To kill the deer, and make good chear,  
 For Marian and Robin Hood.

A stately banquet 'they' had full soon,  
 All in a shaded bower,  
 Where venison sweet they had to eat,  
 And were merry that present hour.

Great flaggons of wine were set on the board,  
 And merrily they drunk round  
 Their boules of sack

\* \* \* \* \*

First Robin Hood began a health  
 To Marian his onely dear ;  
 And his yeomen all, both comly and tall,  
 Did quickly bring up the rear :

For in a brave venie they tost off the bouls,  
 Whilst thus they did remain ;  
 And every cup, as they drank up,  
 They filled with speed again,

At last they ended their merriment,  
 And went to walk in the wood,  
 Where little John, and maid Mariàn,  
 Attended on bold Robin Hood.

In sollid content together they liv'd,  
 With all their yeomen gay ;  
 They liv'd by ' their' hands, without any lands,  
 And so they did many a day.

But now to conclude an end I will make,  
 In time as I think it good ;  
 For the people that dwell in the North can tell  
 Of Marian and bold Robin Hood.

---

 XXV.

**THE KING'S DISGUISE, AND FRIENDSHIP  
 WITH ROBIN HOOD.**

---

KING Richard hearing of the pranks  
 Of Robin Hood and his men,  
 He much admir'd, and more desired  
 To see both him and them.

Then, with a dozen of his lords,  
To Nottingham he rode ;  
When he came there, he made good cheer,  
And took up his abode.

He having staid there some time,  
But had no hopes to speed,  
He and his lords, with one accord,  
All put on monk's weeds.

From Fountain-abbey they did ride,  
Down to Barnsdale ;  
Where Robin Hood prepared stood  
All company to assail.

The king was higher than the rest,  
And Robin thought he had  
An abbot been whom he had seen,  
To rob him he was glad.

He took the king's horse by the head,  
Abbot, says he, abide ;  
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,  
That live in pomp and pride.

But we are messengers from the king,  
The king himself did say ;  
Near to this place his royal grace  
To speak with thee does stay.

God save the king, said Robin Hood,  
And all that wish him well ;  
He that does deny his sovereignty,  
I wish he was in hell.

Thyself thou cursedst, says the king,  
For thou a traitor art.  
“ Nay, but that you are his messenger,  
I swear you lie in heart.

For I never yet hurt any man  
That honest is and true ;  
But those who give their minds to live  
Upon other mens due.

I never hurt the ' husbandmen,'  
That use to till the ground :  
Nor spill their blood who range the wood,  
To follow hawk or hound.

My chiefest spite to clergy is,  
Who in these days bear great sway ;  
With fryars and monks, with their fine sprunks,  
I make my chiefest prey."

But I am very glad, says Robin Hood,  
That I have met you here ;  
Come, before we end, you shall, my friend,  
Taste of our green-wood cheer.

The king he then did marvel much,  
And so did all his men ;  
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer,  
Robin would provide for them.

Robin took the king's horse by the head,  
And led him to his tent :  
Thou wouldst not be so us'd, quoth he,  
But that my king thee sent.

Nay, more than that, quoth Robin Hood,  
For good king Richard's sake,  
If you had as much gold as ever I told,  
I would not one penny take.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,  
And a loud blast he did blow,  
'Till a hundred and ten of Robin Hood's men,  
Came marching all of a row.

And when they came bold Robin before,  
Each man did bend his knee :  
O, thought the king, 'tis a gallant thing,  
And a seemly sight to see.

Within himself the king did say,  
These men of Robin Hood's  
More humble be than mine to me ;  
So the court may learn of the woods.

So then they all to dinner went,  
Upon a carpet green ;  
Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,  
Most curious to be seen.

Venison and fowls were plenty there,  
With fish out of the river :  
King Richard swore, on sea or shore,  
He never was feasted better.

Then Robin takes a cann of ale :  
" Come, let us now begin ;  
And every man shall have his cann :  
Here's a health unto the king."

The king himself drank to the king,  
So round about it went ;  
Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,  
To pledge that health was spent.

And, after that, a bowl of wine  
In his hand took Robin Hood ;  
Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,  
While I live in the green wood.

Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,  
And with the grey-goose-wing,  
Such sport now show, as you would do  
In the presence of the king.



They shewed such brave archery,  
 By cleaving sticks and wands,  
 That the king did say, such men as they  
 Live not in many lands.

Well, Robin Hood, then says the king,  
 If I could thy pardon get,  
 To serve the king in every thing  
 Would'st thou thy mind firm set?

Yes, 'with all' my heart, bold Robin said,  
 So they flung off their hoods,  
 To serve the king in every thing,  
 They swore they would spend their 'bloods.'

For a clergyman was first my bane,  
 Which makes me hate them all,  
 But if you will be so kind to me,  
 Love them again I shall.

The king no longer could forbear,  
 For he was mov'd with 'truth.'

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

"I am the king, 'your' sovereign king,  
 That appears before you all."  
 When Robin saw that it was he,  
 Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again, then said the king,  
 I'll thee thy pardon give;  
 Stand up my friend, who can contend,  
 When I give leave to live?

So they are all gone to Nottingham,  
 All shouting as they came:  
 But when the people them did see,  
 They thought the king was slain;

## THE KINGS DISGUISE.

And for that cause the outlaws were come,  
 To rule all as they list;  
 And for to shun, which ' way' to run,  
 The people did not wist.

The plowman left the plow in the fields,  
 The smith ran from his shop ;  
 Old folks also, that scarce could go,  
 Over their sticks did hop.

The king soon did let them understand  
 He had been in the green-wood,  
 And from that day, for evermore,  
 He'd forgiven Robin Hood.

Then [when] the people they did hear,  
 And [that] the truth was known,  
 They all did sing, God save the king!  
 Hang care, the town's our own!

What's that Robin Hood? then said the sheriff,  
 That varlet I do hate;  
 Both me and mine he caused to dine,  
 And sery'd us all with one plate.

Ho, ho, said Robin Hood, I know what you mean,  
 Come, take your gold again ;  
 Be friends with me, and I with thee,  
 And so with every man.

Now, master sheriff, you are paid,  
 And since you are beginner,  
 As well as you give me my due,  
 For you ne'er paid for that dinner.

But if ' that it' should please the king,  
 So much your house to grace,  
 To sup with you, for, to speak true,  
 [I] know you ne'er was base.

The sheriff [this] could not gainsay,  
 For a trick was put upon him ;  
 A supper was drest, the king was a guest,  
 But he thought 'twould have outdone him.

They are all gone to London court,  
 Robin Hood with all his train ;  
 He once was there a noble peer,  
 And now he's there again.

Many such pranks brave Robin play'd,  
 While he liv'd in the green wood :  
 Now, my friend, attend, and hear an end  
 Of honest Robin Hood.

---

 XXVI.

 ROBIN HOOD AND THE GOLDEN ARROW.
 

---

WHEN as the sheriff of Nottingham  
 Was come with mickle grief,  
 He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,  
 That strong and sturdy thief.  
*Fal la dal de.*

So unto London road he past,  
 His losses to unfold  
 To king Richard, who did regard  
 The tale that he had told.

Why, quoth the king, what shall I do?  
 Art thou not sheriff for me?  
 The law is in force, to take thy course  
 Of them that injure thee.

Go get thee gone, and by thyself  
 Devise some tricking game,  
 For to enthral yon rebels all,  
 Go take thy course with them.

So away the sheriff he return'd,  
 And by the way he thought  
 Of th' words of the king, and how the thing  
 To pass might well be brought.

For within his mind he imaginèd,  
 That when such matches were,  
 Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,  
 Would be the bowmen there.

So an arrow with a golden head,  
 And shaft of silver-white,  
 Who on the day should bear away  
 For his own proper right.

Tidings came to bold Robin Hood,  
 Under the green-wood tree :  
 " Come prepare you then, my merry men,  
 We'll go you sport to see."

With that stept forth a brave young man,  
 David of Doncastèr,  
 Master, said he, be rul'd by me,  
 From the green wood we'll not stir.

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,  
 Yon match it is a wile ;  
 The sheriff, I wiss, devises this  
 Us archers to beguile.

Thou smells of a coward, said Robin Hood,  
 Thy words do not please me ;  
 Come on't what will, I'll try my skill,  
 At yon brave archery.

O then bespoke brave Little John,  
Come let us thither gang ;  
Come listen to me, how it shall be,  
That we need not be ken'd.

Our mantles all of Lincoln-green  
Behind us we will leave ;  
We'll dress us all so several,  
They shall not us perceive.

One shall wear white, another red,  
One yellow, another blue ;  
Thus in disguise, ' to' the exercise  
We'll gang, whate'er insue.

Forth from the green wood they are gone,  
With hearts all firm and stout,  
Resolving [then] with the sheriff's men  
To have a hearty bont.

So themselves they mixed with the rest,  
To prevent all suspicion ;  
For if they should together hold  
They thought it no discretion.

So the sheriff looking round about,  
Amongst eight hundred men,  
But could not see the sight that he,  
Had long suspected then.

Some said, If Robin Hood was here,  
And all his men to boot,  
Sure none of them could pass these men,  
So bravely they do shoot.

Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his head,  
I thought he would have been here ;  
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,  
He durst not now appear.

O that word griev'd Robin Hood to the heart,  
 He vexed in his blood ;  
 Ere long, thought he, thou shalt well see  
 That here was Robin Hood.

Some cried, Blue jacket! another cried, Brown!  
 And a third cried, Brave yellow!  
 But the fourth man said, Yon man in red  
 In this place has no fellow.

For that was Robin Hood himself,  
 For he was cloath'd in red ;  
 At every shot the prize he got,  
 For he was both sure and dead.

So the arrow with the golden head,  
 And shaft of silver-white,  
 Brave Robin Hood won, and bore with him,  
 For his own proper right.

These outlaws there, that very day,  
 To shun all kinds of doubt,  
 By three or four, no less nor more,  
 As they went in came out.

Untill they all assembled were  
 Under the green-wood shade,  
 Where they 'report,' in pleasant sport,  
 What brave pastime they made.

Says Robin Hood, all my care is,  
 How that yon sheriff may  
 Know certainly that it was I  
 That bore his arrow away.

Says Little John, My counsel good  
 Did take effect before,  
 So therefore now, if you'll allow,  
 I will advise once more.

Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood,  
 Thy wit's both quick and sound,

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

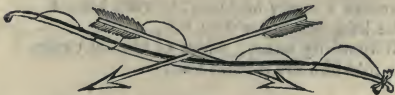
This I advise, said Little John,  
 That a letter shall be penn'd,  
 And when it is done, to Nottingham  
 You to the sheriff shall send.

That is well advised, said Robin Hood,  
 But how must it be sent?  
 "Pugh! when you please, 'tis done with ease;  
 Master, be you content.

I'll stick it on my arrow's head,  
 And shoot it into the town;  
 The mark must show where it must go,  
 Whenever it lights down."

The project it was well perform'd,  
 The sheriff that letter had,  
 Which when he read, he scratch'd his head,  
 And rav'd like one that's mad.

So we'll leave him chafing in 'his' grease,  
 Which will do him no good:  
 Now, my friends, attend, and hear the end  
 Of honest Robin Hood.



## XXVII.

## ROBIN HOOD AND THE VALIANT KNIGHT.

---

*“ Together with an account of his death and burial, &c. Tune of Robin Hood and the fifteen foresters.” From the common garland of Aldermary-church-yard; corrected by the York copy.*

---

WHEN Robin Hood, and his merry men all,  
     *Derry down, down,*  
 Had reigned many years,  
 The king was then told that they had been bold  
 To his bishops and noble peers.  
     *Hey down, derry derry down.*

Therefore they called a council of state,  
 To know what was best to be done,  
 For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd  
 The land would be over-run.

Having consulted a whole summer's day,  
 At length it was agreed,  
 That one should be sent to try the event,  
 And fetch him away with speed,

Therefore a trusty and most worthy knight  
 The king was pleas'd to call,  
 Sir William by name; when to him he came,  
 He told him his pleasure all.

“ Go you from hence to bold Robin Hood,  
 And bid him, without more ado,  
 Surrender himself, or else the proud elf  
 Shall suffer with all his crew.



Take here a hundred bowmen brave,  
 All chosen men of great might,  
 Of excellent art to take thy part,  
 In glittering armour most bright."

Then said the knight, My sovereign liege,  
 By me they shall be led;  
 I'll venture my blood against bold Robin Hood,  
 And bring him alive or dead.

One hundred men were chosen straight,  
 As proper as e'er men saw:  
 On Midsummer-day they marched away,  
 To conquer that brave outlaw.

With long yew bows, and shining spears,  
 They march'd with mickle pride,  
 And never delay'd, nor halted, nor stay'd  
 'Till they came to the green-wood side.

Said he to his archers, Tarry here,  
 Your bows make ready all,  
 That if need should be, you may follow me,  
 And see you observe my call.

I'll go first in person, he cry'd,  
 With the letters of my good king,  
 Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,  
 We need not to draw one string.

He wander'd about 'till at length he came  
 To the tent of Robin Hood;  
 The letter he shows; bold Robin arose,  
 And there on his guard he stood.

They'd have me surrender, quoth bold Robin Hood,  
 And lie at their mercy then;  
 But tell them from me, that never shall be,  
 While I have full seven score men.

Sir William the knight, both hardy and bold,  
He offer'd to seize him there,  
Which William Locksley by fortune did see,  
And bid him that trick to forbear.

Then Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,  
And blew a blast or twain,  
And so did the knight, at which there in sight  
The archers came all amain.

Sir William with care he drew up his men,  
And plac'd them in battle-array;  
Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind:  
Now this was a bloody fray.

The archers on both sides bent their bows,  
And the clouds of arrows flew;  
The very first flight that honour'd knight  
Did there bid the world adieu.

Yet nevertheless their fight did last  
From morning till almost noon;  
Both parties were stout, and loth to give out,  
This was on the last day of June.

At length they left off: one party they went  
To Loudon with right good will;  
And Robin Hood he to the green-wood tree,  
And there he was taken ill.

He sent for a monk, to let him blood,  
Who took his life away;  
Now this being done, his archers they run,  
It was not a time to stay.

Some got on board and cross'd the seas,  
To Flanders, France, and Spain,  
And others to Rome, for fear of their doom,  
But soon return'd again.

## XXVIII.

## ROBIN HOODS DEATH AND BURIAL :

*“ Shewing how he was taken ill, and how he went to his cousin at Kirkley-hall, who let him blood, which was the cause of his death. Tune of Robin Hood's last farewell, &c.”*

*This very old and curious piece is preserved solely in the editions of “ Robin Hood's garland,” printed at York, where it is made to conclude with some foolish lines, (adopted from the London copy of the preceding ballad,) in order to introduce the epitaph. It is here given from a collation of two different copies, containing numerous variations.*

---

WHEN Robin Hood and Little John,  
 Down a down, a down, a down,  
 Went o'er yon bank of broom,  
 Said Robin Hood to Little John,  
 We have shot for many a pound:  
 Hey down, a down, a down.

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,  
 My arrows will not flee;  
 But I have a cousin lives down below,  
 Please god, she will bleed me.

Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,  
 As fast as he can win;  
 But before he came there, as we do hear,  
 He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall;  
 He knock'd all at the ring,  
 But none was so ready as his cousin herself  
 For to let bold Robin in.

Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin, she said,  
And drink some beer with me?  
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,  
Till I am blooded by thee."

Well, I have a room, cousin Robin, she said,  
Which you did never see,  
And if you please to walk therein,  
You blooded by me shall be.

She took him by the lilly-white hand,  
And let him to a private room,  
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,  
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,  
And lock'd him up in the room;  
There did he bleed all the live-long day,  
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement door,  
Thinking for to be gone;  
He was so weak he could not leap,  
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,  
Which hung low down to his knee,  
He set his horn unto his mouth,  
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,  
As he sat under the tree,  
"I fear my master is near dead,  
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,  
As fast as he can dree;  
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,  
He broke locks two or three:

Untill he came bold Robin to,  
 Then he fell on his knee ;  
 A boon, a boon, cries Little John,  
 Master, I beg of thee.

What is that boon, quoth Robin Hood,  
 Little John, thou begs of me ?  
 " It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,  
 And all their nunnery."

Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,  
 That boon I'll not grant thee ;  
 I never ' hurt ' woman in all my life,  
 Nor man in woman's company.

I never hurt fair maid in all my time,  
 Nor at my end shall it be ;  
 But give me my bent bow in my hand,  
 And a broad arrow I'll let flee ;  
 And where this arrow is taken up,  
 There shall my grave digg'd be.

Lay me a green sod under my head,  
 And another at my feet ;  
 And lay my bent bow by my side,  
 Which was my music sweet ;  
 And make my grave of gravel and green,  
 Which is most right and meet.

Let me have length and breadth enough,  
 With a green sod under my head ;  
 That they may say, when I am dead,  
 Here lies bold Robin Hood.

These words they readily promis'd him,  
 Which did bold Robin please :  
 And there they buried bold Robin Hood,  
 Near to the fair Kirkleys.

## G L O S S A R Y.

- AIR**, *early.*  
**Alderbest**, *best of all.*  
**Angels**, *pieces of gold coin value 10s.*  
**Anker**, *hermit, anchorite.*  
**Ar**, *ere.*  
**Asay**, **Asayed**, *essayed, try-ed, proved.*  
**A sound**, *in a swoon.*  
**Aunsetters** *ancestors.*  
**Avow**, **Avowe**, *vow.*  
**Avowe**, *maintain, verbum juris.*  
**Avowè**, *founder, patron, protector.*  
**Awayte**, *awayte me scathe, lye in wait to do me harm.*  
**Awayted**, *lay in wait for.*  
**Awet**, *wit, know.*  
**Awkwarde**, *backward.*  
**Ayenst**, *against.*  
**Baist**, **Baste**, *basted, belaboured.*  
**Baith**, *both.*  
**Bale**, *mischief, woe, sorrow, misery.*  
**Band-dogs**, *mastives; so called from their being usually tyed or chained up at night.*  
**Banis**, *bane, destruction.*  
**Bear**, *moan, lamentation, outcry.*  
**Bedene**, *behind, one after another?*  
**Bedyng**, *asking.*  
**Beforen**, *before.*  
**Begeck**, *give them a be-geck, play them a trick, make fools of them.*  
**Behote**, *promised.*  
**Bescro**, *beshrew.*  
**Bestad**, *ferre and friend bestad, far from home and without a friend.*  
**Bestead**, *beset, put to it.*  
**Beth**, *are, be.*  
**Blate**, *sheepish or foolish, as we should now say.*  
**Blive**, *belive, immediately.*  
**Bloschems**, *blossoms.*  
**Blyve**, *fast, quickly, briskly.*  
**Bocking**, *pouring, flowing.*  
**Bode**, *bidden, invited.*  
**Bolt**, **Bolte**, **Boltes**, **Boltys**, *A bolt was an arrow of a particular kind, used for shooting at a mark or at birds.*  
**Boote**, *help.*  
**Borde**, *table.*  
**Borowe**, *pledge, surety.*  
**Borrow**, *pledge, bail.*  
**Borowehode**, *suretyship.*  
**Boskyd**, *busked, prepared, got ready.*  
**Bottys**, *buts.*  
**Bou**, *bow.*  
**Bound**, *betook, went; boldly bound away, briskly scamper'd off.*  
**Bowe**, *bough.*  
**Bown**, *ready.*  
**Bowne ye**, *prepare ye, get ready.*

- Boyt, *both*.  
 Breyde, *started, stepped hastily*.  
 Breyde, *start, quick or hasty step*.  
 Broke, *brook, enjoy, use, keep*.  
 Bronde, *brand, sword*.  
 Brook, *enjoy*.  
 Bushement, *ambush*.  
 Buske, *I wyll me buske, i. e. go, betake myself—buske you, address or prepare yourselves, make ready*.  
 Bydene, *one after another*.  
 Can, *did*.  
 Cankardly, *peevishly, with ill temper*.  
 Capull hyde, *horse hide*.  
 Carel, *carle, old fellow*.  
 Caward, *awkward, or backward*.—See *Awkwarde*.  
 Cerstyn, *christian*.  
 Chaffar, *chaffer, merchandise, commodity*.  
 Chepe, *better chepe, cheaper, very cheap*.  
 Cheys, *choose*.  
 Cla'd, *scratched*.  
 Clouted, *patched*.  
 Commytted, *accounted*.  
 Cote a pye, *upper garment, short cloke*.  
 Coud, *knew, understood*.  
 Covent, *convent; whence our Covent-garden*.  
 Cowed, *could, knew*.  
 Crack, *boast*.  
 Craftely, *skilfully, secundum artem*.  
 Crouse, *brisk*.  
 Cun, *con, owe, give*.  
 Curteyse, *courteous*.  
 Cutters, *sharking fellows*.  
 Dear, *harm*.  
 Deft, *well-looking, neatly dressed*.  
 Demed, *judged*.  
 Derne, *privy, secret*.  
 Deyell, *devil*.  
 Deythe, *dight, dressed*.  
 Donne, *dun*.  
 Doyt, *doth, do*.  
 Dree, *hye*.  
 Dreyffe, *drive*.  
 Dub, *shallow mirey pool*.  
 Dung, *beaten, overcome*.  
 Durk, *dagger*.  
 Dyght, *dressed, done*.  
 Dysgrate, *disgraced*.  
 Een, *eyes*.  
 Eftsones, *hereafter, afterwards*.  
 Eild, *age*.  
 Ender, *under*.  
 Eylde, *yield*.  
 Eyr, *year*.  
 Fail, *but fail, without fail*.  
 Failyd, *wanted, missed*.  
 Fair, *fare, ado*.  
 Fare, *live*.  
 Farley, *fairly, plainly*.  
 Fay, *faith*.  
 Fayne, *glad*.  
 Fe, *fee, wages*.  
 Feardest, *fearfulest, most frightened or afraid*.  
 Feders, *feathers*.  
 Fende, *defend*.  
 Fered, *fared, lived*.  
 Ferre, *sur, ferre dayes, far in the day*.  
 Fette, *fetched*.  
 Fetteled him, *made him ready, prepared himself, set about*.  
 Feyffe, *five*.

- Flinders, *splinters.*  
 Fone, *foes.*  
 Forbode, *commandment.*  
 Forgone, *forego, lose.*  
 Fors, *care.*  
 Forsoyt, *forsooth, truly.*  
 Foryete, *forgotten.*  
 Fostere, *forester.*  
 Fothe, *foot.*  
 Frae, *from.*  
 Frebore, *free-born, gentle.*  
 Fynly, *goodly.*  
 Gate, *way.*  
 Geffe, *given.*  
 Ger, *gear, stuff, goods, property, effects.*  
 Gillore, *plenty.*  
 God, *good, goods, property.*  
 Gorney, *journey.*  
 Goy, *joy.*  
 Graff, *oke graff, oak-branch or sapling?*  
 Gramercy, *thanks, or many thanks; grand merci, F.*  
 Gree, *satisfaction.*  
 Gret, *greeted, saluted.*  
 Grome, *a common man?*  
 Hail, *all hail, wholly, entirely.*  
 Hart of Greece, *meuns, perhaps, no more than a fat hart, for the sake of a quibble between Greece and grease.*  
 Highed, *hyed, hastened.*  
 Hight, *what they hight, what they are called.*  
 Halfendell, *half.*  
 Hals, *neck.*  
 Hambellet, *ambleth.*  
 Hawt, *aught, any thing, something.*  
 Hayt, *hath.*  
 Hende, *gentle, courteous.*  
 Hent, *took, caught.*  
 Hepe, *hip, haw.*  
 Her, *their.*  
 Het, *it.*  
 Het, *eat.*  
 Heynd, *gentle, courteous.*  
 Holy, *wholly.*  
 Hos, *Hus, us.*  
 Hotys, *oats.*  
 Housband, *manager.*  
 Housbonde, *husbandman, peasant.*  
 How, *hill.*  
 Howt, *out.*  
 Hyght, *vowed, promised.*  
 Hynde, *knave.*  
 Ibent,  *bent.*  
 Ibonde, *bound.*  
 Ichaunged, *changed,*  
 Idyght, *dight, dressed, made ready.*  
 Ifedered, *feathered.*  
 Ilke, *each.*  
 In fere, *together.*  
 Inocked, *noaked, notched.*  
 Iquyt, *acquitted, set at liberty.*  
 Iswore, *sworn.*  
 Itake, *taken.*  
 Japes, *tricks.*  
 Kest, *cast.*  
 Kirtle, *upper petticoat.*  
 Knave, *servant, man.*  
 Kod, *quod, quoth, said.*  
 Kyrtell, *waistcoat?*  
 Lappe, *wrap.*  
 Late, *lake, play, game?*  
 Launsgay, *a sort of lance.*  
 Leasyng, *lying, falsehood.*  
 Lede, *train, suite.*  
 Ledesman, *guide.*  
 Lee, *plain.*  
 Lefe, *willing.*  
 Lefes, *leaves.*



- Lende, *meet, encounter.*  
 Lene, *lend.*  
 Lere, *learn.*  
 Lere, *cheek.*  
 Let, *omit, hinder, hindered.*  
 Lever, *rather.*  
 Lewtè, *loyalty, faith, truth;*  
   *leauté, F.*  
 Leythe, *light.*  
 Ligge, *lay.*  
 Lin, *stop, stay.*  
 Lithe, *attend, hear, hearken.*  
 Loffe, *love.*  
 Lore, *lost.*  
 Lough, Loughe, Low,  
   *laughed.*  
 Lowe, "*a little hill.*" P.  
 Lown, *villain, knave, base*  
   *fellow.*  
 Lynde, Lyne, *the lime or lin-*  
   *den tree; or collectively lime*  
   *trees; or trees in general.*  
 Lyveray, *livery, habit, live-*  
   *ry, delivery: the mess,*  
   *portion, or quantity of*  
   *provisions delivered out at*  
   *a time by the butler was*  
   *called a livery.*  
 Main, *force.*  
 Masars, *cups, vessels.*  
 May, *maid.*  
 Medys, *midst, middle.*  
 Meede, *reward.*  
 Met, Mete, *measured.*  
 Methè, *meat.*  
 Meynè, *attendants, retinue;*  
   *mesnie, F.*  
 Meythe, *might.*  
 Mickle, *much, great, very.*  
 Mistèrs, *need. r. mister.*  
 Mo, *more.*  
 Molde, *earth.*  
 Mot, *might.*  
 Mote, *might, may.*  
 Mote, *meeting, assembly,*  
   *court, audit.*  
 Mountenaunce, *amount, du-*  
   *ration, space.*  
 Mow, *mouth.*  
 Mowe, *may.*  
 Muckle. *See Mickle.*  
 Myrthes, *mirth, merriment.*  
 Myster, *need.*  
 Ner, *ear.*  
 Ner, *(ne wer it) were it not.*  
 Nobellys, *nobles. The noble*  
   *was a gold coin value 6s. 8d.*  
 Nombles, Numbles, *en-*  
   *trails; those parts which*  
   *are usually baked in a pye:*  
   *now, corruptly, called hum-*  
   *bles or umbles: nombles,*  
 Okerer, *usurer.* [F.  
 Owthe, *out.*  
 Palmer. *A palmer was,*  
   *properly, a pilgrim who*  
   *had visited the holy-land,*  
   *from the palm-branch or*  
   *cross which he bore as a*  
   *sign of such visitation;*  
   *but, it is probable that the*  
   *distinction between pal-*  
   *mers and other pilgrims*  
   *was never much attended*  
   *to in this country. The*  
   *palmer in the text seems*  
   *to be no more than a com-*  
   *mon begger.*  
 Partakers, *assistants, per-*  
   *sons to take thy part.*  
 Passe, *extent, bounds, limits,*  
   *district.*  
 Pauage, Pavag, Pavage,  
 Pawage, *a toll or duty*  
   *payable for the liberty of*  
   *passing over the soil or*  
   *territory of another: paa-*  
   *gium, L.*

- Pay, content, satisfaction.  
 Pay, money.  
 Pinder. *The pinder is the pounder or pound-keeper; the petty officer of a manor whose duty it is to impound all strange cattle straying upon the common, &c.*  
 Preke, prick, a piece of wood in the center of the target.  
 Presé, company.  
 Prest, ready, ready to go.  
 Quequer, quiver.  
 Queyt, quit, recompense.  
 Quod, quoth, says, said.  
 Raked, walked apace.  
 Ray, battle ray, battle array.  
 Reachles, careless, regardless, unobservant.  
 Red, clear.  
 Reuth, pity, compassion.  
 Reve, take by force.  
 Reves, bailiffs, receivers.  
 Ripe, cleanse.  
 Riped, cleansed.  
 Rod, poles, perches. *A rod, pole, or perch, is usually sixteen feet and a half, but in Sherwood forest (according to Blount) it is 21 feet, the foot there being 18 inches.*  
 Rode, rood, cross.  
 Rung, staff.  
 Ruth, pity, compassion.  
 Ryghtwys, righteous, just.  
 Sack, a kind of Spanish wine, perhaps sherry, formerly much drunk in this country; very different, at least, from the sweet or Canary wine now so called.  
 Salved, (salued?) saluted.
- Scathe, harm.  
 Schetyng, shooting.  
 Schomer, summer.  
 Sclo, slay.  
 Scop, scalp, pate.  
 Scoper, supper.  
 Screfe, Screffe, sheriff.  
 Seche, seek.  
 See, saw, regard, protect.  
 Seker, sure.  
 Semblaunte, semblance, appearance.  
 Sene, see.  
 Sette, mortgaged.  
 Shende, hurt, annoy.  
 Shente, hurt, wounded.  
 Shete, shoot.  
 Slope, shaped, made.  
 Shrewde, Shrewed, unlucky.  
 Shrift, confession.  
 Shroggs, "shrubs, thorns, briars. G. Doug. scroggis." P.  
 Skaith, hurt, harm.  
 Slack, low ground.  
 Slade, "a slip of greensward between plow-lands, or woods, &c." P.  
 Slawe, Slone, slain.  
 Sle, Sloo, slay.  
 Somers, sumpter-horses.  
 Sothe, sooth, truth.  
 Soyt, sooth, truth.  
 Spear, ask. Speer'd, asked, enquired.  
 Stalward, Stalworthe, stout. well made.  
 Stark, stiff.  
 Stede, time.  
 Steven. At some unsett steven. At some unlooked for time, by some odd accident, by mere chance. Voice.

- Stime, *spark, particle or ray of light.*  
 Stint, *stop.*  
 Sto', *store.*  
 Sweaven, *dream.*  
 Syne, *after, afterward, then.*  
 Syth, *afterward.*  
 Takles, *arrows.*  
 Takyll, *arrow.*  
 Tene, *grief, sorrow, distress, vexation.*  
 The, *thrive, prosper.*  
 Tortyll, *wreathed, twined, twirled, twisted: tortillé, F.*  
 Tray, *anger.*  
 Treyffe, *thrive.*  
 Trow, *true.*  
 Trowet, *troth.*  
 True, *throw, believe.*  
 Twicht, *snatched, wrested sharply.*  
 Tynde, *tyndes, lines, antlers, the pointed branches that issue from the main beam of a stag.*  
 Unketh, *uncouth, strange.*  
 Unneth, *scarcely.*  
 Venie, *brave venie, merry vein, jovial humour.*  
 Wan, *wonnyng wau, dwelling-place.*  
 Warden pies. *Wardens are a species of large pears. In Shakspeares "Winters Tale," the clown, enumerating the articles he had to provide for the sheep-shearing feast, says he "must have saffron to colour the warden-pies."*  
 Ware, *aware, sensible.*  
 Was, *wash.*  
 Weele, *well.*  
 Wed, *Wedde, pawn, pledge, or deposit.—to wedde, in mortgage.—lay my life to wedde, pawn my life.*  
 Welt, *welt them at his wyll, did as he pleased with them.*  
 Wen, *wend, go, hye.*  
 Wende, *go.*  
 Wenest, *thinkest.*  
 Went, *wended, gone.*  
 Werschep, *worshipped, revered, respected.*  
 West, *wist, known.*  
 Wete, *know.*  
 Whang, *leathern whang, leather thong or string.*  
 Whute, *whistle.*  
 Wigger wand, *wicker wand.*  
 Win, *get.*  
 Wist, *knew, wis, throw, believe.*  
 Wight, *Wighty, strong.*  
 Wilfulle, *doubtful.*  
 Wode, *mad.*  
 Wolwarde, *wearing a flanel shirt, by way of penance.*  
 Wonest, *dweldest.*  
 Woodweele, *"the golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush kind." P.*  
 Worthe, *Wo worthe the, woe be to thee.*  
 Wrack, *ruin, destruction.*  
 Wroken, *wreaked, revenge*  
 Wyght, *strong, stout.*  
 Wynne, *go.*  
 Wys, *throw.*  
 Wyte, *Wytte, know.*  
 Yede, *Yeed, went.*  
 Yeffell, *evil.*  
 Yeft, *gift.*  
 Yemenry, *yeomanry.*  
 Yend, *yon.*

Yeomandree, Yeomandry,  
*yeomanry, followers.*

Yerdes, rods.

Yever, ever.

Yfere, together.

Ylike, same. Ylike same,  
*very same, same, very.*

Ynowe, enough.

Yode, went.

Yole, Christmass.

Yonder, under.

Yong men, yeomen.

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